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T H E

W O R K S

O F

Mr. William Shakespear.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THE TRAGEDY OF MACBETH.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

CYMBELINE.



L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR MDCCXLVII.

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W O K S

Ms. William Shakespeare

157.359

May 1873

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T I T U S
ANDRONICUS.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SATURNINUS, *Son to the late Emperor of Rome, and afterwards declar'd Emperor himself.*

BASSIANUS, *Brother to Saturninus, in love with Lavinia.*

TITUS ANDRONICUS, *a Noble Roman, General against the Goths.*

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, *Tribune of the People, and Brother to Titus.*

MARCUS,
QUINTUS,
LUCIUS,
MUTIUS, } *Sons to Titus Andronicus.*

Young LUCIUS, *a Boy, Son to Lucius.*

PUBLIUS, *Son to Marcus Andronicus the Tribune.*

ALARBUS,
CHIRON,
DEMETRIUS, } *Sons to Tamora.*

AARON, *a Moor, belov'd by Tamora.*

ÆMILIUS, *a Roman.*

TAMORA, *Queen of the Goths, and afterwards married to Saturninus.*

LAVINIA, *Daughter to Titus Andronicus.*

A Nurse with a black-a-moor Child.

Senators, Judges, Officers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Rome, and the Country near it.*

TITUS



* TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

R O M E.

*Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft, as in the Senate.
Enter Saturninus and his followers at one door, and Bassianus and his followers at the other, with drum and colours.*

Sat. **N**OBLE Patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms :
And countrymen my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.

I am the first-born son of him that last
Wore the imperial diadem of Rome :
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

*Bas. Romans, friends, foll'wers, favourers of my right ;
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :*

* This is one of the Plays which ought not to be look'd upon to be of *Shakepear's* composition. By giving it the credit of a few of his lines inserted here and there he got the discredit of writing the whole.

But

But let desert in pure election shine ;
 And, *Romans*, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter Marcus Andronicus aloft with the crown.

Mar. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends,
 Ambitiously for rule and empery !

Know that the people of *Rome*, for whom we stand
 A special party, have by common voice,

In free election for the *Roman* empery,
 Chosen *Andronicus*, sur-named *Pius*,
 For many good and great deserts to *Rome*.

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
 Lives not this day within our city walls.

He by the Senate is accited home,
 From weary wars against the barbarous *Goths*,

That with his sons (a terror to our foes)
 Hath yolk'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.

Ten years are spent since first he undertook
 This cause of *Rome*, and chastised with arms

Our enemies pride. Five times he hath return'd
 Bleeding to *Rome*, bearing his valiant sons

In coffins from the field.

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
 Returns the good *Andronicus* to *Rome*,

Renowned *Titus*, flourishing in arms.

Let us intreat, by honour of his name,

Whom (worthily) you would have now succeed,

And in the Capitol and Senate's right,

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,

That you withdraw you, and abate your strength ;

Dismiss your followers, and as suitors should,

Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the Tribune speaks, to calm my thoughts !

Bas. *Marcus Andronicus*, so I do assie

In thy uprightnes and integrity,

And so I love and honour thee and thine,

Thy noble brother *Titus*, and his sons,

And her to whom our thoughts are humbled all,

Gracious *Lavinia*, *Rome's* rich Ornament,

That I will here dismiss my loving friends ;

And to my fortunes, and the people's favour,

Commit

Commit my cause in ballance to be weigh'd. [*Exe. Soldiers.*

Sat. Friends that have been thus forward in my right,
I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit my self, my person and the cause:
Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.

Open the gates, and let me in.

Bas. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*They go up into the Senate-house.*

S C E N E II. *Enter a Captain.*

Cap. *Romans*, make way: the good *Andronicus*,
Patron of virtue, *Rome's* best champion,
Successful in the battels that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From whence he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yোক the enemies of *Rome*.

Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter Mutius and Marcus: after them, two men bearing a coffin cover'd with black; then Quintus and Lucius. After them Titus Andronicus; and then Tamora, the Queen of Goths, Alarbus, Chiron, and Demetrius, with Aaron the Moor, prisoners; Soldiers, and other Attendants. They set down the coffin, and Titus speaks.

Tit. Hail, *Rome*, victorious in thy mourning weeds!
Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh *Andronicus* with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears;
Tears of true joy, for his return to *Rome*.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King *Priam* had,
Behold the poor remains alive and dead!
These that survive, let *Rome* reward with love;
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial among their ancestors.

Here

Here *Goths* have given me leave to sheath my sword :
Titus unkind, and careless of thine own,
 Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
 To hover on the dreadful shore of *Styx* ?
 Make way to lay them by their brethren. [*They open the tomb.*
 There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
 And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars :
 O sacred receptacle of my joys,
 Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
 How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
 That thou wilt never render to me more !

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the *Goths*,
 That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes Fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
 Before this earthly prison of their bones :
 That so the shadows be not unappeas'd
 Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
 The eldest son of this distressed Queen.

Tam. Stay, *Roman* brethren, gracious conqueror,
 Victorious *Titus*, rue the tears I shed,
 A mother's tears in passion for her son :
 And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
 O think my sons to be as dear to me.
 Sufficeth not, that we are brought to *Rome*,
 To beautifie thy triumphs and return,
 Captive to thee and to thy *Roman* yolk ?
 But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
 For valiant doings in their country's cause ?
 O ! if to fight for King and common-weal
 Were piety in thine, it is in these :
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood.
 Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods ?
 Draw near them then in being merciful ;
 Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
 Thrice noble *Titus*, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient your self, Madam, and pardon me.
 These are their brethren, whom you *Goths* behold
 Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
 Religiously they ask a sacrifice ;

To this your son is markt, and die he must,
'T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight.
And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, 'till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius
with Alarbus.*

Tam. O cruel irreligious piety!

Chi. Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?

Dem. Oppose not *Scythia* to ambitious *Rome*,

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive

To tremble under *Titus*' threatening looks.

Then, Madam, stand resolv'd; but hope withal

The self-same Gods that arm'd the Queen of *Troy*

With opportunity of sharp revenge

Upon the *Thracian* * tyrant in her tent,

May favour *Tamora*, the Queen of *Goths*,

(When *Goths* were *Goths*, and *Tamora* was Queen)

To quit her bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter Mutius, Marcus, Quintus and Lucius.

Luc. See, Lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our *Roman* rites: *Alarbus*' limbs are lopt,

And intrails feed the sacrificing fire,

Whose smoak, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought but to interr our brethren,

And with loud larums welcome them to *Rome*.

Tit. Let it be so, and let *Andronicus*

Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Then sound trumpets, and lay the coffins in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons,

Rome's readiest champions, repose you here,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps:

Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,

Here grow no damn'd grudges, here no storms,

No noise: but silence and eternal sleep:

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!

* *Polymnestor*, whose eyes were pull'd out and sons murder'd
by *Heuba*, in revenge for his having treacherously slain her son
Polydore. *Euripid.* in *Hec.*

SCENE III. *Enter Lavinia.*

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord *Titus* long,
My noble Lord and father live in fame!

Lo at this tomb my tributary tears
I render, for my brethrens obsequies:
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth, for thy return to *Rome*.
O blefs me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune *Rome's* best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind *Rome*, that hast thus lovingly preserv'd
The cordial of mine age, to glad mine heart!

Lavinia, live, out-live thy father's days,
In fame's eternal date for virtue's praise!

Mar. Long live Lord *Titus*, my beloved brother,
Gracious triumpher in the eyes of *Rome*!

Tit. Thanks, gentle Tribune, noble brother *Marcus*.

Mar. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,
You that survive, and you that sleep in fame:

Fair Lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your swords.

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp
That hath aspir'd to *Solon's* happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of *Rome*,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me their Tribune, in their trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased Emperor's sons:

Be *Candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless *Rome*.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness:
What should I don this robe and trouble you?

Be chose with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all?

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one and twenty valiant sons,

Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to controul the world.

Upright he held it, Lords, that held it last.

Mar. *Titus*, thou shalt obtain the empery.

Sat. Proud and ambitious Tribune, canst thou tell?

Tit. Patience, prince *Saturnine*!

Sat. *Romans*, do me right!

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them not
'Till *Saturninus* be *Rome's* Emperor.

Andronicus, would thou wert shipt to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud *Saturnine*, interrupter of the good
That noble minded *Titus* means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from themselves.

Bas. *Andronicus*, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do 'till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be; and thanks, to men
Of noble minds, is honourable meed.

Tit. People of *Rome*, and noble Tribunes here,
I ask your voices, and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on *Andronicus*?

Mar. To gratifie the good *Andronicus*,
And gratulate his safe return to *Rome*,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you, and this suit I make,
That you create your Emperor's eldest son,
Lord *Saturnine*; whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on *Rome*, as *Titan's* rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this common-weal.

Then if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, *Long live our Emperor*!

Mar. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians and Plebeians, we create
Lord *Saturninus*, *Rome's* great Emperor;
And say, *Long live our Emperor Saturnine*!

[*A long flourish 'till they come down.*

Sat. *Titus Andronicus*, for thy favours done
 To us in our election this day,
 I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
 And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
 And for an onset, *Titus*, to advance
 Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my Emperess,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
 And in the sacred *Pantheon* her spouse:
 Tell me, *Andronicus*, doth this motion please thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy Lord; and in this match,
 I hold me highly honour'd of your Grace:
 And here in sight of *Rome*, to *Saturninus*,
 King and commander of our common-weal,
 The wide world's Emperor, do I consecrate
 My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
 Presents well worthy *Rome's* imperial Lord.
 Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
 Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble *Titus*, father of my life.
 How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
 The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, Madam, are you prisoner to an Emperor,
 To him that for your honour and your state
 Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly Lady, trust me, of the hue [To *Tamora*.
 That I would chuse, were I to chuse anew:
 Clear up, fair Queen, that cloudy countenance;
 Tho' chance of war hath wrought this change of cheer,
 Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in *Rome*:
 Princely shall be thy usage every way.
 Rest on my word, and let not discontent
 Daunt all your hopes: Madam, who comforts you
 Can make you greater than the Queen of *Goths*.
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my Lord, sith true Nobility
 Warrants these words in princely courtesie.

Sat. Thanks, sweet *Lavinia*. *Romans*, let us go.

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free ;
Proclaim our honours, Lords, with trump and drum.

Bas. Lord *Titus*, by your leave this maid is mine.

[*Seizing Lavinia.*]

Tit. How, Sir? are you in earnest then, my Lord?

Bas. Ay noble *Titus*; and resolv'd withal,

To do my self this reason and this right.

[*The Emperor courts Tamora in dumb shew.*]

Mar. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice :

This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if *Lucius* live.

Tit. Traitors, avant! where is the Emperor's guard?

Treason, my Lord; *Lavinia* is surpriz'd.

Sat. Surpriz'd! by whom?

Bas. By him that justly may

Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exit Bassianus with Lavinia.*]

S C E N E IV.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door secure.

Tit. Follow, my Lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My Lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain-boy,

Barr'st me my way in Rome?

[*He kills him.*]

Mut. Help, *Lucius*, help.

Luc. My Lord, you are unjust, and more than so,

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine.

My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore *Lavinia* to the Emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love.

Sat. No, *Titus*, no, the Emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock;

I'll trust by leisure him that mocks me once,

Thee never, nor thy traiterous haughty sons,

Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was there none else in Rome to make a stole of

But *Saturnine*? full well, *Andronicus*,

Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That said'st, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sat. But go thy ways; go give that changing piece,
To him that flourish'd for her with his sword;
A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy:
One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,
To ruffle in the commonwealth of *Rome*.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely *Tamora* Queen of *Goths*,
That, like the stately *Phebe* 'mong her nymphs,
Dost over-shine the gallant'st dames of *Rome*,
If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,
Behold I chuse thee, *Tamora*, for my bride,
And will create thee Emperess of *Rome*.
Speak, Queen of *Goths*, dost thou applaud my choice?
And here I swear by all the *Roman* Gods,
(Sith priest and holy water are so near,
And tapers burn so bright, and every thing
In readiness for *Hymenæus* stands.)

I will not re-salute the streets of *Rome*,
Or climb my palace, 'till from forth this place
I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here in sight of heav'n to *Rome* I swear,
If *Saturnine* advance the Queen of *Goths*,
She will a handmaid be to his desires,
A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair Queen, *Pantleon*; Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperor, and his lovely bride,
Sent by the heavens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered:
There shall we consummate our spousal rites. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Manet* Titus Andronicus.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,
Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Enter Marcus Andronicus, Lucius, Quintus, and Marcus.

Mar. O *Titus*, see, oh, see what thou hast done!

In a bid quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish Tribune, no: no son of mine,
Nor thou, nor these confederates in the deed,

That

That hath dishonour'd all our family ;
Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes,
Give *Mutius* burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in his tomb ;
This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified :
Here none but soldiers, and *Rome's* servitors
Repose in fame: none basely slain in brawls.
Bury him where you can, he comes not here.

Mar. My Lord, this is impiety in you ;
My nephew *Mutius'* deeds do plead for him,
He must be buried with his brethren.

Sons. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall? what villain was it spake that word?

Quin. He that would vouch't in any place but here.

Tit. What, would you bury him in my despight?

Mar. No, noble *Titus*, but intreat of thee,
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury him.

Tit. *Marcus*, ev'n thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded.
My foes I do repute you every one,
So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Luc. He is not well himself, let us withdraw.

Quin. Not I, 'till *Mutius'* bones be buried.

[*The brother and the sons kneel.*]

Mar. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead,——

Quin. Father, and in that name doth nature speak,——

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Mar. Renowned *Titus*, more than half my soul!

Luc. Dear father, soul and substance of us all!

Mar. Suffer thy brother *Marcus* to interr
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour, and *Lavinia's* cause.
Thou art a *Roman*, be not barbarous.
The *Greeks* upon advice did bury *Ajax*
That slew himself; and wife *Laertes'* son
Did graciously plead for his funerals.
Let not young *Mutius* then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit.

Tit. Rise, *Marcus*, rise —

The dismal'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in *Rome* :
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put him in the Tomb.*

Luc. There lye thy bones, sweet *Mutius*, with thy friends,
'Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb!

[*They all kneel, and say,*

No man shed tears for noble *Mutius* !
He lives in fame, that died in virtue's cause.

Mar. My Lord, to step out of these dreary dumps,
How comes it that the subtle Queen of *Goths*
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in *Rome* ?

Tit. I know not, *Marcus* ; but I know it is :
If by device or no, the heav'ns can tell :
Is she not then beholden to the man,
That brought her for this high good turn so far ?

S C E N E VI.

Flourish. Enter the Emperor, Tamora, Chiron, and Demetrius, with the Moor at one door. At the other door Bassianus and Lavinia with others.

Sat. So, *Bassianus*, you have plaid your prize ;
God give you joy, Sir, of your gallant bride !

Bas. And you of yours, my Lord ; I say no more,
Nor wish no less, and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if *Rome* have law, or we have power,
Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bas. Rape call you it, my Lord, to seize my own,
My true betrothed love, and now my wife ?
But let the laws of *Rome* determine all,
Mean while I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, Sir ; you are very short with us,
But if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bas. My Lord, what I have done, as best I may,
Answer I must, and shall do with my life ;
Only thus much I give your Grace to know,
By all the duties which I owe to *Rome*,
This noble Gentleman, Lord *Titus* here,
Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,
That in the rescue of *Lavinia*,

With

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,
 In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath,
 To be controul'd in that he frankly gave ;
 Receive him then to favour, *Saturnine*,
 That hath exprest himself in all his deeds
 A father and a friend to thee, and *Rome*.

Tit. Prince *Bassianus*, leave to plead my deeds.
 'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me :
Rome and the righteous heavens be my judge,
 How I have lov'd and honour'd *Saturnine*.

Tam. My worthy Lord, if ever *Tamora*
 Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,
 Then hear me speak, indifferently, for all ;
 And at my suit (sweet) pardon what is past.

Sat. What, Madam, be dishonour'd openly,
 And basely put it up without revenge ?

Tam. Not so, my Lord ; the Gods of *Rome* fore-fend,
 I should be author to dishonour you :
 But, on my honour dare I undertake
 For good Lord *Titus*' innocence in all ;
 Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs :
 'Then at my suit look graciously on him,
 Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose,
 Nor with four looks afflict his gentle heart.——

My Lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last,
 Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people and patricians too
 Upon a just survey take *Titus*' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude,
 Which *Rome* reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone ;
 I'll find a day to massacre them all,
 And rase their faction and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traiterous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life :

[*Aside.*]

And make them know what 'tis to let a Queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.——
 Come, come, sweet Emperor — come, *Andronicus*—— [*Aloud.*
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart,

That

That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

Sat. Rise, *Titus*, rise, my Empress hath prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your Majesty, and her; my Lord,
These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. *Titus*, I am incorporate in *Rome*,

A *Roman* now adopted happily:

And must advise the Emperor for his good.

This day all quarrels die, *Andronicus*;

And let it be my honour, good my Lord,

That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.

For you, prince *Bassianus*, I have past

My word and promise to the Emperor,

That you will be more mild and tractable.

And fear not, Lords; and you, *Lavinia*,

By my advice all humbled on your knees,

You shall ask pardon of his Majesty.

Luc. We do, and vow to heav'n, and to his Highness,

That what we did was mildly, as we might,

Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Mar. That on mine honour here I do protest.

Sat. Away, and talk not, trouble us no more.

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet Emperor, we must all be friends.

The Tribune and his nephews kneel for grace,

I will not be denied, sweet-heart, look back.

Sat. *Marcus*, for thy sake and thy brother's here,

And at my lovely *Tamora*'s intreats,

I do remit these young men's heinous faults.

Lavinia, though you left me like a churl,

I found a friend, and sure as death I swore,

I would not part a batchelor from the priest.

Come, if the Emperor's Court can feast two brides,

You are my guest, *Lavinia*, and your friends;

This day shall be a love-day, *Tamora*.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your Majesty

To hunt the panther and the hart with me,

With horn and hound we'll give your Grace *Bon-jour*.

Sat. Be it so, *Titus*, and gramercy too!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

ROME. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aar. NOW climbeth *Tamora Olympus'* top,
 Safe out of fortune's shot, and sits aloft,
 Secure of thunder's crack, or light'ning-flash,
 Advanc'd above pale envy's threatening reach;
 As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
 And having gilt the ocean with his beams,
 Gallops the Zodiack in his glist'ring coach,
 And overlooks the highest peering hills:
 So *Tamora*.

Upon her will doth earthly honour wait,
 And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
 Then, *Aaron*, arm thy heart, and fit thy thoughts,
 To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
 And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph long
 Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains;
 And faster bound to *Aaron's* charming eyes,
 Than is *Prometheus* ty'd to *Caucasus*.
 Away with slavish weeds, and idle thoughts,
 I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
 To wait upon this new-made Emperess.
 To wait upon, said I? to wanton with
 This Queen, this Goddess, this *Semiramis*;
 This *Syren*, that will charm *Rome's Saturnine*,
 And see his shipwreck, and his common-weal's.
 Holla, what storm is this?

SCENE II. *Enter Chiron and Demetrius.*

Dem. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit wants edge
 And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd,
 And may, for ought thou know'st, affected be.

Cbi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all,
 And so in this, to bear me down with braves:
 'Tis not the difference of a year or two
 Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate;
 I am as able, and as fit as thou,
 To serve, and to deserve my mistress' grace;
 And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
 And plead my passion for *Lavinia's* love.

Aar.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother (unadvis'd)
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your friends?
Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
'Till you know better how to handle it.

Cbi. Mean while, Sir, with the little skill I have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ah, boy, grow ye so brave? [*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, Lords?
So near the Emp'ror's palace dare you draw?
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge.
I would not for a million of gold,
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the Court of *Rome*.
For shame put up.

Cbi. Not I, 'till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and withal
Thrust these reproachful speeches down his throat,
That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Dem. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward! thou thund'rest with thy tongue,
And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say.
Now by the Gods that warlike *Gotbs* adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all;
Why, Lords — and think you not how dangerous
It is to jet upon a Prince's right?
What, is *Lavinia* then become so loose,
Or *Bassianus* so degenerate,
That for her love such quarrels may be broacht,
Without controulment, justice, or revenge?
Young Lords, beware — and should the Empress know
This discord's ground, the musick would not please.

Cbi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world;
I love *Lavinia* more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some better choice,
Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not in *Rome*
How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?
I tell you, Lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Dem. *Aaron*, a thousand deaths
Would I propose, to atchieve her whom I love.

Aar. To atchieve her — how!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is *Lavinia*, therefore must be lov'd.
What, man! more water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of, and easie it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:
Tho' *Bassianus* be the Emperor's brother,
Better than he have yet worn *Vulcan's* badge.

Aar. Ay, and as good as *Saturninus* may.

Dem. Then why should he despair, that knows to court it
With words, fair looks, and liberality?
What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,
And born her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why then it seems some certain snatch or so
Would serve your turns.

Cbi. Ay, so the turn were served.

Dem. *Aaron*, thou hast hit it.

Aar. Would you had hit it too,
Then should not we be tir'd with this ado:
Why, hark ye, hark ye — and are you such fools
To square for this? would it offend you then
That both should speed?

Cbi. 'Faith, not me.

Dem. No, nor me.

Aar. For shame be friends, and join for that you jar.
'Tis policy and stratagem must do
That you affect, and so must you resolve,
That what you cannot as you would atchieve,
You must perforce accomplish as you may.
Take this of me, *Lucrece* was not more chaste
Than this *Lavinia*, *Bassianus'* love;

A speedier course than ling'ring languishment
 Must ye pursue, and I have found the path.
 My Lords, a solemn hunting is in hand,
 There will the lovely *Roman* ladies troop:
 The forest walks are wide and spacious,
 And many unfrequented plots there are,
 Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:
 Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our Empress with her sacred wit
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 We will acquaint with all that we intend,
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square your selves,
 But to your wishes height advance you both.
 The Emperor's Court is like the house of Fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull:
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take your turns.
 There serve your lusts, shadow'd from heaven's eye,
 And revel in *Lavinia's* treasury.

Chi. Thy council, lad, smells of no cowardise.

Dem. *Sit fas aut nefas*, 'till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per Manes uebor.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. *A Forest.*

*Enter Titus Andronicus and his three Sons, with hounds and
 horns, and Marcus.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and gay,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green:
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the Emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the Prince, and ring a hunter's peal
 That all the Court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To tend the Emperor's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort has inspir'd.

Wind

Wind horns. Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal: then enter Saturninus, Tamora, Bassianus, Lavinia, Chiron, Demetrius, and their Attendants.

Tit. Many good-morrows to your Majesty;

Madam, to you as many and as good.

I promised your Grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my Lords,

Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bas. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. Why, I say, no:

I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let us have,

And to our sport: Madam, now shall ye see

Our Roman hunting.

Mar. I have dogs, my Lord,

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,

And climb the highest promontory-top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow, where the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse nor hound,

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV. *Enter Aaron alone.*

Aar. He that had wit, would think that I had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,

And never after to inherit it.

Let him who thinks of me so abjectly,

Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,

Which cunningly effected, will beget

A very excellent piece of villainy;

And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,

That have their alms out of the Empress' chest.

Enter Tamora.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st thou sad,

When every thing doth make a gleeful boast?

The birds chaunt melody on every bush,

The snake lyes rolled in the chearful sun,

The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground:

Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,

And whilst the babling Echo mocks the hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelling noise :
 And after conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring Prince and *Dido* once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpriz'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may each wreathed in the other's arms,
 (Our pastimes done) possess a golden slumber,
 Whilst hounds and horns, and sweet melodious birds,
 Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though *Venus* govern your desires,
Saturn is dominator over mine:

What signifies my deadly standing eye,
 My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
 My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls,
 Even as an adder when she doth unrowl
 To do some fatal execution?

No, Madam, these are no venereal signs?
 Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
 Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
 Hark, *Tamora*, (the Empress of my soul,
 Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee)
 This is the day of doom for *Bassianus* ;
 His *Philomel* must lose her tongue to-day,
 Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
 And wash their hands in *Bassianus*' blood.
 Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
 And give the King this fatal-plotted scrowl ;
 Now question me no more, we are espied ;
 Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
 Which dread not yet their lives destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet *Moor*, sweeter to me than life!

Aar. No more, great Empress; *Bassianus* comes ;
 Be cross with him, and I'll go fetch thy sons
 To back thy quarrels, whatso'er they be. [Exit.

SCENE V. *Enter Bassianus and Lavinia.*

Bas. Whom have we here? *Rome's* royal Empresses?
 Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troops?

Or is it *Dian* habited like her,
Who hath abandoned her holy groves,
To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Sawcy controller of our private steps!
Had I the power that some say *Dian* had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns, as was *Actæon*'s, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art.

Law. Under your patience, gentle Emperess,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning;
And to be doubted, that your *Moor* and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-day!
'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bas. Believe me, Queen, your swarth *Cimmerian*
Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested and abominable.
Why are you sequestred from all your train?
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,
Accompanied with a barbarous *Moor*,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Law. And being interrupted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble Lord be rated
For sauciness.—— I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bas. The King my brother shall have note of this.

Law. Ay, for these slips have made him noted long.
Good King, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all this?

Enter Chiron and Demetrius.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign and our gracious mother,
Why does your Highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look pale?
These two have tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale you see it is.
The trees, tho' summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'er-come with moss, and baleful mistletoe.

Here never shines the sun, here nothing breeds,
 Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
 And when they shew'd me this abhorred pit,
 They told me, here at dead time of the night,
 A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
 Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
 Would make such fearful and confused cries,
 As any mortal body hearing it,
 Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.
 No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
 But straight they told me they would bind me here,
 Unto the body of a dismal yew,
 And leave me to this miserable death.
 And then they call me foul adulterers,
 Lascivious *Goths*, and all the bitterest terms
 That ever ear did hear to such effect.
 And had you not by wondrous fortune come,
 This vengeance on me had they executed:
 Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
 Or be ye not from henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son. [*Stabs Bassianus.*]

Cbi. And this for me, struck home to shew my strength.
 [*Stabs bim.*]

Law. Ay, come, *Semiramis*,—nay, barbarous *Tamora*,
 For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know, my boys,
 Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, Madam, here is more belongs to her;
 First, thrash the corn, then after burn the straw:
 This minion stood upon her chastity,
 Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
 And with that painted cope she braves your mightiness;
 And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Cbi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
 Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
 And make this dead drunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when you have the honey you desire,
 Let not this wasp out-live, us both to sting.

Cbi. I warrant, Madam, we will make that sure;
 Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
 That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Law.

Law. O *Tamora*, thou bear'st a woman's face —

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with her!

Law. Sweet Lords, intreat her hear me but a word —

Dem. Listen, fair Madam, let it be your glory

To see her tears; but be your heart to them,

As unrelenting flints to drops of rain.

Law. When did the tyger's young ones teach the dam?

O do not teach her wrath, she taught it thee.

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;

Do thou intreat her, shew a woman pity.

Cbi. What! would'st thou have me prove my self a bastard?

Law. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark:

Yet have I heard, (O could I find it now!)

The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say, that ravens foster forlorn children,

The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:

Oh be to me, though thy hard heart say no,

Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means; away with her.

Law. Oh let me teach thee for my father's sake,

(That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee)

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I now pitiless:

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice;

But fierce *Andronicus* would not relent:

Therefore away and use her as you will,

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Law. O *Tamora*, be call'd a gentle Queen,

And with thine own hands kill me in this place:

For 'tis not life that I have beg'd so long;

Poor I was slain when *Bassianus* dy'd.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman, let me go.

Law. 'Tis present death I beg, and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

O keep me from their worie-than-killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body:
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee.
No; let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away! for thou hast staid us here too long.

Lav. No grace? no womanhood? ah beastly creature!
The blot and enemy of our general name!
Confusion fall——

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth——bring thou her
husband: [*Dragging off Lavinia.*

This is the hole where *Aaron* bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*

Tam. Farewel, my sons; see that ye make her sure.
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
'Till all th' *Andronici* be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely *Mour*,
And let my spleenful sons this trull devour. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Enter Aaron with Quintus and Marcus.

Aar. Come on, my Lords, the better foot before;
Strait will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the Panther fast asleep.

Quin. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mar. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep a while.

[*Marcus falls into the pit.*

Quin. What, art thou fall'n? what subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new, shed blood,
As fresh as morning dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mar. O brother, with the dismallest object
That ever eye, with sight, made heart lament.

Aar. Now will I fetch the king to find them here,
That he thereby may have the likely guesse,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[*Exit Aaron.*

S C E N E VII.

Mar. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out
From

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quin. I am surprized with an uncouth fear;
A killing sweat o'er-runs my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mar. To prove thou hast a true divining heart,
Aaron and thou, look down into the den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quin. *Aaron* is gone, and my compassionate heart
Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
O tell me how it is; for ne'er 'till now
Was I a child to fear I know not what.

Mar. Lord *Bassianus* lyes embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quin. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mar. Upon this bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shews the ragged intrails of this pit.
So pale did shine the moon on *Pyramus*,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O brother, help me with thy fainting hand
(If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath)
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as *Cocytus*' misty mouth.

Quin. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;
Or wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor *Bassianus*' grave.
I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mar. And I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quin. Thy hand once more I will not lose again,
'Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me, I come to thee. [*Falls in.*]

SCENE VIII. *Enter the Emperor and Aaron.*

Sat. Along with me, I'll see what hole is here,
And what he is that now is leap'd into't.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend

Into

Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mar. Th' unhappy son of old *Andronicus*,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother *Bassianus* dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:
He and his Lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north-side of this pleasant chafe;
'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mar. We know not where you left him all alive,
But out, alas, here have we found him dead.

Enter Tamora, Andronicus, and Lucius.

Tam. Where is my Lord the King?

Sat. Here, *Tamora*, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother *Bassianus*?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;
Poor *Bassianus* here lyes murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[*She giveth Saturninus a letter.*

Saturninus reads the letter.

*An if we miss to meet him handsomely,
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis we mean,
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.
Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree
Which over-shades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.*

Sat. Oh *Tamora*, was ever heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, Sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd *Bassianus* here.

Aar. My gracious Lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, fell curs of bloody kind,
Have here bereft my brother of his life. [To Titus.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison,
There let them bide until we have devis'd

Some

Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous thing!
How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High Emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
(Accursed, if the fault be proved in them——)

Sat. If it be proved? you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter, *Tamora*, was it you?

Tam. *Andronicus* himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my Lord: yet let me be their bail.
For by my father's reverend tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your Highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see thou follow me:
Some bring the murther'd body, some the murtherers.
Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than death,
That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. *Andronicus*, I will entreat the King;
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, *Lucius*, come, stay not to talk with them.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Demetrius and Chiron, with Lavinia, her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out, and ravished.

Dem. So now go tell (an if thy tongue can speak)
Who 'twas that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd thee.

Cbi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy meaning so,
And (if thy stumps will let thee) play the scribe.

Dem. See how with signs and tokens she can scrowle.

Cbi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy hands.

Dem. She has no tongue to call, nor hands to wash;
And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Cbi. If 'twere my case, I should go hang my self.

Dem. If thou haest hands to help thee knit the cord.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E X. *Enter Marcus to Lavinia.*

Mar. Who's this, my niece, that flies away so fast?
Cousin, a word; where is your husband? say:

If

If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake me ;
 If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
 That I may slumber in eternal sleep !
 Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle hands
 Have lop'd, and hew'd, and made thy body bare
 Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
 Whose circling shadows Kings have sought to sleep in,
 And might not gain so great a happiness,
 As have thy love ? why dost not speak to me ?
 Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
 Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
 Doth rise and fall between thy rosie lips,
 Coming and going with thy honey breath.
 But sure some *Tereus* hath deflowered thee,
 And lest thou shou'dst detect him, cut thy tongue.
 Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame :
 And notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
 (As from a conduit with three issuing spouts)
 Yet do thy cheeks look red as *Titan's* face,
 Blushing to be encountred with a cloud.
 Shall I speak for thee ? shall I say, 'tis so ?
 Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the beast,
 That I might rail at him to ease my mind !
 Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopt,
 Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
 And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
 But lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee ;
 A craftier *Tereus* hast thou met withal,
 And he hath cut those pretty fingers off
 That could have better sew'd than *Philomel*.
 Oh had the monster seen those lilly hands
 Tremble, like aspen leaves, upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his life.
 Or had he heard the heav'nly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue of thine hath often made,
 He would have dropt his knife, and fall'n asleep,
 As *Cerberus* at the *Thracian* poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind ;

For such a fight will blind a father's eye.
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads,
 What will whole months of tears thy father's eyes?
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee:
 Oh could our mourning ease thy misery! [Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Street in Rome.

Enter the Judges and Senators, with Marcus and Quintus bound, passing on the Stage to the place of Execution, and Titus going before, pleading.

Tit. **H**EAR me, grave fathers, noble Tribunes, stay,
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept:
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed,
 For all the frosty nights that I have watcht,
 And for these bitter tears, which you now see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks,
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted, as 'tis thought.
 For two and twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[Andronicus lyeth down, and the Judges pass by him.]

For these, these, Tribunes, in the dust I write
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears:
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite,
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and blush:
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with rain, [Exeunt.
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful *April* shall with all his showers;
 In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still,
 In winter with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter Lucius with his sword drawn.

Oh reverend Tribunes! gentle aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death,
 And let me say (that never wept before)
 My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh noble father, you lament in vain,

The Tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah *Lucius*, for thy brothers let me plead——
Grave Tribunes, once more I entreat of you——

Luc. My gracious Lord, no Tribune hears you speak.

Tit. Why, 'tis no matter, man ; if they did hear,
They would not mark me : or if they did mark,
They would not pity me.——

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
Who, tho' they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort are better than the Tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale ;
When I do weep, they humbly at my feet
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me ;
And were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no Tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft wax, Tribunes more hard than stones ;
A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
And Tribunes with their tongues doom men to death.
But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon drawn ?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their death ;
For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh happy man, they have befriended thee :
Why, foolish *Lucius*, dost thou not perceive,
That *Rome* is but a wilderness of tygers ?
Tygers must prey, and *Rome* affords no prey
But me and mine ; how happy art thou then,
From these devourers to be banished ?
But who comes with our brother *Marcus* here ?

SCENE II. *Enter Marcus and Lavinia.*

Mar. *Titus*, prepare thy noble eyes to weep,
Or if not so, thy noble heart to break :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ? let me see it then.

Mar. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, *Marcus*, so she is.

Luc. Ah me, this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon her ;
Speak, my *Lavinia*, what accursed hand

Hath made thee helpless, in thy father's spight:
 What fool hath added water to the sea?
 Or brought a faggot to bright-burning *Troy*?
 My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
 And now like *Nilus* it disdaineth bounds:
 Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too,
 For they have fought for *Rome*, and all in vain:
 And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life:
 In bootless prayer have they been held up,
 And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
 Now all the service I require of them,
 Is that the one will help to cut the other:
 'Tis well, *Lavinia*, that thou hast no hands,
 For hands to do *Rome* service are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee?

Mar. O that delightful engine of her thoughts,
 That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,
 Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
 Where like a sweet melodious bird it sung
 Sweet various notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh say thou for her, who hath done this deed?

Mar. Oh thus I found her straying in the park,
 Seeking to hide her self, as doth the deer
 That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer, and he that wounded her
 Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
 For now I stand, as one upon a rock,
 Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
 Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
 Expecting ever when some envious surge
 Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone:

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,
 And here my brother weeping at my woes.

But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn,
 Is dear *Lavinia*, dearer than my soul——

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,
 It would have madd'd me. What shall I do,

Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee ;
 Thy husband he is dead ; and for his death
 Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.
 Look, *Marcus*, ah, son *Lucius*, look on her ;
 When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
 Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey dew,
 Upon a gather'd lilly almost wither'd.

Mar. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband,
 Perchance because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,
 Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.
 No, no, they would not do so foul a deed,
 Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.
 Gentle *Lavinia*, let me kiss thy lips,
 Or make some signs how I may do thee ease ;
 Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother *Lucius*,
 And thou and I sit round about some fountain,
 Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks,
 How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
 With miry slime left on them by a flood ?
 And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
 'Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
 And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears ?
 Or shall we cut away our hands like thine ?
 Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shews
 Pass the remainder of our hateful days ?
 What shall we do ? let us that have our tongues
 Plot some device of further misery,
 To make us wondred at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears, for at your grief
 See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Mar. Patience, dear niece ; good *Titus*, dry thine eyes.

Tit. Ah *Marcus*, *Marcus*, brother, well I wot
 Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
 For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

Luc. Ah, my *Lavinia*, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, *Marcus*, mark ; I understand her signs ;
 Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say
 That to her brother which I said to thee.
 His napkin with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
 Oh what a sympathy of woe is this!
 As far from help as limbo is from bliss.

S C E N E III. *Enter Aaron.*

Aar. *Titus Andronicus*, my Lord the Emperor
 Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,
 Let *Marcus*, *Lucius*, or thy self, old *Titus*,
 Or any one of you chop off your hand,
 And send it to the King; he for the same
 Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
 And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh gracious Emperor! oh gentle *Aaron*!
 Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
 That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?
 With all my heart, I'll send the Emperor
 My hand; good *Aaron*, wilt thou chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father, for that noble hand of thine,
 That hath thrown down so many enemies,
 Shall not be sent; my hand will serve the turn.
 My youth can better spare my blood than you,
 And therefore mine shall save my brothers lives.

Mar. Which of your hands hath not defended *Rome*,
 And rear'd aloft the bloody battel-ax,
 Writing destruction on the enemies cask?
 Oh none of both but are of high desert:
 My hand hath been but idle, let it serve
 To ransom my two nephews from their death,
 Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall go along,
 For fear they die before their pardon come.

Mar. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heav'n, it shall not go.

Tit. Sirs, strive no more, such wither'd herbs as these
 Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,
 Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Mar. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,
 Now let me shew a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you, I will spare my hand,

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an ax.

Mar. But I will use it. [*Exeunt Lucius and Marcus.*]

Tit. Come hither, *Aaron*, I'll deceive them both ;
Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,
And never whilst I live deceive men so.
But I'll deceive you in another sort,
And that you'll say ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off Titus's band.*]

Enter Lucius and Marcus again.

Tit. Now stay your strife ; what shall be, is dispatch :
Good *Aaron*, give his Majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers, bid him bury it :
More hath it merited ? that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price,
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, *Andronicus*, and for thy hand
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee :
Their heads I mean. — Oh, how this villainy [*Aside.*]
Doth fat me with the very thought of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Tit. O hear ! — I lift this one hand up to heav'n,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth ;
If any Power pities wretched tears,
To that I call : What, wilt thou kneel with me ?
Do then, dear heart, for heav'n shall hear our prayers,
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fogs, as sometime clouds
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Mar. Oh brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these two extreams.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Mar. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.
When heav'n doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threatning the welkin with his big-swoln face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea, hark how her sighs do blow?
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs,
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them;
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

Enter a Messenger bringing in two heads and a band.

Mes. Worthy *Andronicus*, ill art thou repay'd
For that good hand thou sent'st the Emperor;
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back;
Thy grief's their sport, thy resolution mockt:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death. [Exit.

Mar. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in *Sicily*,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be born.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal,
But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah that this sight should make so deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat;
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

Mar. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,
As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Mar. Now farewell flattery! die, *Andronicus*;
Thou dost not slumber; see thy two sons heads,
Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dire sight
Struck pale and bloodless, and thy brother I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.
Ah now no more will I controul thy griefs,
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand

Gnawing with thy teeth, and be this dismal sight
 The closing up of our most wretched eyes ;
 Now is a time to storm, why art thou still ?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha.

Mar. Why dost thou laugh ? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why I have not another tear to shed ;

Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
 And would usurp upon my watry eyes,
 And make them blind with tributary tears ;
 Then which way shall I find Revenge's cave ?
 For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
 And threat me, I shall never come to bliss,
 'Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
 Even in their throats that have committed them.

Come let me see what task I have to do ——

You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.

The vow is made ; come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear ;

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these things ;
 Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth ;
 As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight,
 Thou art an exile, and must not stay.

Hie to the *Gotbs*, and raise an army there ;

And if you love me, as I think you do,

Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E V. *Manet* Lucius.

Luc. Farewel, *Andronicus*, my noble father,
 The woful'st man that ever liv'd in *Rome* ;

Farewel, proud *Rome* ; 'till *Lucius* come again,

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life ;

Farewel, *Lavinia*, my noble sister,

O would thou wert as thou tofore hast been !

But now nor *Lucius* nor *Lavinia* lives,

But in oblivion and hateful griefs ;

If *Lucius* live, he will requite your wrongs,

And make proud *Saturninus* and his Empress

Beg at the gates like *Tarquin* and his Queen.

Now will I to the *Gotbs* and raise a power,

To be reveng'd on *Rome* and *Saturnine*.

[Exit *Lucius*.]

* SCENE VI.

An Apartment in Titus's House. A Banquet.

Enter Titus, Marcus, Lavinia, and the Boy Lucius.

Tit. So, so, now sit, and look you eat no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in us,
As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.

Marcus, unknit that sorrow-wreathen knot;
Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine
Is left to tyrannize upon my breast,
And when my heart, all mad with misery,
Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
Then thus I thump it down.—

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs,
When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,
Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still;
Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
And just against thy heart make thou a hole,
That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
May run into that sink, and soaking in,
Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Mar. Fie, brother, fie, teach her not thus to lay
Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee doat already?
Why, *Marcus*, no man should be mad but I;
What violent hands can she lay on her life?
Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands?
To bid *Æneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
How *Troy* was burnt, and he made miserable?
O handle not the theme, no talk of hands,
Lest we remember still that we have none.
Fie, fie, how frantickly I square my talk,
As if we should forget we had no hands,
If *Marcus* did not name the word of hands?
Come, let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this.
Here is no drink: hark, *Marcus*, what she says,

* This scene is not in the old edition.

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs ;
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks.
 Speechless complaint — O I will learn thy thought.

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers.
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heav'n,
 Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And by still practice learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandfire, leave these bitter deep laments,
 Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.

Mar. Alas, the tender boy in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandfire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made of tears,
 And tears will quickly melt thy life away.

[*Marcus strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, *Marcus*, with thy knife ?

Mar. At that that I have kill'd, my Lord, a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ; thou kill'st my heart,
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
 A deed of death done on the innocent
 Becomes not *Titus*' brother. Get thee gone,
 I see thou art not for my company.

Mar. Alas, my Lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But? — how if that fly had a father and mother?
 How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buz laments and dolings in the air?
 Poor harmless fly,
 That with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry,
 And thou hast kill'd him.

Mar. Pardon me, it was a black ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the Empress's *Moor*, therefore I kill'd him.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed ;
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him,
 Flattering my self, as if it were the *Moor*
 Come hither purposely to poison me.

'There's for thyself, and that's for *Tamora* :
 Yet still I think we are not brought so low,
 But that between us we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black *Moor*.

Mar. Alas, poor man, grief has so wrought on him,
 He takes false shadows for true substances.
 Come, take away ; *Lavinia*, go with me,
 I'll to my closet, and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.
 Come, boy, and go with me, thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read when mine begins to dazzle. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's House.

*Enter young Lucius and Lavinia running after him, and the
 Boy flies from her, with his books under his arm. Enter
 Titus and Marcus.*

Boy. **H**elp, grandfire, help! my aunt *Lavinia*
 Follows me every where, I know not why.

Good uncle *Marcus*, see how swift she comes :

Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Mar. Stand by me, *Lucius*, do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in *Rome* she did.

Mar. What means my niece *Lavinia* by these signs?

Tit. Fear thou not, *Lucius*, somewhat doth she mean :

See, *Lucius*, see how much she makes of thee :

Some whither would she have thee go with her.

Ah boy, *Cornelia* never with more care

Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee

Sweet poetry, and *Tully's* oratory :

Can'st thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?

Boy. My Lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,

Unless some fit or frenzie do possess her :

For I have heard my grandfire say full oft,

Extremity of grief would make men mad.

And I have read, that *Hecuba* of *Troy*

Ran mad through sorrow ; that made me to fear ;

Although, my Lord, I know my noble aunt

Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,

And would not, but in fury, fright my youth,

Which

Which made me down to throw my books, and flie,
Causeless perhaps; but pardon me, sweet aunt,
And, Madam, if my uncle *Marcus* go,
I will most willingly attend your Ladyship.

Mar. *Lucius*, I will.

Tit. How now, *Lavinia*? *Marcus*, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see.

Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.

But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd:

Come and make choice of all my library,

And so beguile thy sorrow, 'till the heav'n's

Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed:

What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Mar. I think she means that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact. Ay, more there was:

Or else to heav'n she heaves them, for revenge.

Tit. *Lucius*, what book is that she tosses so?

Boy. Grandfire, 'tis *Ovid's Metamorphoses*;

My mother gave it me.

Mar. For love of her that's gone,

Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft! See how busily she turns the leaves!

Help her: what would she find? *Lavinia*, shall I read?

This is the tragick tale of *Philomel*,

And treats of *Tereus'* treason and his rape;

And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Mar. See, brother, see, note how she quotes the leaves.

Tit. *Lavinia*, wert thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as *Philmela* was,

Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods?

See, see; —

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,

(O had we never never hunted there!)

Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,

By nature made for murders and for rapes.

Mar. O why should nature build so foul a den,

Unless the Gods delight in tragedies!

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none but friends,

What *Roman* Lord it was durst do the deed;

Or sunk not *Saturnine* as *Tarquin* erst,
That left the camp to sin in *Lucrece*' bed?

Mar. Sit down, sweet niece; brother, sit down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me, that I may this treason find.

My Lord, look here; look here, *Lavinia*.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and guides it with his feet and mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou can'st,

This after me, when I have writ my name,

Without the help of any hand at all.

Curst be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!

Write thou, good niece, and here display at least,

What God will have discover'd for revenge;

Heav'n guide thy pen, to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors, and the truth!

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh do you read, my Lord, what she hath writ?
Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.

Mar. What, what! — the lustful sons of *Tamora*,
Performers of this hateful bloody deed?

Tit. Magne Regnator Poli,
Tam lentus audis scelera! tam lentus vides!

Mar. Oh calm thee, gentle Lord; although I know
There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclams.

My Lord, kneel down with me: *Lavinia*, kneel,

And kneel, sweet boy, the *Roman Hector*'s hope,

And swear with me, (as with the woeful peer

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,

Lord *Junius Brutus* swear for *Lucrece*' rape)

That we will prosecute (by good advice)

Mortal revenge upon these traiterous *Goths*,

And see their blood, ere die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, if you knew how.

But if you hurt these bear-whelps, then beware,

The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,

She's with the lion deeply still in league,

And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
 And when she sleeps will she do what she list.
 You're a young huntsman, *Marcus*, let it alone;
 And come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
 And with a gad of steel will write these words,
 And lay it by; the angry northern wind
 Will blow these sands like *Sybil's* leaves abroad,
 And where's your lesson then? boy, what say you!

Boy. I say, my Lord, that if I were a man,
 Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
 For these bad bond-men to the yolk of *Rome*.

Mar. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft
 For this ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into my armory.

Lucius, I'll fit thee, and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the Empress' sons
 Presents that I intend to send them both.

Come, come, thou'lt do my message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosom, grandfire.

Tit. No, boy, not so, I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come; *Marcus*, look to my house;

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the Court,

Ay, marry will we, Sir, and we'll be waited on. [Exit.

Mar. O heavens, can you hear a good man groan
 And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasie,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart

Than foe-mens marks upon his batter'd shield,

But yet's so just, that he will not revenge;

Revenge, oh heav'ns, for old *Andronicus*!

[Exit.

SCENE II. *The Palace.*

Enter Aaron, Chiron, and Demetrius at one door: and at another door young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons and verses writ upon them.

Chi. *Demetrius*, here's the son of *Lucius*,
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My Lords, with all the humbleness I may,
 I greet your honours from *Andronicus*,

And

And pray the *Roman* Gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely *Lucius*, what's the news?

Boy. That you are both decypher'd (that's the news)
For villains mark'd with rape. May it please you,
My grandfire well advis'd hath sent by me
The goodliest weapons of his armory,
To gratifie your honourable youth,
The hope of *Rome*; for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, that whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, like bloody villains. [Exit.

Dem. What's here, a scrowl, and written round about?
Let's see.

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus,
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.*

Cbi. O 'tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well:
I read it in the *Grammar* long ago.

Aar. Ay just, a verse in *Horace*—right, you have it—
Now what a thing it is to be an ass?
Here's no fond jest, th' old man hath found their guilt,
And sends the weapons wrap'd about with lines,
'That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
But were our witty Empress well a-foot,
She would applaud *Andronicus*' conceit:
But let her rest in her unrest a while.
And now, young Lords, was't not a happy star
Led us to *Rome* strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?
It did me good before the palace-gate
To brave the Tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a Lord
Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord *Demetrius*?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand *Roman* dames
At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Cbi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacketh but your mother to say Amen.

Cbi. And that would she for twenty thousand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the Gods
For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. Pray to the devils, the Gods have given us over.

[*Flourish.*]

Dem. Why do the Emp'ror's trumpets flourish thus?

Cbi. Belike for joy the Emp'ror hath a son.

Dem. Soft, who comes here?

SCENE III. *Enter Nurse with a Black-a-moor child.*

Nur. Good morrow, noble Lords:

O tell me, did you see *Aaron* the *Moor*?

Aar. Well, more or less, or ne'er a whit at all,
Here *Aaron* is, and what with *Aaron* now?

Nur. O gentle *Aaron*, we are all undone.

Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why what a caterwauling dost thou keep;
What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nur. O that which I would hide from heaven's eye,
Our Empress' shame, and stately *Rome's* disgrace.
She is deliver'd, Lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean that she is brought to bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! what hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why then she is the devil's dam:

A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black and sorrowful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,
Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.
The Empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal,
And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aar. Out, out, you whore, is black so base a hue?
Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Cbi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Dem. Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice,
Accurs'd the off-spring of so foul a fiend!

Cbi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. *Aaron*, it must, the mother wills it so.

Aar.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I
Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point;
Nurse, give it me, my sword shall soon dispatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
Stay, murderous villains, will you kill your brother?

Now by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,

He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point,
That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not *Enceladus*

With all his threatning band of *Typhon's* brood,

Nor great *Alcides*, nor the God of war,

Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands;

What, what, y'unsanguine shallow-hearted boys,

Ye white-lim'd walls, ye alehouse painted signs,

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly to the flood.

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this, my self;

The vigour and the picture of my youth:

This, before all the world, do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoak for it in *Rome*.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Cbi. *Rome* will despise her for this foul escape.

Nur. The Emperor in his rage will doom her death.

Cbi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears;

Fine treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer,

Look how the black slave smiles upon the father;

As who should say, *Old Lad, I am thine own.*

He is your brother, Lords; sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you,
And from that womb where you imprisoned were,
He is enfranchis'd and come to light :

Nay, he's your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. *Aaron*, what shall I say unto the Empress ?

Dem. Advise thee, *Aaron*, what is to be done,
And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may be all safe.

Aar. Then set we down, and let us all consult.
My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there : now talk at pleasure of your safety.

[*They sit on the ground.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aar. Why, so, brave Lords, when we all join in league,
I am a lamb ; but if you brave the *Moor*,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as *Aaron* storms :
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nur. *Cornelia* the midwife, and myself.
And no one else but the deliver'd Empress.

Aar. The Empress, the midwife, and yourself——
Two may keep counsel, when the third's away :
Go to the Empress, tell her, this I said — [*He kills her.*]
Week, week ! so cries a pig prepar'd to th' spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, *Aaron* ? wherefore didst thou

Aar. O Lord, Sir, 'tis a deed of policy : [this ?]
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?

A long-tongu'd babbling gossip ? no, Lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent :
Not far, one *Muliteus* lives, my countryman,
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed,
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the Emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the Court ;
And let the Emperor dandle him for his own.

Hark ye, my Lords, ye see I have given her physick,
 And you must needs bestow her funeral;
 The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms:
 This done, see that you take no longer days,
 But send the midwife presently to me.
 The midwife and the nurse well made away,
 Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Cbi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
 With secrets.

Dem. For this care of *Tamora*,
 Herself and hers are highly bound to thee. [Exit.]

Aar. Now to the *Gotbs*, as swift as swallow flies,
 There to dispose this treasure in my arms,
 And secretly to greet the Empress' friends.
 Come on, you thick-lip'd slave, I bear you hence,
 For it is you that put us to our shifts:
 I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
 And feast on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
 And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
 To be a warrior, and command a camp. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *A Street near the Palace.*

Enter Titus, old Marcus, young Lucius, and other Gentlemen with bows, and Titus bears the arrows with letters on the end of them.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, come; kinsman, this is the way.
 Sir boy, now let me see your archery.
 Look ye draw home enough, and 'tis there straight;
Terras Astræa reliquit — be you remember'd, *Marcus* —
 She's gone, she's fled — — Sirs, take you to your tools;
 You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
 And cast your nets, haply you may find her in the sea,
 Yet there's as little justice as at land — —
 No, *Publius* and *Sempronius*; you must do it,
 'Tis you must dig with mattock and with spade,
 And pierce the inmost centre of the earth;
 Then when you come to *Pluto's* region,
 I pray you to deliver this petition,
 Tell him it is for justice, and for aid;
 And that it comes from old *Andronicus*,
 Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful *Rome*.

Ah *Rome!*—Well, well, I made thee miserable,
 What time I threw the people's suffrages
 On him, that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
 Go get you gone, and pray be careful all,
 And leave you not a man of war, unsearch'd;
 This wicked Emperor may have ship'd her hence,
 And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Mar. Oh *Publius*, is not this a heavy case,
 To see thy noble uncle thus distract?

Pub. Therefore, my Lord, it highly us concerns,
 By day and night t' attend him carefully:
 And feed his humour kindly as we may,
 'Till time beget some careful remedy.

Mar. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
 Join with the *Goths*, and with revengeful war
 Take wreak on *Rome* for this ingratitude,
 And vengeance on the traitor *Saturnine*.

Tit. *Publius*, how now? how now, my masters, what?
 Have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good Lord, but *Pluto* sends you word,
 If you will have Revenge from hell, you shall:
 Marry for Justice, she is now employ'd,
 He thinks with *Jove* in hea'vn, or somewhere else;
 So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays,
 I'll dive into the burning lake below,
 And pull her out of *Acheron* by the heels.

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we,
 No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the *Cyclops* size,
 But metal, *Marcus*, steel to th' very back,
 Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs can bear.
 And sith there's no justice in earth or hell,
 We will solicit heaven, and move the Gods,
 To send down Justice for to wreak our wrongs:
 Come to this gear, you're a good archer, *Marcus*.

[He gives them the arrows.]

Ad Jovem, that's for you ——— here *ad Apollinem* ———

Ad Martem, that's for my self;

Here, boy, to *Pallas* ——— here to *Mercury* ———

To *Saturn* and to *Cælus* ——— not to *Saturnine* ———

You

You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy *Marcus*, —— loose thou when I bid:
O' my word I have written to effect,
There's not a God left unfollicited.

Mar. Kinsman, shoot all your shafts into the Court,
We will afflict the Emperor in his pride. [*They shoot.*]

Tit. Now, masters, draw; oh well said, *Lucius*;
Good boy in *Virgo's* lap, give it to *Pallas*.

Mar. My Lord, I am a mile beyond the moon;
Your letter is with *Jupiter* by this.

Tit. Ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, ha! what hast thou done?
See, see, thou'st shot off one of *Taurus's* horns.

Mar. This was the sport, my Lord, when *Publius* shot;
The bull being gall'd, gave *Aries* such a knock,
That down fell both the ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the Empress' villain?
She laugh'd, and told the *Moor* he should not chuse
But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes. God give your Lordship joy!

Enter a Clown with a basket and two pigeons.

News, news from heav'n; *Marcus*, the post is come.
Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?
Shall I have justice, what says *Jupiter*?

Clow. Who? the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath
taken them down again, for the man must not be hang'd
'till the next week.

Tit. Tut, what says *Jupiter*, I ask thee?

Clow. Alas, Sir, I know not *Jupiter*,
I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clow. Ay, of my pigeons, Sir, nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heav'n?

Clow. From heav'n? alas, Sir, I never came there. God
forbid I should be so bold to press into heav'n in my young
days. Why, I am going with my pigeons to the *tribunal
plebs, to make up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle
and one of the Imperial's men.

Mar. Why, Sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your ora-
tion, and let him deliver the pigeons to the Emperor from you.

* He means to say, *tribunus plebis*,

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the Emperor with a grace?

Clow. Nay truly, Sir, I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither, make no more ado,
But give your pigeons to the Emperor.
By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
Hold, hold — mean while here's mony for thy charges.
Give me a pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clow. Ay, Sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you: and when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel, then kiss his foot, then deliver up your pigeons, and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, Sir, see you do it bravely.

Clow. I warrant you, Sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? come, let me see it.
Here, *Marcus*, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant,
And when thou hast given it the Emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clow. God be with you, Sir, I will.

Tit. Come, *Marcus*, let us go, *Publius*, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. *The Palace.*

Enter Emperor and Empress, and her two Sons; the Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that Titus shot.

Sat. Why, Lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen
An Emperor of *Rome* thus over-born,
Troubled, confronted thus, and for th' extent
Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt?
My Lords, you know, as do the mightful Gods,
(However the disturbers of our peace
Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath past,
But even with law against the willful sons
Of old *Andronicus*. And what an if
His sorrows have so over-whelm'd his wits,
Shall we be thus afflicted in his freaks,
His fits, his frensie, and his bitternefs?
And now he writes to heav'n for his redress.
See, here's to *Jove*, and this to *Mercury*,
This to *Apollo*, this to the God of war:

Sweat scowls to fly about the streets of *Rome*.
 What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice ev'ry where?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my Lords?
 As who would say, in *Rome* no justice were,
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages:
 But he and his shall know, that Justice lives
 In *Saturninus*' health, whom, if she sleep,
 He'll so awake, as she in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious Lord, my lovely *Saturnine*,
 Lord of my life, commander of my thought,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of *Titus*' age,
 Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd his heart;
 And rather comfort his distressed plight,
 Than prosecute the meanest or the best,
 For these contempts—Why, thus it shall become
 High-witted *Tamora* to glose with all:
 But, *Titus*, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
 Thy life-blood out: if *Aaron* now be wise,
 Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port. [*Aside.*

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, would'st thou speak with us?

Clow. Yea forsooth, an your Mistership be Emperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the Emperor.

Clow. 'Tis he: God and St. *Stephen* give you good-e'en,
 I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*He reads the letter.*

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clow. How much mony must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, thou must be hang'd.

Clow. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a
 neck to a fair end.

Sat. Despightful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?

I know from whence this same device proceeds:

May this be born? as if his traiterous sons,

That dy'd by law for murder of our brother,

Have

Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
 Go, drag the villain hither by the hair,
 Nor age nor honour shall share privilege,
 For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
 Sly frantick wretch, that help'st to make me great,
 In hope thy self should govern *Rome* and me.

Enter Æmilius.

Sat. What news with thee, *Æmilius*?

Æmil. Arm, my Lords, arm; *Rome* never had more cause;
 The *Goths* have gather'd head, and with a power
 Of high-resolv'd men, bent to the spoil,
 They hither march amain, under the conduct
 Of *Lucius*, son to old *Andronicus*:
 Who threats in course of his revenge to do
 As much as ever *Coriolanus* did.

Sat. Is warlike *Lucius* General of the *Goths*?
 These tidings nip me, and I hang the head
 As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with storms.
 Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach;
 'Tis he the common people love so much;
 My self have often over-heard them say,
 (When I have walk'd like a private Man)
 That *Lucius*' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that *Lucius* were their Emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not our city strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens do favour *Lucius*,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious like thy name.
 Is the sun dim'd, that knats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
 And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wings,
 He can at pleasure stint their melody;
 Even so may'st thou the giddy men of *Rome*.
 Then cheer thy spirit, for know, thou Emperor,
 I will enchant the old *Andronicus*,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious food.

Sat. But he will not intreat his son for us.

Tam. If *Tamora* intreat him, then he will:

For I can smooth, and fill his aged ear
With golden promises, that were his heart
Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.

Go thou before as our embassador, [To *Æmilius*,

Say, that the Emperor requests a parley
Of warlike *Lucius*, and appoint the meeting.

Sat. *Æmilius*, do this message honourably;
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æm. Your bidding shall I do effectually. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I to that old *Andronicus*,
And temper him with all the art I have,
To pluck proud *Lucius* from the warlike *Goths*.
And now, sweet Emperor, be blith again,
And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successfully and plead to him. [Exeunt.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Camp, at a small distance from Rome.

Enter Lucius with Goths, with Drum and Soldiers.

Luc. **A**pproved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great *Rome*,
Which signifie what hate they bear their Emp'ror,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great Lords, be as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs,
And wherein *Rome* hath done you any scath,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great *Andronicus*,
(Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort),
Whose high exploits and honourable deeds
Ingrateful *Rome* requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us, we'll follow where thou lead'st;
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields;
And be aveng'd on cursed *Tamora*.

Om. And as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.
But who comes here led by a lusty Goth?

S C E N E II.

Enter a Goth leading Aaron with his Child in his arms.

Goth. Renowned *Lucius*, from our troops I stray'd
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall;
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard
The crying babe controul'd with this discourse:
Peace, taxny slave, half me and half thy dam,
Did not thy bue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou might'st have been an Emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
Tbey never do beget a coal-black calf;
Peace, villain, peace, (even thus he rates the babe)
For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
Who when he knows thou art the Empress' babe,
Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
Surpriz'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,
To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. O worthy *Goth!* this is the incarnate devil
That robb'd *Andronicus* of his good hand;
This is the pearl that pleas'd your Empress' eye,
And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.
Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither would'st thou convey
This growing image of thy fiend-like face?
Why dost not speak? what! deaf? no! not a word?
A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy, he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the fire for ever being good.
First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl,
A sight to vex the father's soul withal.
Get me a ladder.

Aar. *Lucius*, save the child,
And bear it from me to the Emperess:

If thou do this, I'll shew thee wondrous things,
That highly may advantage thee to hear;
If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou speak'st,
Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. And if it please thee? why, assure thee, *Lucius*,
'Twill vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,
Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
Complots of mischief, treason, villainies,
Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:
And this shall all be buried by my death,
Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind, I say thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no God.
That granted, how can'st thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as indeed I do not;
Yet for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies
Which I have seen thee careful to observe:
Therefore I urge thy oath, (for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a God, [*Aside.*
And keeps the oath, which by that God he swears,
To that I'll urge him)——therefore thou shalt vow
By that same God, what God soe'er it be
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, nourish and bring him up,
Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee, I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the Empress.

Luc. O most insatiate luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut, *Lucius*, this was but a deed of charity,
To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.
Twas her two sons that murder'd *Bassianus*,
They cut thy sister's tongue, and raviſh'd her,
And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. Oh most detestable villain! call'st thou that Trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd; And 'twas trim sport for them that had the doing of't.

Luc. Oh barbarous beastly villains like thy self!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them: That coddling spirit had they from their mother, As sure a card, as ever won the set; That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me, As true a dog as ever fought at head; Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth. I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole, Where the dead corps of *Bassianus* lay: I wrote the letter that thy father found, And hid the gold within the letter mention'd, Confed'rate with the Queen and her two sons. And what's else done that thou hast cause to rue, Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in't? I plaid the cheater for thy father's hand, And when I had it, drew my self apart, And almost broke my heart with extream laughter. I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall, When for his hand he had his two sons heads, Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily That both mine eyes were rainy like to his: And when I told the Empress of this sport, She swooned almost at my pleasing tale, And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Gotb. What, can'st thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Ev'n now I curse the day (and yet I think Few come within the compass of my curse) Wherein I did not some notorious ill, As kill a man, or else devise his death, Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it, Accuse some innocent, and then forswear My self, set deadly enmity between Two friends, make poor mens cattle break their necks,

Set fire on bars and hay-stacks in the night,
 And bid the owners quench them with their tears :
 Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
 And set them upright at their dear friends doors,
 Ev'n when their sorrow almost was forgot,
 And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
 Have with my knife carved in *Roman* letters,
Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.
 Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things,
 As willingly as one would kill a fly ;
 And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
 But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die
 So sweet a death, as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, would I were a devil,
 To live and burn in everlasting fire,
 So I might have your company in hell,
 But to torment you with my bitter tongue.

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter Æmilius.

Gotb. My Lord, there is a messenger from *Rome*
 Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near. ———

Welcome, *Æmilius*, what's the news from *Rome* ?

Æm. Lord *Lucius*, and you princes of the *Goths*,
 The *Roman* Emperor greets you all by me ;
 And, for he understands you are in arms,
 He craves a parley at your father's house,
 Willing you to demand your hostages,
 And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Gotb. What says our General ?

Luc. *Æmilius*, let the Emperor give his pledges
 Unto my father and my uncle *Marcus*,
 And we will come : away ! march !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Titus's Palace in Rome.*

Enter Tamora, Chiron and Demetrius, disguis'd.

Tam. Thus in these strange and sad habiliments
 I will encounter with *Andronicus*,
 And say, I am Revenge sent from below,
 To join with him, and right his heinous wrongs :

Knock at the study, where they say he keeps,
 To ruminatè strange plots of dire revenge ;
 Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
 And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and Titus appears above.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation ?

Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
 That so my sad decrees may fly away,
 And all my study be to no effect ?
 You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do,
 See here in bloody lines I have set down ;
 And what is written, shall be executed.

Tam. *Titus*, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word : how can I grace my talk,
 Wanting a hand to give it that accord ?
 Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou would'st talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad, I know thee well enough ;
 Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines,
 Witness these trenches, made by grief and care,
 Witness the tiring day and heavy night ;
 Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
 For our proud Empress, mighty *Tamora* :
 Is not thy coming for my other hand ?

Tam. Know thou, sad man, I am not *Tamora* ;
 She is thy enemy, and I thy friend ;
 I am Revenge, sent from th' infernal kingdom,
 To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
 By working wreckful vengeance on thy foes.
 Come down, and welcome me to this world's light ;
 Confer with me of murder and of death ;
 There's not a hollow cave, or lurking place,
 No vast obscurity or misty vale,
 Where bloody Murder or detested Rape
 Can couch for fear, but I will find them out,
 And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
 Revenge, which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge ? and art-thou sent to me,
 To be a torment to mine enemies ?

Tam. I am ; therefore come down and welcome me.

Tit.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee:
 Lo by thy side where Rape and Murder stand;
 Now give some 'surance that thou art Revenge,
 Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot wheels,
 And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
 And whirl along with thee about the globes:
 Provide two proper palfries black as jet,
 To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
 And find out murders in their guilty caves.
 And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
 I will dismount, and by thy waggon wheel
 Trot like a servile foot-man all day long;
 Even from *Hyperion's* rising in the east,
 Until his very downfall in the sea.
 And day by day I'll do this heavy task,
 So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come with me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called so,
 'Cause they take vengeance on such kind of men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the Empress' sons they are,
 And you the Empress! but we worldly men
 Have miserable mad mistaking eyes:
 O sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
 And if one arm's embracement will content thee,
 I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit Titus from above.*]

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
 Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
 Do you uphold, and maintain in your speech,
 For now he firmly takes me for Revenge;
 And being credulous in this mad thought,
 I'll make him send for *Lucius* his son:
 And whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
 I'll find some cunning practice out of hand,
 To scatter and disperse the giddy *Gotbs*,
 Or at the least make them his enemies:
 See here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

SCENE IV. *Enter Titus.*

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for thee:
 Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house;

Rapine

Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too :
 How like the Empress and her sons you are !
 Well are you fitted, had you but a *Moor* ;
 Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
 For well I wot, the Empress never wags,
 But in her company there is a *Moor* ;
 And would you represent our Queen aright,
 It were convenient you had such a devil :
 But welcome, as you are : what shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, *Andronicus* ?

Dem. Shew me a murderer, I'll deal with him.

Cbi. Shew me a villain that hath done a rape,
 And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Shew me a thousand that have done thee wrong,
 And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of *Rome*,
 And when thou find'st a man that's like thy self,
 Good Murder, stab him ; he's a murderer.
 Go thou with him, and when it is thy hap
 To find another that is like to thee,
 Good Rapine, stab him ; he's a ravisher.
 Go thou with them, and in the Emperor's Court
 There is a Queen attended by a *Moor* ;
 Well may'st thou know her by thy own proportion,
 For up and down she doth resemble thee ;
 I pray thee do on them some violent death ;
 They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us ; this shall we do.
 But would it please thee, good *Andronicus*,
 To send for *Lucius*, thy thrice-valiant son,
 Who leads tow'rd *Rome* a band of warlike *Goths*,
 And bid him come and banquet at thy house.
 When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
 I will bring in the Empress and her sons,
 The Emperor himself, and all thy foes ;
 And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
 And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart :
 What says *Andronicus* to this device ?

Tit. *Marcus*, my brother ! 'tis sad *Titus* calls :

Enter

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle *Marcus*, to thy nephew *Lucius* ;
 Thou shalt enquire him out among the *Gotbs* ;
 Bid him repair to me ; and bring with him
 Some of the chiefest princes of the *Gotbs* ;
 Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are ;
 Tell him the Emperor and the Empress too
 Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them ;
 This do thou for my love, and so let him,
 As he regards his aged father's life.

Mar. This will I do, and soon return again. [Exit.

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
 And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay with me,
 Or else I'll call my brother back again,
 And cleave to no Revenge but *Lucius*.

Tam. What say you, boys, will you abide with him,
 Whiles I go tell my Lord, the Emperor,
 How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
 Yield to his humour, smooth, and speak him fair, [Aside,
 And tarry with him 'till I come again.

Tit. I know them all, tho' they suppose me mad ;
 And will o'er-reach them in their own devices :
 A pair of cursed hell-hounds and their dam. [Aside,

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure, leave us here.

Tam. Farewel, *Andronicus*, Revenge now goes
 To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [Exit Tamora.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Revenge, farewell !

Cbi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be employ'd ?

Tit. Tut, I have work enough for you to do.

Publius, come hither, *Caius* and *Valentine* !

Enter Publius and Servants.

Pub. What is your will ?

Tit. Know ye these two ?

Pub. The Empress' sons

I take them, *Cbiron*, and *Demetrius*.

Tit. Fie, *Publius*, fie, thou art too much deceiv'd,
 The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name ;
 And therefore bind them, gentle *Publius*,
Caius and *Valentine*, lay hands on them ;

Oft have you heard me wish for fuch an hour,
And now I find it, therefore bind them fure. [*Exit Titus.*

Chiron. Villains forbear, we are the Emprefs' fons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.
Stop clofe their mouths, let them not fpeak a word.
Is he fure bound? look that ye bind them faft.

S C E N E V.

*Enter Titus Andronicus with a Knife, and Lavinia with a
Bafon.*

Tit. Come, come, *Lavinia*, look, thy foes are bound;
Sirs, ftop their mouths, let them not fpeak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.
Oh villains, *Chiron* and *Demetrius*!
Here ftands the fpring whom you have ftain'd with mud,
This goodly fummer, with your winter mixt:
You kill'd her husband, and for that vile fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jeft;
Both her fweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear
Than hands or tongue, her fpotlefs chafteity,
Inhuman traitors, you conftain'd and forc'd.
What would you fay if I fhould let you fpeak?
Villains! — for fhame you could not beg for grace.
Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilft that *Lavinia* 'twixt her ftumps doth hold
The bafon that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feaft with me,
And calls her felf Revenge, and thinks me mad —
Hark, villains, I will grind your bones to duft,
And with your blood and it I'll make a pafte,
And of the pafte a coffin will I rear,
And make two paffies of your fhameful heads,
And bid that ftumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, fwallow her own increafe.
This is the feaft that I have bid her to,
And this the banquet ſhe fhall fufeit on;
For worfe than *Philomel* you us'd my daughter,
And worfe than *Progne* I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: *Lavinia*, come,

Receive

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
 Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
 And with this hateful liquor temper it;
 And in that paste let their vile heads be bak'd.
 Come, come, be every one officious
 To make this banquet, which I wish might prove
 More stern and bloody than the *Centaurs* feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So, now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
 And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lucius, Marcus, and Goths with Aaron Prisoner.

Luc. Good uncle *Marcus*, since 'tis my father's mind
 That I repair to *Rome*, I am content.

Goth. And ours with thine, befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous *Moor*,
 This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil,
 Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
 'Till he be brought unto the Emp'rour's face,
 For testimony of these foul proceedings;
 And see the ambush of our friends be strong,
 I fear the Emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in my ear,
 And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth
 The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!

[*Exeunt Goths with Aaron.*]

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in. [*Flourish.*]

The trumpets shew the Emperor is at hand.

S C E N E VI.

Sound Trumpets. Enter Emperor and Empress, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thy self a sun?

Mar. *Rome's* Emperor, and, nephew, break your parley;
 These quarrels must be quietly debated:

The feast is ready, which the careful *Titus*

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to *Rome*:

Please you therefore draw nigh and take your places.

Sat. *Marcus*, we will.

[*Hautboys.*]

A Table brought in. Enter Titus like a Cook, placing the meat on the Table, and Lavinia with a veil over her face.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious Lord, welcome, dread Queen,
Welcome, ye warlike *Gotbs*, thou *Lucius*, welcome,
And welcome all; although the cheer be poor,
'Twill fill your stomachs, please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd; *Andronicus*?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your Highness, and your Empress.

Tam. We are beholden to you, good *Andronicus*.

Tit. An if your Highness knew my heart, you were,
My Lord the Emperor, resolve me this;
Was it well done of rash *Virginus*,
To slay his daughter with his own right-hand,
Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, *Andronicus*.

Tit. Your reason, mighty Lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,
And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, effectual,
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like:
Die, die, *Lavinia*, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die! [*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her for whom my tears have made me blind.
I am as woful as *Virginus* was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage. And it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your Highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thy only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I, 'twas *Chiron* and *Demetrius*.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 'twas they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pye,
Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'Tis true, 'tis true, witness my knife's sharp point.

[He stabs the *Empress*.

Sar. Die, frantick wretch, for this accursed deed!

[He stabs *Titus*.

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed, death for a deadly deed.

[*Lucius stabs the Emperor*.

Mar. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of *Rome*,

By uprore sever'd, like a flight of fowl

Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

Oh let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body.

Corb. Let *Rome* her self be bane unto her self,

And she whom mighty kingdoms curse to,

Like a forlorn and desperate cast-away,

Do shameful execution on her self.

Mar. But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,

Speak, *Rome's* dear friend; as erst our ancestor, [To *Lucius*,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick *Dido's* sad attending ear,

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle *Greeks* surpriz'd King *Priam's* *Troy*:

Tell us what *Sinon* hath bewitch'd our ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,

That gives our *Troy*, our *Rome*, the civil wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel;

Nor can I utter all our bitter grief,

But floods of tears will drown my oratory,

And break my very utterance; even in the time

When it should move you to attend me most,

Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale,

Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,

That curied *Cbiron* and *Demetrius*

Were they that murdered our Emperor's brother;

And they they were that ravished our sister:

For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded,
 Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
 Of that true hand, that fought *Rome's* quarrel out,
 And sent her enemies into the grave.

Lastly, my self unkindly banished,
 (The gates shut on me) and turn'd weeping out,
 To beg relief among *Rome's* enemies,
 Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
 And op'd their arms t' embrace me as a friend:
 And I am turn'd forth, be it known to you,
 That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
 And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
 Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
 Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
 My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
 That my report is just, and full of truth:
 But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
 Citing my worthless praise: oh pardon me,
 For when no friends are by, men praise themselves.

Mar. Now is my tongue to speak: behold this child,
 Of this was *Tamora* delivered,
 The issue of an irreligious *Moor*,
 Chief architect and plotter of these woes;
 The villain is alive in *Titus'* house,
 Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
 Now judge what cause had *Titus* to revenge
 These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
 Or more than any living man could bear.
 Now you have heard the truth, what say you, *Romans?*
 Have we done aught amiss? shew us wherein,
 And from the place where you behold us now,
 The poor remainder of *Andronicus*,
 We'll hand in hand all head-long cast us down,
 And on the ragged stones beat out our brains,
 And make a mutual closure of our house:
 Speak, *Romans*, speak, and if you say we shall,
 Lo hand in hand, *Lucius* and I will fall.

Æm. Come, come, thou reverend man of *Rome*,
 And bring our Emperor gently in thy hand,

Lucius

Lucius our Emperor: for well I know,
The common voice doth cry it shall be so.

Mar. *Lucius*, all hail, *Rome's* royal Emperor!
Go, go into old *Titus's* sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving *Moor*,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

Lucius, all hail, *Rome's* gracious Governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle *Romans*: may I govern so,
To heal *Rome's* harm, and drive away her woe!
But, gentle people, give me aim a while,
For nature puts me to a heavy task:
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk:
Oh take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face;
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Mar. Ay, tear for tear, and loving kisses for kisses,
Thy brother *Marcus* tenders on thy lips:
O were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy, come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers; thy grandfire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee;
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow:
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thy infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so;
Friends should associate friends, in grief and woe:
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.

Boy. O grandfire, grandfire! ev'n with all my heart,
Would I were dead, so you did live again—
O Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping—
My tears will choak me, if I ope my mouth.

SCENE VII. *Enter Romans with Aaron.*

Rom. You sad *Andronici*, have done with woes,
Give sentence on this execrable wretch,

That hath been breeder of these dire events.

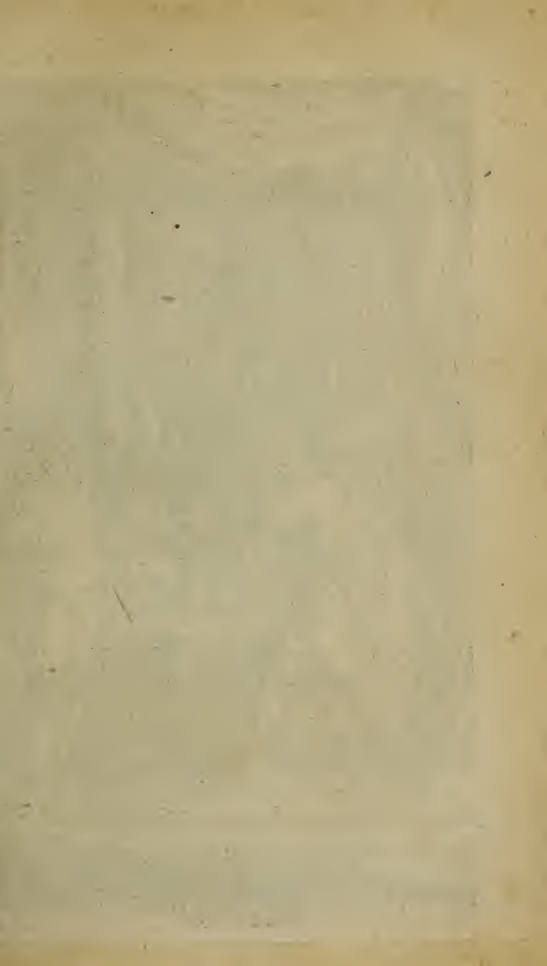
Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and famish him :
There let him stand, and rave and cry for food :
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies : this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fastned in the earth.

Aar. O why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb ?
I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evil I have done :
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform, if I might have my will :
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the Emp'ror hence,
And give him burial in his father's grave.
My father and *Lavinia* shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument :
As for that heiness tygress *Tamora*,
No funeral rites, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial ;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of prey :
Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,
And being so, she shall have like want of it.
See justice done on *Aaron* that damn'd *Moor*,
From whom our heavy haps had their beginning ;
Then afterwards, we'll order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]









T H E
T R A G E D Y
O F
M A C B E T H.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

MALCOLM, }
DONALBAIN, } *Sons to the King.*

MACBETH, }
BANQUO, } *Generals of the King's Army,*

LENOX, }
MACDUFF, }
ROSSE, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
MENTETH, }
ANGUS }

CATHNESS, }
FLEANCE, *Son to Banquo.*

SIWARD, *General of the English Forces.*

Young SIWARD his Son.

SEYTON, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady MACBETH.

Lady MACDUFF.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE *in the end of the fourth Act lies in England, through the rest of the Play in Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.*

Suppos'd to be true history; taken from Hector Boetius, and other Scottish Chronicles.

M A C-



M A C B E T H.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter three Witches.

1 Witch. **W**HEN shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, and in rain?
2 Witch. When the hurly-burly's done,
When the battel's lost and won.

3 Witch. That will be ere set of sun.

1 Witch. Where the place?

2 Witch. Upon the heath.

3 Witch. There I go to meet *Macbeth*.

1 Witch. I come, I come,

Grimalkin ——

2 Witch. *Paddocke* calls —— anon!

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair,
Hover through fog and filthy air.

[They rise from the stage, and fly away.]

S C E N E II. *The Palace at Foris.*

*Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants,
meeting a bleeding Captain.*

King. What bloody man is that? he can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. That is the serjeant, who
Like a right good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, hail, brave friend!
Say to the King the knowledge of the broil,
As thou did'st leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent swimmers that do cling together,

And

And choak their art: the merciless *Macdonel*
 (Worthy to be a rebel, for to that
 The multiplying villainies of nature
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles
 With *Kerns* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,
 And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,
 Shew'd like the rebel's whore. But all too weak:
 For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that name)
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandisht steel
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,
 Like Valour's minion carved out his passage,
 'Till he had fac'd the slave,
 Who ne'er shook hands nor bid farewell to him,
 'Till he unseam'd him from the nape to th' chops,
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

King. Oh valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Cap. As whence the sun gives his reflection,*
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;
 So from that spring whence comfort seem'd to come,
 Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
 No sooner Justice had, with valour arm'd,
 Compell'd these skipping *Kerns* to trust their heels,
 But the *Norweyan* Lord surveying vantage,
 With furbisht arms and new supplies of men
 Began a fresh assault.

King. Dismay'd not this

Our captains, brave *Macbeth* and *Banquo*?

Cap. Yes,

As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons over-charg'd; with double cracks,
 So they redoubled strokes upon the foe:
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another *Golgotha*,
 I cannot tell ———

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help ———

King. So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds:
 They smack of honour both. Go, get him surgeons.

* By this is meant the Rainbow the strongest and most remarkable reflection of any the sun gives.

Enter

Enter Ross and Angus.

But who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy *Tbane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What haste looks through his eyes ? so should he look,
That seems to speak things strange !

Rosse. God save the King !

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Tbane* ?

Rosse. From *Fife*, great King,
Where the *Norweyan* banners flout the sky,
And fan our people cold,
Norway, himself with numbers terrible,
Assisted by that most disloyal traitor
The *Tbane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict ;
'Till that *Bellona*'s bridegroom, lapt in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons,
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit. To conclude,
The victory fell on us.

King. Great happiness !

Rosse. Now *Sweho*, *Norway*'s King, craves composition ;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men,
'Till he disbursed, at Saint * *Colmkil*-isle,
Ten thousand dollars, to our gen'ral use.

King. No more that *Tbane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive
Our bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his death,
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Rosse. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won. [*Exe.*]

S C E N E III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches*.

1 *Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister ?

2 *Witch.* Killing swine.

3 *Witch.* Sister, where thou ?

1 *Witch.* A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht. Give me,
Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries. [quoth I.
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o'th' *Tiger* :
But in a sieve I'll thither fail,
And like a rat without a tail,

* *Colmkil* is one of the western Isles of *Scotland*, otherwise call'd *Yona*.
I'll

I'll do —— I'll do —— and I'll do.

2 *Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

1 *Witch.* Thou art kind.

3 *Witch.* And I another.

1 *Witch.* I my self have all the other,

And the very points they blow,
All the quarters that they know,
I'th' ship-man's card ——

I will drain him dry as hay ;
Sleep shall neither night nor day
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;
He shall live a man forbid ;
Weafy sev'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
Though his bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be tempest-toft.

Look what I have.

2 *Witch.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,
Wreck'd as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

3 *Witch.* A drum, a drum!

Macbeth doth come!

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice again to make up nine.
Peace, the charm's wound up.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is't call'd to *Feris*—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire?
That look not like inhabitants of earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you aught
That man may question? you seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips—You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb.

Macb. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Glamis!*

2 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* hail to thee, *Thane of Cawdor!*

3 *Witch.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that shall be *King* hereafter.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I'th' name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed

[*To the Witches.*

Which outwardly ye shew? my noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great prediction
Of noble having, and of royal hope,

That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.

If you can look into the seeds of time,

And say which grain will grow and which will not,

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear

Your favours nor your hate.

1 *Witch.* Hail!

2 *Witch.* Hail!

3 *Witch.* Hail!

1 *Witch.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none.

All-hail, *Macbeth* and *Banquo!*

1 *Witch.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, all-hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;

By * *Sinel's* death I know I'm *Thane of Glamis*;

But how of *Cawdor*? the *Thane of Cawdor* lives,

A prosp'rous gentleman; and to be *King*

Stands not within the prospect of belief,

No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence

You owe this strange intelligence? or why

Upon this blasted heath you stop our way

With such prophetick greeting? — speak, I charge you.

[*Witches vanish.*

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them: whither are they vanish'd?

Macb. Into the air: and what seem'd corporal,
Melted, as breath into the wind — —

Would they had staid!

* The father of *Macbeth*.

Ban. Were such things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?

Macb. Your children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Macb. And *Tbane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same tune, and words; but who is here?

S C E N E V. *Enter* *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Rosse. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The news of thy success; and when he reads
Thy personal venture in the rebels fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend,
Which should be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o'th' self-same day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* ranks,
Nothing afraid of, what thy self didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail,
Came post on post, and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee, from our royal master. thanks,
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Rosse. And for an earnest of a greater honour,
He bad me, from him, call thee *Tbane* of *Cawdor*:
In which addition, hail, most worthy *Tbane*!
For it is thine.

Ban. What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The *Tbane* of *Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd robes?

Ang. Who was the *Tbane*, lives yet,
But under heavy judgment bears that life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not:
But treasons capital, confess'd and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Macb.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

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Macb. *Glamis and Thane of Cawdor!*

[*Aside.*

The greatest is behind. Thanks for your pains. [*To Angus.*
Do you not hope your children shall be Kings, [*To Banquo.*
When those that gave the *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor.* But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
In deepest consequence.

Cousins, a word I pray you. [*To Rosse and Angus.*

Macb. Two truths are told, [*Aside.*
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. I thank you, gentlemen —
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good — If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor.*
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion,
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature? present feats
Are less than horrible imaginings.
My Thought, whose murder's yet but fantasy,
Shakes so my single state of man, that Function
Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not.

Ban. Look how our partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance may
crown me [*Aside*

Without my stir.

Ban. New honours come upon him
Like our strange garments cleave not to their mould,
But with the aid of use.

Macb. Come what come may, [*Aside.*
Time and the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth*, we stay upon your leisure.

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H

Macb.

Macb. Give me your favour: my dull brain was wrought
 With things forgot. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are registred where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them ——— let us tow'rd the King;
 Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time, [*To Ban.*
 (The interim having weigh'd it,) let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. 'Till then enough: come, friends. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Palace.*

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, and
 Attendants.

King. Is execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
 Are not those in commission yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die, who did report
 That very frankly he confess'd his treasons,
 Implor'd your Highness' pardon, and set forth
 A deep repentance; nothing in his life
 Became him like the leaving it. He dy'd,
 As one that had been studied in his death,
 To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

King. There's no art,
 To find the mind's construction in the face:
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Rosse, and Angus.

O my most worthy cousin!

The sin of my ingratitude ev'n now
 Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
 That swiftest wing of recompence is slow,
 To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine: only I've left to say,
 More is thy due, ev'n more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' part

Is to receive our duties ; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants ;
Which do but what they should, by doing every thing
Shap'd tow'rd your love and honour.

King. Welcome hither :

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so: let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous joys
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, and *Thanes*,
And you whose places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm*, whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: which honour must
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,
But signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers.—Hence to *Inverness*, [To Macbeth,
And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labour, which is not us'd for you ;
I'll be my self the harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my wife with your approach,
So humbly take my leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor* !

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland* ! — that is a step,
On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.
For in my way it lyes. Stars, hide your fires,
Let no light see my black and deep desires ;
The eye wink at the hand ; yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see ! [Exit.

King. True, worthy *Banquo* ; he is full of valour,
And in his commendations I am fed ;
It is a banquet to me. Let us after him
Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
It is a peerless kinsman.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VII.

*An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle, at Inverness.**Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a letter.*

Lady. They met me in the day of success; and I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all hail'd me Thane of Cawdor, by which title before these weird sisters saluted me, and refer'd me to the coming on of time, with hail, King that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee (my dearest partner of greatness) that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

*Glamis thou art, and Cawdor—and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o'th' milk of human kindness,
 To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great,
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, *This thou must do if thou have it*;
 And that's what rather thou dost fear to do,
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valour of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round,
 Which fate and metaphysic aid doth seem
 To have thee crown'd withal.*

Enter Messenger.

What is your tidings?

*Mes. The King comes here to-night.**Lady. Thou'rt mad to say it.*Is not thy master with him? who, were't so,
 Would have inform'd for preparation.*Mes. So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him;*

Wh

Who almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
Than would make up his message.

Lady. Give him tending,
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse,
[Exit Messenger.

That croaks the fatal entrance of *Duncan*
Under my battlements. Come, all you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from the crown to th' toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,
That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
Th' effect, and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
And take my milk for gall, you murth'ring ministers!
Where-ever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief. Come, thick night!
And pall thee in the dunnest smoak of hell,
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heav'n peep through the blanket of the dark
To cry, *Hold, hold!*

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Caewdor!* [Embracing him.
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy letters have transported me beyond
This ign'rant present time, and I feel now
The future in the instant.

Macb. Dearest love,
Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh! never
Shall sun that morrow see.
Your face, my *Tbane*, is as a book, where men
May read strange matters: to beguile the time
Look like the time, bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under't. He that's coming
Must be provided for; and you shall put
This night's great business into my dispatch,

Which shall to all our nights and days to come.
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady. Only look up clear:

To alter favour, ever, is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *The Castle Gate.*

Hautboys and Torches. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain,
Banquo, Lenox, Macduff, Rosse, Angus, and Attendants.

King. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd masonry, that heaven's breath
Smells sweet and wooingly here. No jutting frieze,
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle:
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

Enter Lady Macbeth.

King. See! our honour'd hostess!
The love that follows us, sometimes is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,
How you shall bid Godild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady. All our service
In every point twice done, and then done double,
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cawdor*?
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor: but he rides well,
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To's home before us: fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest to-night.

Lady. Your servants ever

Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,
To make their audit at your Highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your hand ;
Conduct me to mine host, we love him highly,
And shall continue our graces towards him.

By your leave, hostess.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IX. · *An Apartment in the Castle.*

Hautboys, Torches. Enter divers Servants with dishes and service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done ; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could tramell up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success ; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all *here*,
Here only, on this bank and shoal of time ;
W'd jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment *here* ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague th' inventor: even-handed Justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife my self. Besides, this *Duncan*
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels trumpet-tongu'd against
The deep damnation of his taking off :
And Pity, like a naked new-born babe
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air, ·
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind — I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps it self,
And falls on th' other side.

S C E N E X. *Enter Lady Macbeth.*

How now ? what news ?

Lady.

Lady. He hath almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.

He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which should be worn now in their newest goss, Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the hope drunk, Wherein you dress'd your self? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? from this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? wouldst thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem? Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*, Like the poor cat i'th' adage.*

Macb. Pr'ythee, peace:

I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more, is none.

Lady. What beast was't then, That made you break this enterprize to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And to be more than what you were you would Be so much more than man. Nor time, nor place Did then co-here, and yet you would make both: They've made themselves, and that their fitness now Do's unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me, I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have pluckt my nipple from his boneless gums, And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail? ———

Lady. We fail!

* The proverb here meant is this, *The cat licks fish, but dares not wet her feet.*

But serew your courage to the sticking place,
 And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
 (Whereto the rather shall this day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him) his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
 That memory (the warder of the brain)
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lye as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 Th' unguarded *Duncan*? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only!
 For thy undaunted metal should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy tw^o
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,
 That they have done't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar,
 Upon his death?

Macb. I'm settled, and bend up
 Each corp'ral agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exe.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A ball in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a torch before him.

Ban. **H**OW goes the night, boy?
Fle. The moon is down: I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heav'n,
 Their candle's are all out. — Take thee that too.
 A heavy summons lyes like lead upon me,
 And yet I would not sleep: Merciful pow'rs!
 Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
 Gives way to in repose.

Enter

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a torch.

Give me my sword :

Who's there ?

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at rest ? the King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unusual pleasure,
And sent great larges to our officers ;
This diamond he greets your wife withal,
By th' name of most kind hostess, and's shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepar'd,
Our will became the servant to defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's very well.

I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters :
To you they've shew'd some truth.

Macb. I think not of them ;
Yet when we can intreat an hour to serve,
Would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,
It shall make honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none
In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchis'd and allegiance clear,
I shall be counsell'd.

Macb. Good repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you. [*Exe. Ban. and Fle.*]

S C E N E II.

Macb. Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit Servant.*]
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand ? come let me clutch thee—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight ? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppres'd brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw ———
 Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o'th' other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest — I see thee still,
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. — There's no such thing —
 It is the bloody business which informs
 This to mine eyes — Now o'er one half the world
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtain'd sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates
 Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd Murder,
 (Alarm'd by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
 With *Tarquin's* ravishing strides, tow'rd his design
 Moves like a ghost — Thou sound and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 Thy very stones prate of that we're about,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it — Whilst I threat, he lives — *

[A bell rings.]

I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.

Hear it not, *Duncan*, for it is a knell

That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

[Exit.]

SCENE III. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
 me bold:

What hath quencht them, hath giv'n me fire. Hark! peace!

It was the owl that shriekt, the fatal bell-man,

Which gives the stern'st good-night — he is about it —

The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms

Do mock their charge with snores. I've drugg'd their possets,

That death and nature do contend about them,

Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Who's there? what ho!

Lady. Alack! I am afraid they have awak'd,

* ----- he lives,

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, &c.

And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed
 Confounds us—hark!—I laid their daggers ready,
 He could not miss 'em.—Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done't—My husband!

Macb. I've done the deed—did'st not thou hear a noise?

Lady. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady. Ay.

Macb. Hark!—who lyes i'th' second chamber?

Lady. Donalbain.

Macb. This is a sorry fight. [Looks on his hands.]

Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry fight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cry'd,
Murder!

They wak'd each other, and I stood and heard them;
 But they did say their prayers, and address't them
 Again to sleep.

Lady. There are two lodg'd together.

Macb. One cry'd, *God bless us!* and *Amen* the other,
 As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
 List'ning their fear, I could not say *Amen*,
 When they did say, *God bless us!*

Lady. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce *Amen*?
 I had most need of blessing, and *Amen*
 Stuck in my throat.

Lady. These deeds must not be thought on
 After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
*Macbeth doth murder sleep; the innocent sleep,**
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.

Lady. What do you mean?

* ----- innocent sleep,
 sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of, &c.

Macb. Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more*, to all the house ;
Glamis bath murder'd sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !

Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd ? why, worthy *Thane*,
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things ; go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lye there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more ;
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lady. Infirm of purpose !
Give me the daggers ; the sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of child-hood,
That fears a painted devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt.

[Exit.

Knock within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking ? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every noise appalls me ?
What hands are here ? hah ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? no, this my hand will rather *
Make the green ocean red —

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. I hear a knocking [Knock.
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed.
How easie is it then ? your constancy
Hath left you unattended—hark, more knocking ! [Knock.
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And shew us to be watchers ; be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.

* ----- will rather
Thy multitudinous sea incarnadine,
Making the green one red

Enter Lady Macbeth, &c.

Macb. T' unknow my deed, 'twere best not know my self.
Wake *Duncan* with this knocking: would thou could'st!

[*Exeunt.* *]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Porter.

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

— Our knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good morrow both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

* ----- would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Enter a Porter.*

[*Knocking within.*]

Port. Here's a knocking indeed: if a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there, i'th' name of *Belzebub*? here's a farmer, that hang'd himself in th' expectation of plenty: come in time, have napkins enough about you, here you'll sweat for't. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other devil's name? 'faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale, who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh come in, equivocator. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? 'faith, here's an *English* tailor come hither for stealing out of a *French* hose: come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose. [*Knock.*] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? but this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose way to th' everlasting bonfire. [*Knock.*] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
That you do lie so late?

Port. 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing 'till the second cock:—
And drink, Sir, is a great provoker of three things.

Macd. What three things doth drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, nose-painting, sleep, and urine. Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the desire, but it takes away the performance. Therefore much drink may be said to be an equivocator with lechery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in conclusion, equivocates him into a sleep, and giving him the lie, leaves him.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very throat on me; but I requited him for this lie, and I think, being too strong for him, though he took up my legs sometimes, yet I made a shift to cast him.

S C E N E, &c.

Macb.

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him ;
I've almost slipt the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you :
But yet 'tis one.

Macb. The labour we delight in * physicks pain ;
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call,
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit Macduff.]

Len. Goes the King hence to-day ?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly ; where we lay
Our chimneys were blown down : and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' air, strange screams of death,
And prophesyings with accents terrible
Of dire combustions, and confus'd events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time : the obscure bird
Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the garth
Was fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night.

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O horror ! horror ! horror !
Or tongue or heart cannot conceive, nor name thee —

Macb. and Len. What's the matter ?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his master-piece,
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' building.

Macb. What is't you say ? the life ? —

Len. Mean you his Majesty ? —

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight
With a new *Gorgon*. Do not bid me speak ;
See, and then speak your selves : awake ! awake ! —

[Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.]

Ring the alarum-bell — murder ! and treason ! —

* Heals or cures pain,

Banquo, and *Donalbain!* *Malcolm!* awake!
 Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,
 And look on death itself — up, up, and see
 The great doom's image! *Malcolm!* *Donalbain!*
 As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,
 To countenance this horror. —

S C E N E V.

Bell rings. Enter *Lady Macbeth.*

Lady. What's the business,
 That such an hideous trumpet calls to parley
 The sleepers of the house? speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak.
 The repetition in a woman's ear
 Would murder as it fell.

Enter *Banquo.*

O *Banquo*, *Banquo*,
 Our royal master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
 What, in our house? — — —

Ban. Too cruel, any where.
Macduff, I pr'ythee contradict thy self,
 And say, it is not so.

Enter *Macbeth*, *Lenox*, and *Rosse.*

Macb. Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,
 I had liv'd a blessed time: for from this instant,
 There's nothing serious in mortality;
 All is but toys; renown and grace are dead;
 The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
 Are left this vault to brag of.

Enter *Malcolm*, and *Donalbain.*

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
 The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
 Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

Macd. Your royal father's murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't;
 Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,
 So were their daggers, which unwip'd we found

Upon

Upon their pillows; they star'd, and were distracted;
As no man's life was to be trusted with them.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them ———

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise amaz'd, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral in a moment? no man.

The expedition of my violent love
Out-run the pauser, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,
His silver skin lac'd with his goary blood,
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,
For ruin's wasteful entrance? there the murderers,
Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers
Unmannerly breech'd with gore: who could refrain,
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage, to make's love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! — [*Seeming to faint.*]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

Don. What should be spoken here,
Where our fate hid within an augre-hole,
May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears
Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our strong sorrow on
The foot of motion.

Ban. Look there to the Lady:

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,
That suffer in exposure; let us meet,
And question this most bloody piece of work,
To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us:
In the great hand of God I stand, and thence,
Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight
Of treas'nous malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i'th' hall together.

All. Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*]

Mal. What will you do? let's not consort with them:
To shew an unfelt sorrow, is an office
Which the false man does easie. I'll to *England*,

Don. To *Ireland*, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's daggers in mens smiles; the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore to horse,
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away; there's warrant in that theft,
Which steals it self when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *Without the Castle.*

Enter Roffe, with an old Man.

Old Man. Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time, I've seen
Hours dreadful, and things strange; but this fore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Roffe. Ah, good father,
Thou seest the heav'ns, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage: by th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:
Is't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth intomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the deed that's done. On *Tuesday* last,
A faulcon tow'ring in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Roffe. And *Duncan's* horses, (a thing most strange and
Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, [certain!]
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would
Make war with man.

Old M. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Roffe. They did so; to th' amazement of mine eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.

How goes the world, Sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Rosse. Is't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Rosse. Alas the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborn'd;

Malcolm, and *Donalbain*, the King's two sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the deed.

Rosse. 'Gainst nature still;

Thriftless ambition, that will raven up
Its own life's means. Why then it is most like
The sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*.

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be invested.

Rosse. Where is *Duncan's* body?

Macd. Carried to * *Colmkil*,

The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
And guardian of their bones.

Rosse. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Rosse. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well! may you see things well done there! adieu.
Left our old robes fit easier than our new.

Rosse. Farewel, father.

Old. M. God's benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THou hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The weird women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: yet it was said
It should not stand in thy posterity,

* *Colmkil* is one of the western Isles of Scotland, otherwise call'd *Yona*.

But that my self should be the root, and father
Of many Kings. If there come truth from them,
As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their speeches shine,
Why, by the verities on thee made good,
May they not be my oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? but hush, no more.

*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Rosse, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great feast,
And all things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,
And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me, to the which my duties
Are with a most indissoluble tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desir'd
Your good advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this day's council; but
We'll take to-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
I must become a borrower of the night
For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestow'd
In *England*, and in *Ireland*, not confessing
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention; but of that to-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have cause of state,
Craving us jointly. Hie to horse: adieu,
'Till you return at night. Goes *Fleance* with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time does call upon us.

Macb. I wish your horses swift, and sure of foot:
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Fare-

Farewel.

[Exit Banquo.

Let ev'ry man be master of his time
 'Till seven at night; to make society
 The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
 'Till supper-time alone: till then, God be with you!

[Exeunt Lady Macbeth, and Lords.

SCENE II. *Manent Macbeth and a Servant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men
 Our pleasure?

Ser. They are, my Lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us—To be thus, is nothing;

[Exit Servant.

But to be safely thus: our fears in *Banquo*
 Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature
 Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
 And to that dauntless temper of his mind
 He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour
 To act in safety. There is none but he,
 Whose being I do fear: and under him
 My genius is rebuk'd; as it is said
Antony's was by *Cæsar's*. He chid the sisters,
 When first they put the name of King upon me,
 And bad them speak to him; then prophet-like,
 They hail'd him father to a line of Kings.
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,
 And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
 For *Banquo's* issue have I 'fil'd my mind:
 For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murder'd;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Giv'n to the common enemy of man,
 To make them Kings; the seed of *Banquo* Kings:
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to th' utterance! — who's there?

Enter Servant and two Murderers.

Go to the door, and stay there 'till we call. [Exit Servant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

Mur. It was, so please your Highness.

Macb.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my speeches? know
That it was he, in the times past, which held you
So under fortune, which you thought had been
Our innocent self; this I made good to you
In our last conf'rence, past in probation with you:
How you were born in hand, how crost; the instruments,
Who wrought with them: and all things else that might
To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd,
Say, *Thus did* Banquo.

1 Mur. True, you made it known.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now
Our point of second meeting. Do you find
Your patience so predominant in your nature
That you can let this go? are you so gospell'd,
To pray for this good man and for his issue,
Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever?

1 Mur. We are men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men,
As hounds, and greyhounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,
Showghes, water-rugs, and demy-wolves are clep'd
All by the name of dogs; the valued file
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one
According to the gift which bounteous nature
Hath in him clos'd; whereby he does receive
Particular addition, from the bill
That writes them all alike: and so of men.
Now, if you have a station in the file,
And not in the worst rank of manhood, say it:
And I will put the business in your bosoms,
Whose execution takes your enemy off;
Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
Which in his death were perfect.

2 Mur. I am one,

Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what
I do, to spite the world.

1 Mur.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with fortune,
That I would set my life on any chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,
That every minute of his being thrusts
Against my near'st of life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,
And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine,
Whose loves I may not drop; but wail his fall
Whom I my self struck down: and thence it is,
That I to your assistance do make love,
Masking the business from the common eye
For sundry weighty reasons.

2 *Mur.* We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 *Mur.* Though our lives ———

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. In this hour, at
I will advise you where to plant your selves, [most,
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,
The moment on't, for't must be done to-night,
And something from the palace: (always thought
That I require a clearness) and with him,
(To leave no rubs nor botches in the work)
Fleance his son that keeps him company,
(Whose absence is no less material to me,
Than is his father's) must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy soul's flight,
If it find heav'n, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady. Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Ser.

Ser. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady. Say to the King, I would attend his leisure,
For a few words.

Ser. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*]

Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content :
'Tis better to be that which we destroy,
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How now, my lord, why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making ?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on ? things without remedy
Should be without regard ; what's done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch'd the snake, not kill'd it,
She'll close, and be her self, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.

But let both worlds disjoint, and all things suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
(Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,)
Than on the torture of the mind to lye
In restless ecstasie. ——— *Duncan* is in his grave ;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his worst ; nor steel nor poison,
Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing
Can touch him further.

Lady. Come on ;
Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your guests to-night.

Macb. So shall I, love ; and so I pray be you ;
Let your remembrance still apply to *Banquo*.
Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :
Unsafe the while, that we must lave our honours
In these so flatt'ring streams, and make our faces
Vizards t' our hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this.

Macb. Oh ! full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife.
Thou know'st that *Banquo* and his *Fleance* live.

Lady. But in them nature's copy's not eternal.

Macb. There's comfort yet, they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the bat hath flown
His cloyster'd flight, ere to black *Hecat's* summons
The shard-born beetle with his drowsie hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady. What's to be done ?

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
'Till thou applaud the deed : come, feeling night,
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day,
And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond,
Which keeps me pale ! Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to th' rooky wood :
Good things of day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles night's black agents to their prey do rowze.
Thou marvell'ft at my words ; but hold thee still ;
Things bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :
So pr'ythee go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A Park, the Castle at a Distance.*

Enter three Murderers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us.

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers

[*Speaking to the first.*

Our offices, and what we have to do,
To the direction just.

1 *Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn, and near approaches
The subject of our watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear horses.

Banquo within. Give light there, ho !

2 *Mur.* Then it is he : the rest

That are within the note of expectation,
Already are i' th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His horses go about

3 *Mur.* Almost a mile :

But he does usually, so all men do,
From hence to th' palace gate make it their walk.

Enter Banquo and Fleance, with a torch.

2 *Mur.* A light, a light.

3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be rain to-night.

1 *Mur.* Let it come down. [*They assault Banquo.*]

Ban. Oh treachery! fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,
Thou may'st revenge. Oh slave! [*Dies. Fleance escapes.*]

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *A Room of State in the Castle.*
A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady Macbeth,
Rosse, Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.

Macb. You know your own degrees, sit down:
And first and last, the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with society,
And play the humble host:

Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time
We will require her welcome.

[*They sit.*]

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends.
For my heart speaks, they're welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they encounter thee with their heart's thanks.
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i'th midst;
Be large in mirth, anon we'll drink a measure
The table round —— There's blood upon thy face,

[*To the Murderer aside at the door.*]

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than him within.
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb. Thou art the best of cut-throats; yet he's good,
That

That did the likè for *Fleance*: if thou did'st it,
Thou art the non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my fit again: I had else been perfect;
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the casing air:
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
To sawcy doubts and fears. But *Banquo's* safe?——

Mur. Ay, my good Lord: safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head;
The least a death to nature:

Macb. Thanks for that;
There the grown serpent lyes: the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,
No teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear thee our selves again. [Exit *Murderer*,

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the cheer; the feast is cold
That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis making,
'Tis giv'n with welcome. To feed, were best at home;
From thence, the sawce to meat is ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

[The Ghost of *Banquo* rises, and sits in *Macbeth's* plate.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!
Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May't please your Highness sit?

Macb. Here had we now our country's honour roof'd,
Were the grac'd person of our *Banquo* present——
Whom may I rather challenge for unkindness,
Than pity for mischance!

Rosse. His absence, Sir,
Lays blame upon his promise. Please't your Highness
To grace us with your royal company?

Macb. The table's full. [Starting

Len. Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.
What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy goary locks at me.

Rosse. Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth. Pray you keep seat.
The fit is momentary, on a thought

He will again be well. If much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man? [*To Macb. aside.*]

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the devil.

Lady. Proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear;

[*Aside.*]

This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts
(Impostors of true fear,) would well become

A woman's story at a winter's fire,

Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame it self! ———

Why do you make such faces? when all's done

You look but on a stool.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!

Behold! look! lo! how say you? [*Pointing to the Ghost.*]

Why, what care I? if thou canst nod, speak too.

If charnel-houses and our graves must send

Those that we bury, back; our monuments

Shall be the maws of kites.

[*The Ghost vanishes.*]

Lady. What? quite unmann'd in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;

Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd

Too terrible for th' ear: the times have been,

That when the brains were out, the man would die,

And there an end; but now they rise again

With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,

And push us from our stools; this is more strange

Than such a murder is.

Lady.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot —

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends,
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those that know me. Love and health to all!
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full —
I drink to th' general Joy of the whole table,
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miss,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,
And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge. [*The Ghost rises again.*]

Macb. Avant, and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged *Russian* bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or *Hyrcean* tyger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again,
And dare me to the desert, with thy sword;
If trembling I inhibit, then protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow,
Unreal mock'ry hence! Why so, — be gone —

[*The Ghost vanishes.*]

I am a man again: pray you sit still. [*The Lords rise.*]

Lady. You have displac'd the mirth, broke the good
With most admir'd disorder. [*meeting*]

Macb. Can such things be,
And over-come us like a summer's cloud
Without our special wonder? you make me strange
Ev'n at the disposition that I owe,
Now when I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,
When mine is blanch'd with fear.

Rosse. What sights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not ; he grows worse and worse,
Question enrages him : at once, good-night,
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better health
Attend his Majesty!

Lady. Good-night to all.

[*Exeunt Lords.*

Macb. It will have blood, they say blood will have blood ;
Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;
Augurs that understood relations have
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night ?

Lady. Almost at odds with morning which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his person
At our great bidding ?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir ?

Macb. I hear it by the way ; but I will send :
There's not a *Tbane* of them, but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow
(Betimes I will) unto the weird sisters.
More shall they speak ; for now I'm bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst, for mine own good ;
All causes shall give way, I am in blood
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as going o'er :
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand,
Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep ; my strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :

We're yet but young in deeds.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VI. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1 *Witch.* Why, how now, *Hecat* ? you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams, as you are ?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To trade and traffick with *Macbeth*,

In riddles and affairs of death ?

And I the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never call'd to bear my part,
 Or shew the glory of our art?
 And which is worse, all you have done
 Hath been but for a wayward son,
 Spightful and wrathful, who, as others do,
 Loves for his own ends, not for you.
 But make amends now; get you gone,
 And at the pit of *Acheron*
 Meet me i'th' morning: thither he
 Will come, to know his destiny;
 Your vessels and your spells provide,
 Your charms, and every thing beside.
 I am for th' air: this night I'll spend
 Unto a dismal, fatal end.

Great business must be wrought ere noon;
 Upon the corner of the moon
 There hangs a vap'rous drop, profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground:
 And that distill'd by magick flights,
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,
 As by the strength of their illusion,
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear:
 And you all know, security
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

[*Musick and a Song.*

Hark, I am call'd: my little spirit, see,
 Sits in the foggy cloud, and stays for me.

[*Sing within: Come away, come away, &c.*

1 *Witch.* Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be back
 again.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret farther: only I say
 Things have been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
 Was pitied of *Macbeth*—marry he was dead:
 And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
 Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
 For *Fleance* fled: men must not walk too late.
 You cannot want the thought, how monstrous too
 It was for *Malcolm*, and for *Donalbain*

To kill their gracious father, damned fact!
 How did it grieve *Macbeth*? did he not straight
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? ay, wisely too;
 For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive
 To hear the men deny't. So that I say
 He has born all things well, and I do think
 That had he *Duncan's* sons under his key,
 (As an't please heav'n he shall not,) they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father: so should *Fleance*.
 But peace! for from broad words, and 'cause he fail'd
 His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
 Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of *Duncan*,
 From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,
 Lives in the *English* Court, and is receiv'd
 Of the most pious *Edward*, with such grace,
 That the malevolence of fortune nothing
 Takes from his high respect. Thither *Macduff*
 Is gone to pray the King upon his aid
 To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Siward*;
 That by the help of these, (with Him above
 To ratifie the work,) we may again
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives;
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,
 All which we pine for now. And this report
 Hath so exasp'rated the King, that he
 Prepares for some attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I*,
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
 And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the time
 That clogs me with this answer.

Len. And that well might
 Advise him to a care to hold what distance
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel
 Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold

His message ere he come! that a swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country,
Under a hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave, in the middle a great Cauldron burning.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1 *Witch.* **T**Hrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

2 *Witch.* Twice and once the hedge-pig
whin'd.

3 *Witch.* Harper cries, 'tis time, 'tis time.

1 *Witch.* Round about the cauldron go,

In the poison'd entrails throw.

[*They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the several ingredients as for the preparation of their charm.*]

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights hast, thirty one,

Swelter'd venom sleeping got;

Boil thou first i'th' charmed pot.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt, and toe of frog;

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog;

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and owlet's wing:

For a charm of pow'ful trouble,

Like a hell-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, toil and trouble,

Fire burn, and cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches mummy; maw, and gulf

Of the ravening salt sea-shark;

Root of hemlock digg'd i'th' dark;

Liver of blaspheming Jew:

Gall of goat, and slips of yew,

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse;

Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips;

Finger

Finger of birth-strangled babe,
 Ditch-deliver'd by a drab;
 Make the gruel thick and slab.
 Add thereto a tyger's chawdron,
 For th' ingredients of our cauldron.

}

All. Double, double, toil and trouble;
 Fire burn and cauldron bubble.

2 Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 Then the charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your pains,
 And every one shall share i' th' gains:
 And now about the cauldron sing
 Like elves and fairies in a ring,
 Inchanting all that you put in.

}

Musick and a Song.

Black spirits and white.

Blue spirits and grey,

Mingle, mingle, mingle,

You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs
 Something wicked this way comes:
 Open locks, whoever knocks.

S C E N E II. *Enter Macbeth.*

Macb. How now, you secret black and midnight hags?
 What is't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
 (How-e'er you come to know it) answer me.
 Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
 Against the churches; though the yesty waves
 Confound and swallow navigation up;
 Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down,
 Though castles topple on their warders heads;
 Though palaces and pyramids do slope
 Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
 Of nature's germins tumble all together,
 Ev'n 'till destruction sicken: answer me
 To what I ask you.

1 Witch. Speak.

2 Witch

2 *Witch.* Demand.

3 *Witch.* We'll answer.

1 *Witch.* Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters?

Macb. Call 'em: let me see 'em.

1 *Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow: greafe that's sweaten
From the murth'rer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.

All. Come high or low:

Thy self and office deftly show.

[*Thunder.*

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power —

1 *Witch.* He knows thy thought:

Hear his speech, but say thou nought.

*App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff!—
Beware the Thane of Fife—dismiss me—enough—* [*Descends.*

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks.
Thou'st harp'd my fear aright. But one word more —

1 *Witch.* He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the first.

[*Thunder.*

Apparition of a bloody child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The pow'r of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth.*

[*Descends.*

Macb. Then live, *Macduff*: what need I fear of thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies;
And sleep in spite of thunder.

[*Thunder.*

Apparition of a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.

What is this,

That rises like the issue of a King.

And wears upon his baby-brow the round

And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no care,
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:

Macbeth

Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, untill
Great *Birnam* wood to *Dunsmine*'s high hill
Shall come against him.

Macb. That will never be :

Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet boadments! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never, 'till the wood
Of *Birnam* rise; and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom, Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me, (if your art
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo*'s issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[*The cauldron sinks into the ground.*

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know,
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this? [*Hautboys.*

1 *Witch.* Shew!

2 *Witch.* Shew!

3 *Witch.* Shew!

All. Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart,
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, the last holding
a glass in his hand: with Banquo following them.*

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*; down!
'Thy crown does fear mine eye-balls.——And thy hair
(Thou other gold-bound brow) is like the first ——
A third is like the former, filthy hags!
Why do you shew me this?——A fourth? Start eye!——
What, will the line stretch out to th' crack of doom?——
Another yet?——A seventh! I'll see no more——
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry.
Horrible sight! nay, now I see 'tis true,
For the blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1 *Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so, But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And shew the best of our delights;
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great King may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick.*

[*The Witches dance, and vanish.*

Macb. Where are they? gone?—Let this pernicious
Stand ay accursed in the kalendar.
Come in, without there!

[*hour*

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's will?

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you word,
Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment,
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now
To crown my thoughts with acts, be't thought and done:
The castle of *Macduff* I will surprise,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to th' edge o'th' sword
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool,
This deed I'll do before the purpose cool.
But no more sights. Where are these gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are.

[*Exeunt*

S C E N E III. *Macduff's Castle at Fife.*

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Rosse. You must have patience, Madam.

L. Macd. He had none ;
His flight was madness ; when our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.

Rosse. You know not,
Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

L. Macd. Wisdom ? to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
His mansion, and his titles, in a place
From whence himself does fly ? he loves us not,
He wants the nat'ral touch ; for the poor wren,
The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
Her young ones in her nest, against the owl :
All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;
As little is the wisdom where the flight
So runs against all reason.

Rosse. Dearest cousin,
I pray you school your self ; but for your husband,
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows
The fits o'th' time. I dare not speak much further,
But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,
And do not know't our selves : when we hold rumour
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
But float upon a wild and violent sea
Each way, and move. I take my leave of you ;
'T shall not be long but I'll be here again :
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before : My pretty cousin,
Blessing upon you !

L. Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Rosse. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort.
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead,
And what will you do now ? how will you live ?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, on worms and flies ?

Son. On what I get, and so do they.

L. Macd. Poor bird, thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
The pit-fall, nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother ? poor birds they are not set
My father is not dead, for all your saying. [for.

L.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead? how wilt thou do for a father?

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit, and yet i'faith
With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must
be hang'd.

Son. And must they all be hang'd that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why honest men.

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there
are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and
hang up them.

L. Macd. God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt
thou do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you'd weep for him; if you
would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have
a new father.

L. Macd. Poor pratler, how thou talk'st!

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honour I am perfect;
I doubt some danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely man's advice,
Be not found here? hence with your little ones.
'To fright you thus methinks I am too savage;
To do less, to you were fell cruelty,
Which is too nigh your person. Heav'n preserve you!
I dare abide no longer.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly world, where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime
Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas,
Do I put up that womanly defence,
To say I'ad done no harm? — what are these faces?

Enter Murthurers.

Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope in no place so un sanctified
Where such as thou may' st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly' st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg? [*Stabbing him.*]
Young fry of treachery?

Son. He' as kill'd me, mother,
Run away, pray you.

[*Exit Lady Macduff crying murther; Murthurers pursue her.*]

S C E N E IV.

The King of England's palace.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let us seek out some disconsolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men
Bestride our downfal birth-doom: each new morn,
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like syllables of dolour.

Mal. What I believe. I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I'm young, but something
You may deserve of him through me; 'tis wisdom
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil

In an imperial charge. I crave your pardon :
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose ;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my doubts,
Why in that rawness left you wife and children,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking?

Let not my jealousies be your dishonours
But mine own safeties: you may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country !
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy wrongs,
His title is affer'd. Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the villain that thou think'st
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich east to boot.

Mal. Be no offended ;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yolk,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I think withal,
There would be hands up-lifted in my right :
And here from gracious *England* have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But yet for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be ?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know *
All the particulars of vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state

* This conference of *Malcolm* with *Macduff* is taken out of the chronicles of *Scotland*.

Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd,
In ill to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaritious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of each sin
That has a name. But there's no bottom, none,
In my voluptuousness: your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust; and my desire
All continent impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my will. Better *Macbeth*
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely emptying of the happy throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: you may
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold: the time you may so hoodwink;
We've willing dames enough, there cannot be
That vulture in you to devour so many,
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such
A stanchless avarice, that were I King
I should cut off the nobles for their lands;
Desire his jewels and this other's house,
And my more-having would be as a sawce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Strikes deeper; grows with more pernicious root
Than summer-teeming lust; and it hath been
The sword of our slain Kings: yet do not fear,
Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will

Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,
Bounty, perfev'rance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude;
I have no relish of them, but abound
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Sow'r the sweet milk of concord into hate,
Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. Oh Scotland! Scotland!

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern?

No, not to live. Oh nation miserable!
With an untitled tyrant, bloody-scepter'd,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again,
Since that the truest issue of thy throne
By his own interdiction stands accurst,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,
Dy'd every day she liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
These evils thou repeat'st upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. O my breast!
Thy hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul
Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good truth and honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his pow'r: and modest wisdom plucks me
From over credulous haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my self to thy direction: and
Unspeak mine own detraction; here abjure!
The taints and blames I laid upon my self,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet

Unknown to women, never was forsworn,
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
 At no time broke my faith, would not betray
 The devil to his fellow, and delight
 No less in truth, than life; my first false speaking
 Was this upon my self. What I am truly
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command:
 Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
 Old *Siward*, with ten thousand warlike men
 All ready at a point, was setting forth.
 Now we'll together, and our chance, in goodness,
 Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome things, at once,
 'Tis hard to reconcile.

S C E N E V. *Enter a Doctor.*

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth, I pray
 you?

Doct. Ay, Sir; there are a crew of wretched souls
 That stay his cure; their malady convinces
 The great assay of art. But at his touch,
 Such sanctity hath heav'n given his hand,
 They presently amend.

[*Exit.*]

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil;

A most miraculous work in this good King,
 Which often since my here-remain in *England*
 I've seen him do. How he solicits heav'n
 Himself best knows; but strangely-visited people,
 All swol'n and ulc'rous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers: and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,
 That speak him full of grace.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Ross.*

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal.

Mal. My country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poor country,
Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rend the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasie: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? and good mens lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps
Dying or e'er they sicken.

Macd. Relation, oh! too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What is the newest grief?

Rosse. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker,
Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot;
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men;
An older, and a better soldier, none
That christendom gives out.

Rosse.

Rosse. Would I could answer
This comfort with the life! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? concern-they
The gen'ral cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Rosse. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe, though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Rosse. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Rosse. Your castle is surpriz'd, your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of these murther'd deer
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful heav'n!

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My children too! — —

Rosse. Wife, children, servants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence: my wife kill'd too!

Rosse. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.

Macd. He has no children.

What, all my pretty ones? did you say all?

What, all? *

Mal. Endure it like a man.

Macd. I shall:

* -----oh hell kite! what all!
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Endure it, &c.

But

But I must also feel it as a man.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me: did heav'n look on
And would not take their part? sinful *Macduff*,
'They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits but for mine
Fell slaughter on their souls: heav'n rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to wrath, blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But gentle heav'n!
Cut short all intermission: front to front
Bring thou this fiend of *Scotland* and my self;
Within my sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then heav'n forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day. [Exeunt,

ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two nights watch'd with you, but can per-
ceive no truth in your report. When was it she
last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen
her rise from her bed, throw her night-gown upon her, un-
lock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon't,
read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all
this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once
the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this
slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual per-
formances, what (at any time) have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you should.

Gent.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no witness to confirm my speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a taper.

Lo you! here she comes: this is her very guise, and, upon my life, fast asleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damn'd spot; out, I say — one; two; why then 'tis time to do't — hell is murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a soldier, and afraid? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? — yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Tbane of Fife* had a wife; where is she now? what, will these hands ne'er be clean? — no more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of *Arabia* will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a sigh is there? the heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice: yet I have known those which have walkt in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds.

Lady. Wash your hands, put on your night-gown, look not so pale——I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady. To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate: come, come, come, come, give me your hand: what's done, cannot be undone. To bed, to bed, to bed. [*Exit.*]

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnat'ral deeds
Do breed unnat'ral troubles. Infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More need she the Divine than the Physician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her; so good-night.
My mind she'as mated, and amaz'd my sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

A Field with a Wood at distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathness, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The *English* power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His uncle *Siward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them: for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near *Birnam* wood

Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a file
Of all the gentry; there is *Siward's* son,
And many unrough youths, that even now
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies;

Some say he's mad: others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury: but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause
Within the belt of rule.

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely, revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love: now does he feel his title
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
It self, for being there?

Catb. Well, march we on,
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd:
Meet we the med'cin of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.
Make we our march towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III. DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Macb. Bring me no more reports, let them fly all:
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunsinane*,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?
Was he not born of a woman? Spirits that know
All mortal consequences, have pronounc'd it:
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee.*—Fly, false *Thanes*,
And mingle with the *English* epicures!
The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,
Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd lown!
Where got'st thou that goose-look?

Ser. There are ten thousand — —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Ser.

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?
Death of thy soul! those linnen cheeks of thine
Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Ser. The *English* force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence—*Seyton!*—I'm sick at heart,
When I behold—*Seyton*, I say!—this push
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.
I have liv'd long enough: my way of life
Is fall'n into the seer, the yellow leaf:
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;
I must not look to have: but in their stead,
Curfes not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more?

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight, 'till from my bones my flesh is hack'd;
Give me my armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on:

Send out more horses, skirr the country round,
Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armour:
How does your patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to minds diseas'd,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
And with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister unto himself.

Macb. Throw physick to the dogs, I'll none of it—

Come, put my armour on, give me my staff.

Seyton, send out — Doctor, the *Tbanes* fly from me —

Come, Sir, dispatch — If thou could'st, Doctor, cast

The water of my land, find her disease,

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,

I would applaud thee to the very echo,

That should applaud again. Pull't off, I say —

What rubarb, senna, or what purgative drug,

Would scour these *English* hence? hear'st thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your royal preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;

I will not be afraid of death and bane,

'Till *Birnam* forest come to *Dunfinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunfinane* away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Aside. Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *Birnam Wood.*

Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, Siward's Son, Menteth,
Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the days are near at hand
That chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing.

Siw. What wood is this before us?

Ment. The wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The numbers of our host, and make discovery
Err in report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope:
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more and less have given him the revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained things,
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches,
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe:
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate:
Towards which advance the war. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V. DUNSINANE.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with drums and colours.

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls,
The cry is still, *They come*: our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn. Here let them lye,
'Till famine and the ague eat them up:
Were they not * 'forc'd with those that should be ours,
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. What is that noise?

[*A cry within of Women.*]

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears:
The time has been, my senses would have cool'd
To hear a night-shriek, and my fell of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouze, and stir
As life were in't. I have surfeited with horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts
Cannot now start me. Wherefore was that cry?

Sey. The Queen is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter;
There would have been a time for such a word.
'To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusky † death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

* For *re-inforc'd*.

† *Dusky graves* Rich. III. p. 245. and the infernal God is call'd *dusky Dis*, Temp. 47.

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

Mes. My gracious Lord,
I should report that which, I'd say, I saw,
But know not how to do't.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mes. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
I look'd toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and slave!

[*Striking him.*]

Mes. Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:
Within this three mile you may see it coming;
I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive
'Till famine cling thee: If thy speech be sooth,
I care not if thou do'st for me as much.—
I pull in resolution, and begin
To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,
That lies like truth. *Fear not, 'till Birnam wood
Do come to Dunfinane*, and now a wood
Comes toward *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out!
If this which he avouches does appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here;
I 'gin to be a weary of the sun,
And wish the state o'th' world were now undone,
Ring the alarum bell, blow wind, come wrack,
At least we'll die with harness on our back. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *Before Dunfinane.*

*Enter Malcolm, Siward, Macduff, and their Army,
with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough: your leavy screens throw down,
And shew like those you are. You (worthy uncle)
Shall with my cousin, your right noble son,
Lead our first battel. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon's what else remains to do,
According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well:

Let us but find the tyrant's power to-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak, give them all breath,
Those clam'rous harbingers of blood and death. [*Exeunt.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,
But bear-like I must fight the course. What's he
That was not born of woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter Young Siward.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Siw. No: though thou call'st thy self a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's *Macbeth*.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Siward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of woman;
But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That way the noise is: Tyrant, shew thy face;
If thou be'st slain, and with no stroke of mine,
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched *Kerns*, whose arms
Are hir'd to bear their staves: Or thou, *Macbeth*,
Or else my sword with an unbatter'd edge
I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be——
By this great clatter one of greatest note
Seems bruided. Let me find him, fortune! and
More I beg not. [*Exit. Alarum.*

Enter Malcolm and Siward.

Siw. This way, my Lord; the castle's gently render'd:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight,
The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the war,
The day almost it self professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal.

Mal. We've met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, Sir, the castle. [Exeunt. *Alarum.*

S C E N E VII. Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword; whilst I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

To him, enter Macduff.

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn.

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee:
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no words,
My voice is in my sword. Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [Fight. *Alarum.*

Macb. Thou lovest labour,
As easie may'st thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed:
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests,
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm,
And let the angel whom thou still hast serv'd
Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his mother's womb
Untimely ripp'd.

Macb. Accursed be that tongue that tells me so;
For it hath cow'd my better part of man:
And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope! I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the shew, and gaze o'th' time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole, and under-writ,
Here may you see the tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the ground before young *Malcolm's* feet,
And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
Though *Birnam* wood be come to *Dunfinane*,

And

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman born ;
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, *Macduff*,
 And damn'd be he, that first cries hold, enough.

[*Exeunt fighting. Alarum.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Siward, Rosse, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arriv'd,

Siw. Some must go off: and yet by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Macduff* is missing, and your noble son.

Rosse. Your son, my Lord, has paid a soldier's debt ;
 He only liv'd but 'till he was a man,
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirm'd
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he dy'd.

Siw. Then is he dead ?

Rosse. Ay, and brought off the field: your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then
 It hath no end.

Siw. Had he his hurts before ?

Rosse. Ay, on the front.

Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death ;
 And so his knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more sorrow,
 And that I'll spend for him.

Siw. He's worth no more ;
 They say he parted well, and paid his score,
 So God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

Enter Macduff with Macbeth's head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where
 Th' usurper's cursed head; the time is free: [stands
 I see thee compast with thy kingdom's peers,
 That speak my salutation in their minds :
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine.

Hail, King of Scotland! hail!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*
Mal.

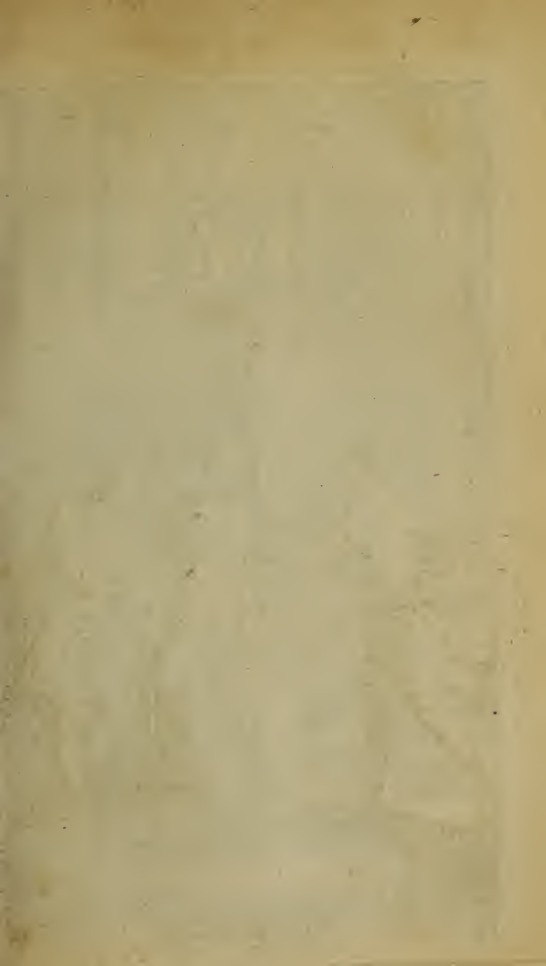
138 *The Tragedy of Macbeth.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expence of time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and kinsmen,
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the time,
As calling home our exil'd friends abroad
That fled the snares of watchful tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel ministers
Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life;) this, and what's needful else
That calls upon us, by the grace of heaven
We will perform in measure, time and place:
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone*.

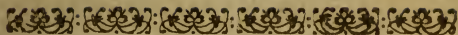
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt omnes.*]



TROILUS



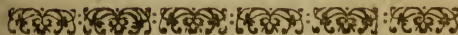




T R O I L U S

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C R E S S I D A.



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T H E

P R O L O G U E.

IN Troy, there lyes the scene: from Isles of Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,
Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ransack Troy; within whose strong immures,
The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' Queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps, and that's the quarrel.
To Tenedos they come ———

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan plains,
The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave pavilions. Priam's six gates i' th' city,
Dardan, and Thymbria, Ilia, Scaea, Trojan,
And Antenorides, with massy staples
And corresponfive and full-filling bolts,
Sperr up the sons of Troy.

Now Expectation tickling skittish spirits
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on bazard. Hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument;

To tell you (fair beholders) that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those broils,
'Ginning i' th' middle: starting thence away
To what may be digested in a Play.
Like, or find fault, do as your pleasures are,
New good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM,
 HECTOR,
 TROILUS,
 PARIS,
 DEIPHOBUS,
 HELENUS
 ÆNEAS,
 PANDARUS,
 ANTENOR,
A bastard son of Priam, }
 } TROJANS.

AGAMEMNON,
 ACHILLES,
 AJAX,
 MENELAUS,
 ULYSSES,
 NESTOR,
 DIOMEDES,
 PATROCLUS,
 THERSITES,
 CALCHAS, }
 } GREEKS.

HELEN, *Wife to Menelaus, in Love with Paris.*

ANDROMACHE, *Wife to Hector.*

CASSANDRA, *Daughter to Priam, a Prophetess.*

CRESSIDA, *Daughter to Calchas, in Love with Troilus.*

ALEXANDER, *Servant to Cressida.*

Boy, *Page to Troilus.*

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, with other Attendants.

SCENE *Troy and the Grecian Camp.*

The Story originally written by Lollius an old Lombard Author, and since by Chaucer.

It is also found in an old English Story-book of the three destructions of Troy, from which many of the circumstances in this Play are borrow'd, they being to be found no where else.

Troilus



* Troilus and Cressida.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Priam's Palace within the walls of Troy, but supposed to have a situation a little distant from the rest of the City.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

Troi. **C**ALL here my varlet, I'll unarm again.
Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
That find so cruel battle here within?
Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
Let him to field, Troilus alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant.
But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance;
Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-less as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He that will have a cake out of the wheat, must tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

* Before this Play of *Troilus and Cressida* printed in 1609 is a Bookseller's preface, shewing that first impression to have been before the Play had been acted, and that it was published without *Shakespear's* knowledge from a copy that had fallen into the Bookseller's hands. Mr. *Dryden* thinks this one of the first of our Author's Plays: But on the contrary, it may be judged from the forementioned Preface that it was one of his last; and the great number of observations, both moral and politick (with which this piece is crowded more than any other of his) seems to confirm that opinion.

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the boulding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulding; but you must tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too; or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her self, what Goddess e'er she be,
Doth not less blench at sufferance than I do:

At *Priam's* royal table I do sit;

And when fair *Cressid* comes into my thoughts, —

So, traitor! — when she comes? when is she thence?

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart

As wedg'd with a sigh would rive in twain,

Lest *Hector* or my father should perceive me

I have (as when the sun doth light a storm)

Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness,

Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than *Helen's* — well, go to, there were no more comparison between the women. But for my part she is my kinswoman, I would not (as they term it) praise her — but I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did: I will not dispraise your sister *Cassandra's* wit, but —

Troi. O *Pandarus*! I tell thee, *Pandarus* —

When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd.

Reply not in how many fathoms deep

They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

In *Cressid's* love: thou answer'st, *she is fair*;

Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart

Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse — O that! her hand!

In whose comparison, all whites are ink

Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure

The cygnets down is harsh, to th' spirit of sense

Hard as the palm of ploughman: this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her:
But saying thus, instead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is,
if she be fair, 'tis the better for her; an she be not, she
has the 'mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus*?

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on
of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and be-
tween, but small thanks for my labour.

Troi. What, art thou angry, *Pandarus*? what, with me?

Pan. Because she is kin to me, therefore she's not so
fair as *Helen*; an she were not kin to me, she would be as
fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I?
I care not an she were a black-a-moor, 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to
stay behind her father: let her go to the *Greeks*, and so I'll
tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle
nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. *Pandarus*——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*——

Pan. 'Pray you speak no more to me; I will leave all as
I found it, and there's an end, [Exit *Pandarus*.
[Sound *Alarum*.

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!
Fools on both sides. *Helen* must needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too starv'd a subject for my sword:
But *Pandarus*—O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Cressid*, but by *Pandarus*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As she is stubborn, chaste, against all suit.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:

Her bed is *India*, there she lyes a pearl;
 Between our *Ilium*, and where she resides,
 Let it be call'd the wild and wandring flood,
 Our self the merchant, and this sailing *Pandar*
 Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

SCENE II.

[*Alarum.*] Enter *Æneas*.

Æne. How now, Prince *Troilus*? wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Because not there; this woman's answer sorts,
 For womanish it is to be from thence:

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas*?

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus*.

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorn,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus'* horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne. Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day?

Troi. Better at home, if, *would I might!* were, *may*.
 But to the sport abroad—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Between the Palace and the City.

Enter *Cressida* and a *Servant*, named *Alexander*.

Cre. Who were those went by?

Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen*.

Cre. And whither go they?

Ser. Up to th' eastern tower,
 Whose height commands as subject all the vale,
 To see the fight. *Hector*, whose patience
 Is, as the virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:
 He chid *Andromache*, and struck his armorer,
 And like as there were husbandry in war,
 Before the sun rose, he was harness-dight,
 And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
 Did as a prophet weep what it foresaw,
 In *Hector's* wrath.

Cre. What was his cause of anger?

Ser. The noise goes thus; There is among the *Greeks*,
 A Lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*,
 They call him *Ajax*.

Cre.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They say he is a very man *per se*, and stands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, Lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular Additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant; a man into whom nature hath so crouded humours, that his valour is crusht into folly, his folly sauced with discretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries some stain of it. He is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and of no use; or a purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

Cre. But how should this man (that makes me smile) make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They say, he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the battel and struck him down, the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

S C E N E IV. *Enter Pandarus.*

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector's* a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin *Cressid*: what do you talk of? good morrow, *Alexander*.—How do you, cousin? when were you at *Ilium*? *

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere you came to *Ilium*? *Helen* was not up? was she?

Cre. *Hector* was gone, but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en so; *Hector* was stirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

* Throughout this Play the name of *Ilium* seems to be given only to the palace of *Priam*.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too: he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus*? *Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Jupiter*! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you know a man if you see him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

Cre. Then you say, as I say, for I am sure he is not *Hector*.

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in some degrees.

Cre. 'Tis just to each of them, he is himself.

Pan. Himself? alas poor *Troilus*! I would he were.

Cre. So he is:

Pan. On condition I had gone bare-foot to *India*.

Cre. He is not *Hector*.

Pan. Himself? no, he's not himself; would he were himself! well, the Gods are above, time must friend or end; well, *Troilus*, well! I would my heart were in her body — no, *Hector* is not a better man, than *Troilus*.

Cre. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't, you shall tell me another tale when th' other's come to't: *Hector* shall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, neice; *Helen* her self swore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for so 'tis I must confess) not brown neither —

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. 'Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To say the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris's*

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* should have too much; if she prais'd him about his complexion as higher than his, he having colour enough, the other higher is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen's* golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper nose.

Pan. I swear to you, I think *Helen* loves him better than *Paris*.

Cre. Then she's a merry *Greek* indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass window; and you know he has not past three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed a tapster's arithmetick may soon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan. Why he is very young, and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. *Juno* have mercy, how came it cloven?

Pan. Why you know 'tis dimpled. I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all *Pbrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, as 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then — but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*.

Cre. *Troilus* will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. *Troilus*? why, he esteems her no more, than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the rack.

Pan.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With millstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair, that *Helen* spied on *Troilus's* chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cre. What was his answer?

Pan. Quoth she, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her question.

Pan. That's true, make no question of that: one and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons. *Jupiter!* quoth she, which of these hairs is *Paris* my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck't out and give it him: but there was such laughing, and *Helen* so blush'd, and *Paris* so chaf't, and all the rest so laught, that it past.*

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 'tis true; he will weep you as 'twere a man born in *April*. [Sound a retreat.

Cre. And I'll spring up in his tears, as 'twere a nettle against *May*.

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; shall we stand up here and see them as they pass towards *Ilium*? good neice, do, sweet neice *Cressida*.

* See a note in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, p. 190.

Cre. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may see most bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they pass by; but mark *Troilus* above the rest.

Æneas passes over the Stage.

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man; he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor passes over the Stage.

Pan. That's *Antenor*; he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus*? I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cre. If he do, the rest shall have none.

Hector passes over.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector*! look how he looks: there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,—look you what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say; there he hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris passes over.

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said he came home hurt to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha! would I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus passes over.

Pan. That's *Helenus*. I marvel where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*—I think he went not forth to-day; that's *Helenus*.

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. *Helenus*? no—yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel where *Troilus* is: hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus*? *Helenus* is a priest.

Cre. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus passes over.

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus*. 'Tis *Troilus*! there's a man, neice—hem—brave *Troilus*! the prince of chivalry.

Cre. Peace, for shame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus*! look well upon him, neice, look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er saw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a sifter were a Grace, and a daughter a Goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris*? *Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus*. Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be such a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece*.

Cre. There is among the *Greeks* *Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus*.

Pan. *Achilles*? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well—why, have you any discretion? have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and so forth, the spice and salt that seasons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out.

Pan.

Pan. You are such another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecie, to defend mine honesty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all these: at all these wards I lye, and at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefest of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, unless it swell past hiding, and then it is past watching.

Pan. You are such another! —

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt he be hurt. Fare thee well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle —

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

Cre. By the same token, you are a bawd. [*Exit Pan.*
Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thousand-fold I see,
Than in the glass of *Pandar*'s praise may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels wooing,
Things won are done, the soul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is,
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, so sweet, as when desire did sue:
Achievement is, *command*; ungain'd, *beseech*.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content * firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear. - [*Exit,*

* By Content here is meant *Capacity*.

SCENE V.

Agamemnon's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Trumpets. Enter Agamemnon, Nestor, Ulysses, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Aga. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?
 The ample proposition that hope makes
 In all designs begun on earth below,
 Fails in the promis'd largeness; checks and disasters
 Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd:
 As knots by the conflux of meeting sap
 Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain
 Tortive and errant from his course of growth.
 Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
 That we come short of our suppose so far,
 That after sev'n years siege, yet Troy walls stand;
 Sith every action, that hath gone before,
 Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
 Bias and thwart; not answering the aim,
 And that unbodied figure of the thought
 That gav't surmised shape. Why then, you Princes,
 Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our works,
 And think them shame, which are, indeed, nought else
 But the protiactive tryals of great Jove,
 To find persisitive constancy in men?
 The fineness of which metal is not found
 In fortune's love; for there, the bold and coward,
 The wise and fool, the artist and unread,
 The hard and soft, seem'd all affin'd, and kin;
 But in the wind and tempest of her frown,
 Distinction with a broad and powerful fan
 Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
 And what hath mass or matter, by it self
 Lyes rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike feat,
 Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply
 Thy latest words. In the reproof of chance
 Lyes the true proof of men: the sea being smooth,
 How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
 Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
 The gentle *Tbetis*, and anon, behold,
 The strong-ribb'd bark thro' liquid mountains cuts,
 Bounding between the two moist elements,
 Like *Perseus'* horse: Where's then the sawcy boat,
 Whose weak untimber'd fides but even now
 Co-rival'd Greatness? or to harbour fled,
 Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
 Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
 In forms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness
 The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
 Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
 Make flexible the knees of knotted oak,
 And flies get under shade; the thing of courage,
 As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,
 And with an accent tun'd in self-same key
 Replies to chiding fortune.*

Ulys. Agamemnon,

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
 Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
 In whom the tempers and the minds of all
 Should be shut up: hear what *Ulysses* speaks.
 Besides th' applause and approbation
 The which, most mighty for thy place and sway,

[*To Agamemnon.*

And thou, most rev'rend for thy stretcht-out life, [*To Nestor.*
 I give to both your speeches, which were such
 As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
 Should hold up high in bras; and such again
 As venerable *Nestor* (hatch'd in silver)
 Should with a bond of air, strong as the axle-tree
 On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecian* ears
 To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it please both
 (Though great and wise) to hear *Ulysses* speak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Itaca*: we less expect
 That matter needless, of importless burthen,

* It is said of the Tyger, that in storms and high winds he rages and roars most furiously.

Divide thy lips ; than we are confident,
When rank *Tberfites* opes his mastiff jaws,
We shall hear musick, wit, and oracle.

Ulys. *Troy* yet upon her basis had been down,
And the great *Heſtor's* sword had lack'd a master,
But for these instances.

The specialty of rule hath been neglected ;
And look how many *Grecian* tents do stand
Upon this plain, so many hollow factions.
When that the general is not like the hive,
To which the foragers shall all repair,
What honey is expected ? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthiest shews as fairly in the mask.
The heav'ns themselves, the planets and this center,
Observe *degree*, priority and place,
Insifture, course, proportion, season, form,
Office and custom, in all line of order :
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
Amidst the rest, whose med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,
And posts like the commandment of a king,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to disorder wander,
What plagues and what portents, what mutiny!
What raging of the sea ! shaking of earth !
Commotion in the winds ! frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend and deracinate
The unity and married calm of states
Quite from their fixure ! when *degree* is shaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high designs)
Then enterprize is sick. How could communities,
Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, scepters, lawrels,
But by *degree*, stand in authentick place ?
Take but *degree* away, untune that string,
And hark what discord follows ; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters

Would

Would lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
 And make a sop of all this solid globe:
 Strength would be lord of imbecillity,
 And the rude son would strike his father dead:
 Force would be right; or rather, right and wrong,
 Between whose endless jar justice presides,
 Would lose their names, and so would justice too.
 Then every thing includes it self in power,
 Power into will, will into appetite,
 And appetite an universal wolf,
 So doubly seconded with will and power
 Must make perforce an universal prey,
 And last eat up itself. Great *Agamemnon*?
 This chaos, when *degree* is suffocate,
 Follows the choaking:

And this neglection of *degree* is it,
 That by a pace goes backward, in a purpose
 It hath to climb. The General's disdain'd
 By him one step below; he by the next;
 That next by him beneath: so every step,
 Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick
 Of his superior, grows to an envious feaver
 Of pale and bloodless emulation.

And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
 Not her own sinews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakness lives, not in her strength.

Nest. Most wisely hath *Ulysses* here discover'd
 The feaver, whereof all our power is sick.

Aga. The nature of the sickness found, *Ulysses*,
 What is the remedy?

Ulysses. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
 The sinew and the forehead of our host,
 Having his ear full of his airy fame,
 Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
 Lyes mocking our designs. With him *Patroclus*,
 Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
 Breaks scurril jests;
 And with ridiculous and aukward action
 (Which, slanderer, he imitation calls)
 He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,

Thy toplefs deputation he puts on ;
 And like a strutting player, whose conceit
 Lyes in his ham-string, and doth think it rich
 To hear the wooden dialogue and found
 'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffoldage,
 Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming
 He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks,
 'Tis like a chime a mending ; with terms unquar'd ;
 Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt
 Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff
 The large *Achilles*, on his prest-bed lolling,
 From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause :
 Cries, *excellent ! 'tis Agamemnon just !*
Now play me Nestor — — hum, and stroke thy beard,
As he, being 'drest to some oration.
 That's done — as near as the extremest ends
 Of parallels ; as like as *Vulcan* and his wife :
 Yet good *Achilles* still cries, *excellent !*
 'Tis Nestor right ! *now play him me, Patroclus,*
Arming to answer in, a night-alarm :
 And then, forsooth the faint defects of age
 Must be the scene of mirth to cough and spit,
 And with a palsie fumbling on his gorget
 Shake in and out the rivet — — at this sport,
Sir Valour dies ; cries, *O ! — — enough, Patroclus — —*
Or, give me ribs of steel, I shall split all
In pleasure of my spleen. And in this fashion
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 Sev'als and gen'als though of grace exact,
 Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,
 Success or loss, what is, or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain,
 (Whom, as *Ulysses* says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice) many are infect :
Ajax is grown self-will'd, and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a place,
 As broad *Achilles* ; keeps his tent like him ;
 Makes factious feasts, rails on our state of war,

Bold as an oracle; and sets *Tberfites*
 (A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint)
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 To weaken and discredit our exposure,
 How hard soever rounded in with danger.

Ulyf. They tax our policy, and call it cowardise,
 Count wisdom as no member of the war,
 Fore-stall our prescience, and esteem no act
 For that of hand: the still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike
 When fitness calls them on, and know, by measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies weight;
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
 They call this bed-work-mapp'ry, closet war:
 So that the rain that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poize,
 They place before his hand that made the engine;
 Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide its execution.

Nest. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horse
 Makes many *Tbetis'* sons. [Tucket sounds.
 What trumpet? look *Menelaus*.

Men. From *Troy*.

S C E N E VI. *Enter Æneas.*

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon's* tent, I pray you?

Aga. Even this.

Æne. May one that is a herald and a Prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Aga. With surety stronger than *Achilles'* arm,
 'Fore all the *Greekish* heads, which with one voice
 Call *Agamemnon* head and General.

Æne. Fair leave, and large security. How may
 A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Aga. How?

Æne. I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the check be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes
 The youthful *Pbaebus*:

Which

Which is that God in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon*?

Aga. This *Trojan* scorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers are free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
But when they would seem soldiers, they have galls,
Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and, *Jove's* accord,
Nothing so full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*,
Peace, *Trojan*, lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
If he that's prais'd, himself bring the praise forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise sole pure transcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your self *Æneas*?

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnon's* ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. And I from *Troy* come not to whisper him,
I bring a trumpet to awake his ear,
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon's* sleeping hour;
That thou shalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy brass voice thro' all these lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*The Trumpets sound.*]

We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continued truce
Is rusty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongst the fair'st of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his ease,
That seeks his praise more than he fears his peril,

That

That knows his valour and' knows not his fear,
That loves his mistress more than in profession
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dares avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him this challenge.

Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* shall honour him:
If none, he'll say in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* dames are sun-burnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance; — even so much.

Ag. This shall be told our lovers, Lord *Aeneas*.
If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none else, I'm he.

Nest. Tell him of *Nestor*; one that was a man
When *Hector's* grandfire suck'd; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecion* host
One nobleman that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn,
And meeting him, will tell him, that my Lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world, his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Aene. Now heav'ns forbid such scarcity of youth!

Ulys. Amen!

Ag. Fair Lord *Aeneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our pavilion shall I lead you first:

Achilles shall have word of this intent,
So shall each Lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:

Your

Your self shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Manent Ulysses and Nestor.*

Ulys. Nestor!

Nest. What says *Ulysses*?

Ulys. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is't?

Ulys. This 'tis:

Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, must or now be cropt,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil
To over-bulk us all.

Nest. Well, and how now?

Ulys. This challenge that the valiant *Hector* sends,
However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to *Achilles*.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous even as substance,
Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And in the publication, make no strain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Lybia*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great speed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector's* purpose
Pointing on him.

Ulys. And wake him to the answer, think you?

Nest. Yes,

It is most meet; whom may you else oppose
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles*? though a sportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taste our dear'st repute
With their sin'st palate: trust to me, *Ulysses*,
Our imputation shall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen

The baby figure of the giant-mass
 Of things to come, at large. It is suppos'd,
 He that meets *Hector* issues from our choice;
 And choice being mutual act of all our souls,
 Makes merit her election; and doth boil
 As 'twere from forth us all, a man distill'd
 Out of our virtues; who miscarrying,
 What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part
 To steel a strong opinion to themselves!
 Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,
 In no less working, than are swords and bows
 Directive by the limbs.

Ulys. Give pardon to my speech;
 Therefore 'tis fit *Achilles* meet not *Hector*.
 Let us, like merchants, shew our foulest wares,
 And think perchance they'll sell; if not, why still
 The lustre of the better, yet to shew,
 Shall shew the better. Do not then consent
 That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
 For both our honour and our shame in this
 Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulys. What glory our *Achilles* shares from *Hector*,
 Were he not proud, we all should share with him:
 But he already is too insolent;
 And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun
 Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
 Should he 'scape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
 Why then we did our main opinion crush
 In taint of our best men. No, make a lott'ry,
 And by device let blockish *Ajax* draw
 The sort to fight with *Hector*: 'mong our selves,
 Give him allowance as the worthier man,
 For that will physick the great *Myrmidon*
 Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall.
 His crest, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
 If the dull brainless *Ajax* come safe off,
 We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
 Yet go we under our opinion still,
 That we have better men. But hit or miss,

Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,
Ajax imploy'd plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Nest. Ulysses, now I relish thy advice,
 And I will give a taste of it forthwith
 To *Agamemnon*; go we to him straight;
 Two curs shall tame each other; pride alone
 Must tar the mastiff's on, as 'twere their bone. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Grecian Camp.

Enter Ajax and Thersites.

Ajax. THERSITES!

Ther. *Agamemnon* — how if he had biles —
 full, all over generally. [Talking to himself.

Ajax. *Thersites!*

Ther. And those biles did run — say so — did not the
 General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!

Ther. Then there would come some matter from him:
 I see none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son, can't thou not hear?
 feel then. [Strikes him.

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel
 beef-witted Lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you whinnid'st baven, speak, or I
 will beat thee into handsomness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and holiness; but
 I think thy horse will sooner con an oration, than thou
 learn a prayer without book: thou canst strike, canst
 thou? a red murrain o' thy jades tricks!

Ajax. Toads-foot! learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense, thou strik'st me
 thus?

Ajax. The proclamation —

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head to foot, and I
 had the scratching of thee; I would make thee the loath-
 som'st scab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation —

Ther.

Ther. Thou grumblest and railest every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his greatness, as *Cerberus* is at *Proserpina's* beauty: I, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress *Thersites!*

Ther. Thou shouldst strike *him*.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a bisket.

Ajax. You whorson'd cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou fool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, thou sodden-witted Lord; thou hast no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Affinego* may tutor thee. Thou scurvy valiant ass, thou art here but to thrash *Trojans*, and thou art bought and sold among those of any wit, like a *Barbarian* slave. If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy Lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his ideot! do, rudeness, do, camel, do, do.

SCENE II. Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax*? wherefore do you this?
How now, *Thersites*? what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whosoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax*.

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part

of a sparrow. This Lord, (*Achilles*) *Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I say of him.

Achil. What? [*Ajax offers to strike him, Achilles interposes.*]

Ther. I say, this *Ajax* —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. Has not so much wit —

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax*.

Ther. As will stop the eye of *Helen's* needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I shall —

Achil. Will you set your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you, for a fool's will shame it.

Pat. Good words, *Thersites*.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. Ev'n so—a great deal of your wit too lyes in your sinews, or else there be liars. *Hector* shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Thersites*?

Ther. There's *Ulysses*, and old *Nestor*, (whose wit was mouldy ere your Grandfires had nails on their toes,) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the war.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes good sooth, to *Achilles*, to *Ajax*, to —

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Thersites*.

Ther.

Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles'* brach bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus*.

Ther. I will see you hang'd like clodpoles, ere I come any more to your tents. I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [Exit.

Pat. A good riddance.

Achil. Marry this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our host, That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and *Troy*, To-morrow morning call some Knight to arms, That hath a stomach, such a one that dares Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash; farewell!

Ajax. Farewel! who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwise He knew his man.

Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it. [Exit.

S C E N E III. Priam's Palace in Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris and Helenus.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent, Thus once again says *Nestor* from the *Greeks*: Deliver *Helen*, and all damage else

(As honour, loss of time, travel, expence, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd In hot digestion of this cormorant war)

Shall be struck off. *Hector*, what say you to't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the *Greeks* than I, As far as touches my particular; yet

There is no Lady of more softer bowels, More spongy to suck in the sense of fear, More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*

Than *Hector* is. The worm of peace is surety,

Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches To th' bottom of the wound. Let *Helen* go.

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes

Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean of ours.

If we have lost so many tenths of ours

To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to us

(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
 What merit's in that reason, which denies
 The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother:

Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
 So great as our dread father in a scale
 Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
 The vast proportion of his infinite?
 And buckle in a waste, most fathomless,
 With spans and inches so diminutive
 As fears and reasons? fie for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, tho' you bite so sharp at reasons,
 You're empty of them. Should not our father *Priam*
 Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
 Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest,
 You sur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
 You know an enemy intends you harm,
 You know a sword employ'd is perilous,
 And reason flies the object of all harm.
 Who marvels then when *Helenus* beholds
 A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
 The very wings of reason to his heels,
 And fly like children *Mercury* from *Jove*,
 Or like a star dis-orb'd? — Nay, if we talk of reason,
 Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
 Should have hare-hearts, would they but sat their thoughts
 With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
 Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hel. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
 The holding.

Troi. What is ought, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hel. But Value dwells not in particular will,
 It holds its estimate and dignity
 As well wherein 'tis precious of it self,
 As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
 To make the service greater than the God;
 And the will dotes, that is inclinable
 To what infectiously it self affects,
 Without some image of th' affected's merit.

Troi. I take to-day a wife, and my election
 Is led on in the conduct of my will ;
 My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
 Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores
 Of will and judgment. How may I avoid
 (Although my will distaste what is elected)
 The wife I chuse? there can be no evasion
 To blench from this, and to stand firm by honour.
 We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
 When we have spoil'd them ; nor th' remainder viands
 We do not throw in unrespective place,
 Because we now are full. It was thought meet
Paris should do some vengeance on the *Greeks* :
 Your breath of full consent bellied his sails ;
 The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
 And did him service : he touch'd the ports desir'd ;
 And for an old aunt whom the *Greeks* held captive,
 He brought a *Grecian* Queen whose youth and freshness
 Wrinkles *Apollo's*, and makes stale the morning.
 Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt :
 Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
 Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
 And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants —
 If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
 (As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go* :)
 If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
 (As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands
 And cry'd, *inestimable* ;) why d'you now
 The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
 And do a deed that fortune never did,
 Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
 Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
 What we have stol'n, That we do fear to keep!
 Base thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n!
 What in *their* country did *them* that disgrace,
 We fear to warrant in our native place.

Cas. [*witbin.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*witbin.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Cassandra*.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Cassandra with her hair about her ears.

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes

A moiety of that mass of moan to come:

Cry, *Trojans*, cry, practise your eyes with tears.

Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilium* stand:

Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.

Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;

Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not the high strains
Of divination in our sister work

Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood

So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,

Can qualifie the same?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,

We may not think the justness of each act

Such and no other than event doth form it;

Nor once deject the courage of our minds,

Because *Cassandra*'s mad; her brain-sick raptures

Cannot distaste the goodness of a quarrel,

Which hath our several honours all engag'd

To make it gracious. For my private part,

I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s sons;

And *Jove* forbid there should be done amongst us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen

To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince of levity

As well your counsels, as my undertakings:

For I attest the Gods, your full consent

Gave wings to my propension, and cut off

All fears attending on so dire a project.

For what, alas, can these my single arms?

What propugnation is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? yet I protest,
 Were I alone to pass the difficulties,
 And had as ample power, as I have will,
Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri. Paris, you speak
 Like one, besotted on your sweet delights;
 You have the honey still, but these the gall,
 So to be valiant is no praise at all.

Par. Sir, I propose not meerly to my self
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it:
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd Queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to me,
 Now to deliver her possession up,
 On terms of base compulsion! can it be,
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?
 There's not the meanest spirit on our party
 Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
 When *Helen* is defended: none so noble,
 Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
 Where *Helen* is the subject. Then, I say,
 Well may we fight for her, whom we know well
 The world's large spaces cannot parallel.

Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have both said well:
 But on the cause and question now in hand
 Have gloss'd but superficially; not much
 Unlike young men, whom *Aristotle* thought
 Unfit to hear moral philosophy.
 The reasons you alledge, do more conduce
 To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,
 Than to make up a free determination
 Twixt right and wrong: for pleasure and revenge
 Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
 Of any true decision. Nature craves
 All dues be render'd to their owners; now

What nearer debt in all humanity,
 Than wife is to the husband? if this law
 Of nature be corrupted through affection,
 And that great minds, of partial indulgence
 To their benumbed wills, resist the same;
 There is a law in each well-order'd nation,
 To curb those raging appetites that are
 Most disobedient and refractory.
 If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta's* King,
 (As it is known she is) these moral laws
 Of nature, and of nations, speak aloud
 To have her back return'd. Thus to persist
 In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
 But makes it much more heavy. *Hector's* opinion
 Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheless,
 My sprightly brethren, I propend to you
 In resolution to keep *Helen* still;
 For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
 Upon our joint and several dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our designs:
 Were it not glory that we more affected,
 Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
 I would not wish a drop of *Trojan* blood
 Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
 She is a theme of honour and renown,
 A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
 Whose present courage may beat down our foes,
 And fame, in time to come, canonize us.
 For I presume brave *Hector* would not lose
 So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
 As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
 For the wide world's revenue.

Hec. I am yours,
 You valiant off-spring of great *Priamus*;
 I have a roasting challenge sent amongst
 The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
 Will strike amazement to their drowsie spirits.
 I was advertis'd their great General slept,
 This I presume will wake him.

[*Exeunt.*
 S C E N E

SCENE V. *The Grecian Camp.**Enter Therfites solus.*

Ther. How now, *Therfites*? what, lost in the labyrinth of thy fury? shall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he rail'd at me; 'sfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my spiteful excretions. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till these two undermine it, the walls will stand 'till they fall of themselves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, lose all the serpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, less than little wit from them that they have; which short-arm'd ignorance it self knows is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a spider, without drawing the massy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that methinks is the curse dependant on those that war for a placket. I have said my prayers, and devil Envy say *Amen!* What ho! my Lord *Achilles!*

Enter Patroclus.

Pat. Who's there? *Therfites*? Good *Therfites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'st not have slip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy self upon thy self! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair coarse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrowded any but *Lazars*; *Amen!* Where's *Achilles*?

Pat. What, art thou devout? wast thou in a prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Pat. *Therfites*, my Lord.

Achil.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion — why hast thou not served thy self up to my table, so many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon*?

Tber. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles*?

Pat. Thy lord, *Tberfites*: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy self?

Tber. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Pat. Thou may'st tell, that know'st.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Tber. I'll derive the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Pat. You rascal —

Tber. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Tberfites*.

Tber. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Tberfites* is a fool, and, as aforesaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Tber. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Tberfites* is a fool to serve such a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool positive.

Pat. Why am I a fool?

Tber. Make that demand to thy creator; it suffices me thou art.

SCENE VI.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Ajax, and Chalcas.

Look you, who comes here?

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll speak with no body; come in with me, *Tberfites*. [Exit.

Tber. Here is such patchery, such juggling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject! and war and lechery confound all! [Exit.

Aga. Where is *Achilles*?

Pat. Within his tent, but ill dispos'd, my Lord.

Aga.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
 He sent us messengers, and we lay by
 Our appertainments, visiting of him :
 Let him be told so, lest perchance he think
 We dare not move the question of our place,
 Or know not what we are.

Pat. I shall so say to him.

[*Exit.*

Ulys. We saw him at the opening of his tent,
 He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes lion-sick, sick of a proud heart : you may
 call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but, by
 my head, 'tis pride ; but why, why ? — — let him shew
 us the cause. A word, my Lord. [To Agamem.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him ?

Ulys. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who ? *Tberfites* ?

Ulys. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his
 argument.

Ulys. No, you see he is his argument, that has his ar-
 gument, *Achilles*.

Nest. All the better, their faction is more our wish
 than their faction ; but it was a strong counsel that a fool
 could disunite.

Ulys. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may
 easily untye.

S C E N E VII. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here comes *Patroclus*.

Nest. No *Achilles* with him ?

Ulys. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesie ;
 His legs are for necessity, not flexure.

Pat. *Achilles* bids me say, he is much sorry,
 If any thing more than your sport and pleasure,
 Did move your greatness, and this noble state,
 To call on him ; he hopes it is no other,
 But for your health and your digestion-sake ;
 An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus* ;
 We are too well acquainted with these answers :
 But his evasion wing'd thus swift with scorn,

Cannot

Cannot outflie our apprehensions.

Much attribute he hath, and much the reason

Why we ascribe it to him; yet his virtues

(Not virtuously on his own part beheld)

Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss;

And like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish,

Are like to rot untasted. Go and tell him,

We come to speak with him; you shall not sin

If you do say we think him over-proud,

In self-assumption greater than in note

Of judgment: say, men worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on,

Disguise the holy strength of their command,

And undergo in an observing kind

His humorous predominance; yea, watch

His pettish lunes, his ebbs and flows; as if

The passage and whole carriage of this action

Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

That if he over-hold his price so much,

We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine

Not portable, lye under this report,

Bring action hitber, this can't go to war:

A stirring dwarf we do allowance give,

Before a sleeping giant; tell him so.

Pat. I shall, and bring his answer presently. [Exit.

Aga. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;

We come to speak with him. *Ulysses*, enter. [Exit *Ulys.*

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? do you not think he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Aga. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and say he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as strong, as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he that is proud eats up himself. Pride is his own
glass

glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praises but it self in the deed, devours the deed in the praise.

SCENE VIII. *Enter Ulysses.*

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendering of toads.

Nest. Yet he loves himself: is't not strange?

Ulys. *Achilles* will not to the field to-morrow.

Aga. What's his excuse?

Ulys. He doth rely on none;

But carries on the stream of his dispose,
Without observance or respect of any,
In will peculiar, and in self-admission.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
Un-tent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulys. Things small as nothing, for request's sake only,
He makes important: he's possess'd with greatness,
And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood such swoln and hot discourse,
That 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion, rages
And batters down himself; what should I say?
He is so plaguy proud, that the death tokens
Cry, *No recovery.*

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.

Dear Lord, go you and greet him in the tent;
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be led
At your request a little from himself.

Ulys. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be so.

We'll consecrate the steps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud Lord,
That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,
And never suffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, save such as do revolve
And ruminat himself, shall he be worshipp'd
Of that we hold an idol more than him?
No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord
Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquir'd,
Nor by my will assubjugate his merit,

As amply titled as *Achilles*' is,
 By going to *Achilles*: for that were
 But to enlard his pride, already fat,
 And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
 With entertaining great *Hyperion*.

This Lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
 And say in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Nest. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his silence drinks up this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him ——— with my armed fist
 I'll pass him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll please his pride;
 Let me go to him.

Ulys. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A poultry insolent fellow ———

Nest. How he describes himself!

Ajax. Can he not be sociable?

Ulys. The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the physician, that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o'my mind ———

Ulys. Wit would be out of fashion.

Ajax. He should not bear it so, he should eat swords
 first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulys. He would have ten shares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him supple, ———

Nest. He's not yet through warm, force him with
 praises; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulys. My Lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble General, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.

Ulys. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
 Here is a man ——— but 'tis before his face ———
 I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulys. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax

Ajax. A whorson dog! that palters thus with us —

Would he were a *Trojan*!

Nest. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now —

Ulys. If he were proud!

Dio. Or covetous of praise!

Ulys. Ay, or surly-born!

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected!

Ulys. Thank the heav'ns, Lord, thou art of sweet composition ;

Praise him that got thee, her that gave thee suck :

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature

Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition!

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,

And give him half! and for thy strength and vigor,

Bull-bearing *Milo* his addition yield

To finewy *Ajax*! I'll not praise thy wisdom,

Which, like a borne, a pale, a shore, confines

Thy spacious and dilated parts. Here's *Nestor*

Instructed by the antiquary times ;

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise :

But pardon, father *Nestor*, were your days

As green as *Ajax*'s, and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father ?

Ulys. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord *Ajax*.

Ulys. There is no tarrying here ; the hart *Achilles*

Keeps thicket ; please it our great General

To call together all his state of war ;

Fresh Kings are come to *Troy* ; to-morrow, friends,

We must with all our main of pow'r stand fast :

And here's a Lord, come Knights from east to west,

And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* shall cope the best.

Ag. Go we to council, let *Achilles* sleep ;

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE III.

Paris's Apartment in the Palace in TROY.

Enter Pandarus, and a Servant. [Musick within.]

Pan. FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord *Paris*?

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the Lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I must needs praise him.

Ser. The Lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. 'Faith, Sir, superficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus*.

Ser. I hope I shall know your Honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Ser. Are you in the state of grace?

Pan. Grace? not so, friend: Honour and Lordship are
What musick is this? [my titles:]

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is musick in parts.

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love musick.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who shall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play?

Ser. That's to't indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the request of *Paris* my Lord, who's there in person; with him the mortal-*Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's visible soul.

Pan. Who? my cousin *Cressida*?

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the
Lady

Lady Cressida. I come to speak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus*: I will make a complemental assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Ser. Sudden business! there's a stew'd phrase indeed.

S C E N E II.

Enter Paris and Helen, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my Lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires in all fair measure fairly guide them; especially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear Lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken musick.

Par. You have broken it, cousin, and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, Lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir ——

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude.

Par. Well said, my Lord; well, you say so in fits.

Pan. I have business to my Lord, dear Queen; my Lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out, we'll hear you sing certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet Queen, you are pleasant with me: but, marry thus, my Lord; my dear Lord and most esteemed friend your brother *Troilus* ——

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus*, honey-sweet Lord.

Pan. Go to, sweet Queen, go to ——

Commends himself most affectionately to you.

Helen. You shall not bob us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, sweet Queen, that's a sweet Queen, i'faith: and to make a sweet Lady sad, is a sower offence.

Helen. Nay, that shall not serve your turn, that shall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for such words, no, no ——

Pan. And, my Lord, he desires you, that if the King call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord *Pandarus* ——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my very very sweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where'sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay, but my Lord ——

Pan. What says my sweet Queen? my cousin will fall out with you —— You must know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer *Cressida*.

Pan. No, no, no such matter, you are wide; come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse.

Pan. Ay, my good Lord; why should you say *Cressida*? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy ——

Pan. You spy? what do you spy? come, give me an instrument now, sweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet Queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pan. He? no, she'll none o' him, they two are twain.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'thee now; by my troth, sweet Lord, thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may ——

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all.
Oh, *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid!*

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

Love, love, nothing but love, still more:

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore:

These lovers cry, oh oh they die:

Yet, that which seems the wound to kill,

*Doth turn, ob ob, to ha ha he :
So dying love lives still.
O bo a while, but ha ha ha ;
O bo groans out for ha ha ha — hey ho !*

Helen. In love i' faith to the very tip of the nose !

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers? Sweet Lord, who's afield to-day?

Par. *Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor,* and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my *Nell* would not have it so. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at something; you know all, Lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet *Queen*: I long to hear how they sped to-day. You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, sweet *Queen*.

Helen. Commend me to your niece.

Pan. I will, sweet *Queen*. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*]

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam's* hall, To greet the warriors. *Helen*, I must woo you To help unarm our *Hector*: his stubborn buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey, than to the edge of steel, Or force of *Greekish* sinews: you shall do more Than all the island Kings, disarm great *Hector*.

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, *Paris*: Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, over-shines our self.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *Pandarus's Orchard.*

Enter Pandarus, and Troilus's Man.

Pan. Now, where's thy master? at my cousin *Cressida's*?

Ser. No, Sir, he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Enter

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off. [*To the Servant.*]

Pan. Have you seen my cousin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus*: I stalk about her door
Like a strange soul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And give me swift transportance to those fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deserfer! Gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid's* shoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Cressid*.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her straight.
[*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary relish is so sweet,
That it enchants my sense; what will it be
When that the watry palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning destruction, or some joy too fine,
Too subtle, potent, and too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear besides
That I shall lose distinction in my joys,
As doth a battel when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight; you
must be witty now. She does so blush, and fetches her
wind so short, as if she were 'fraid with a sprite: I'll bring
her. It is the prettiest villain, she fetches her breath as
short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Troi. Ev'n such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulse,
And all my pow'rs do their bestowing lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encoutring
The eye of Majesty.

SCENE IV. *Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

Pan. Come, come; what need you blush? Shame's a
baby. Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her, that
you

you have sworn to me. What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward we'll put you * i'th' files: Why do you not speak to her? Come draw this curtain and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light! an 'twere dark you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss thy mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as good as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's *in witness whereof the parties interchangeably*——come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit Pandarus.*

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus!

Cre. Wisht, my Lord! The Gods grant—O, my Lord!

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what dreg espies my too curious sweet Lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubims, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worst.

Troi. O let my Lady apprehend no fear, in all *Cupid's* pageant there is presented no monster?

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing but our undertakings, when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, Lady, that the will is infinite, and the

* Alluding to the custom of putting the men suspected of cowardice in the middle places.

execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten; and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst shall be a mock 'fore his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my Lord?

S C E N E V. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my Lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my Lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages: your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll stick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldness comes to me now, and brings me heart: Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day, For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cre. Hard to seem won: but I was won, my Lord, With the first glance that ever — pardon me — If I confess much, you will play the tyrant: I love you now, but not 'till now so much But I might master it — in faith I lie — My thoughts were like unbridled children, grown

Too head-strong for their mother ; see, we fools !
 Why have I blabb'd ? who shall be true to us
 When we are so unsecret to our selves ?
 But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not,
 And yet good faith I wisht my self a man :
 Or that the women had mens privilege
 Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
 For in this rapture I shall surely speak
 The thing I shall repent ; see, see, your silence
 (Cunning in dumbness) from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And shall, albeit sweet musick issues thence.

[*Kissing.*]

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My Lord, I do beseech you pardon me ;
 'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kiss :
 I am asham'd ; — O heav'ns, what have I done ! —
 For this time will I take my leave, my Lord.

Troi. Your leave, sweet *Cressid* ?

Pan. Leave ! an you take leave 'till to-morrow-morning —

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, Lady ?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot shun your self.

Cre. Let me go try :

I have a kind of self resides with you :
 But an unkind self, that it self will leave,
 To be another's fool. Where is my wit ?
 I would be gone : I speak I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they speak, that speak so
 wisely.

Cre. Perchance, my Lord, I shew more craft than love,
 And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts : but you are wise,
 A sign you love not : To be wise and love,
 Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O that I thought it could be in a woman,
 (As, if it can, I will presume in you,)
 To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,

Out-

Out-living beauties outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Oh that persuasion could but thus convince me!
 That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love:
 How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cre. In that I'll war with you.

Troi. O virtuous fight!

True swains in love shall in the world to come
 Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhymes,
 Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similies; truth tired with iteration,
 As true as steel, as plantage * to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
 Yet after all comparisons of truth,
 As truth's authentick author to be cited
 As true as *Troilus* shall crown up the verse
 And sanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old, and hath forgot it self,
 When water-drops have worn the stones of *Troy*,
 And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing; yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood; when they've said as false
 As air, as water, wind, as sandy earth;
 As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
 Pard to the hind, or step-dame to her son;
 Yea let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
 As false as *Cressid.* ———

* It was heretofore the prevailing opinion that the production and growth of Plants depended much upon the influences of the Moon: and the rules and directions given for sowing, planting, grafting, pruning, had reference generally to the changes, the increase, or waining of the Moon.

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it, I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand; here my cousin's; if ever you prove false to one another, since I have taken such pains to bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between be called to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars*: let all inconstant men be *Troilus's*, all false women *Cressida's*, and all brokers-between *Pandars*: say *Amen*.

Troi. *Amen!*

Cre. *Amen!*

Pan. *Amen!* Whereupon I will shew you a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it shall not speak of your pretty encounters, press it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,

Bed, chamber, *Pandar* to provide this gear! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulysses, Diomedes, Nestor, Menelaus, and Calchas.

Cal. Now, Princes, for the service I have done you, Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud To call for recompence: appear it to you That, through the fight I bear in things to come, I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my possession, Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my self, From certain and possess'd conveniencies, To doubtful fortunes; sequestred from all That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition, Made tame and most familiar to my nature: And here to do you service am become As new into the world, strange, unacquainted. I do beseech you, as in way of taste, To give me now a little benefit, Out of those many registred in promise, Which you say live to come in my behalf.

Ag. What wouldst thou of us, *Trojan*? make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* prisoner, call'd *Antenor*, Yesterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear. Oft have you, (often have you thanks therefore) Desir'd my *Cressid* in right great exchange, Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,

I know, is such a rest in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must slack,
Wanting his manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pay.

Aga. Let *Diomed* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomed*,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word if *Hector* will to-morrow
Be answer'd in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VII.

Achilles and *Patroclus*, appear before their Tent.

Ulys. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his tent;
Pleas'd it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last, 'tis like he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him.
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glass
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each Lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
'Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*?

Aga. What says *Achilles*? would he ought with us?

Nest. Would you, my Lord, ought with the General?

Achil. No.

Nest.

Nest. Nothing, my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Acbil. Good day, good day.

Men. How do you? how do you?

Acbil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, *Patroclus*?

Acbil. Good morrow, *Ajax*.

Ajax. Ha?

Acbil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [Exeunt.]

Acbil. What mean these fellows? know they not *Achilles*?

Pat. They pass by strangely: they were use to bend,

To send their smiles before them to *Achilles*,

To come as humbly as they us'd to creep

To holy altars.

Acbil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with fortune

Must fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,

As feel in his own fall: for men, like butterflies,

Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;

And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath honour, but is honour'd by those honours

That are without him; as place, riches, favour,

Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slipp'ry standers,

(The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,)

Do one pluck down another, and together

Die in the fall. But 'tis not so with me:

Fortune and I are friends, I do enjoy

At ample point all that I did possess,

Save these men's looks, who do methinks find out

Something in me not worth that rich beholding

As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulysses*!

I'll interrupt his reading. — Now, *Ulysses*!

Ulyf. Now, *Tbetis*' son!

Acbil. What are you reading?

Ulyf. A strange fellow here

Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted, *

* That is, how valuable soever his parts are.

How much in Having, or without or in,
 Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
 Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
 As when his virtues shining upon others
 Heat them, and they retort that heat again
 To the first giver.

Acbil. This is not strange, *Ulysses.*

The beauty that is born here in the face
 The bearer knows not, but it commends it self
 To others eyes: nor doth the eye it self
 (That most pure spirit of sense) behold it self
 Not going from it self, but eyes oppos'd
 Salute each other with each others form.
 For speculation turns not to it self,
 'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
 Where it may see it self; this is not strange.

Ulyf. I do not strain at the position,
 It is familiar; but the author's drift;
 Who in his circumstance expressly proves
 That no man is the lord of any thing,
 (Tho' in and of him there is much consisting)
 'Till he communicate his parts to others:
 Nor doth he of himself know them for ought,
 'Till he behold them formed in th' applause
 Where they're extended; which like an arch reverberates
 The voice again, or like a gate of steel
 Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
 His figure and his heat. I was much rapt
 In this I read, and apprehended here
 Immediately the unknown *Ajax*: heavens!
 What a man's there? a very horse, that has
 He knows not what: in nature what things there are
 Most abject in regard, and dear in use!
 What things again most dear in the esteem,
 And poor in worth! now shall we see to-morrow,
 An act that very chance doth throw upon him.
Ajax renown'd! O heavens, what some men do,
 While some men leave to do!
 How some men sleep in skittish fortune's hall,
 While others play the idiots in her eyes:

How one man eats into another's pride,
 While pride is feasting in his wantonness!
 To see these *Grecian* Lords! why, ev'n already
 They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the shoulder,
 As if his foot were on brave *Hector's* breast,
 And great *Troy* shrinking.

Achil. This I do believe:

They pass'd by me, as misers do by beggars,
 Neither gave to me good word nor good look:
 What, are my deeds forgot?

Ulys. Time hath, my Lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
 A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude.
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done: perseverance keeps honour bright:
 To have done, is to hang quite out of fashion,
 Like rusty Mail in monumental mockery.
 For honour travels in a streight so narrow,
 Where one but goes a-breast: keep then the path:
 For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue; if you give way
 Or turn aside from th' direct forth-right,
 Like to an entred tide they all rush by,
 And leave you hindermost; and there you lie,
 Like to a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
 For pavement to the abject rear, o'er-run
 And trampled on: Then what they do in present,
 Tho' less than yours in past, much o'er-top yours.
 For time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;
 But with his arms out-stretch'd, as he would fly,
 Grasps the in-comer; Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewel goes out sighing. Let not virtue
 Seek remuneration for the thing it was.
 For beauty, wit, high birth, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
 To envious and calumniating time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
 That all with one consent praise new-born gaudes,

Tho' they are made and molded of things past;
 And give to dust that is a little gilt
 More laud than they will give to gold o'er-dusted,
 The present eye praises the present object.
 Then marvel not, thou great and compleat man,
 That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
 Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
 Than what not stirs. The cry went once for thee,
 And still it might, and yet it may again,
 If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
 And case thy reputation in thy tent;
 Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late
 Made emulous millions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
 And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
 I have strong reasons.

Ulys. 'Gainst your privacy
 The reasons are more potent and heroical.
 'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
 With one of *Priam's* daughters.

Achil. Ha! say you known!

Ulys. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state,
 Knows almost every grain of *Pluto's* gold;
 Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive deep;
 Keeps pace with thought; and almost like the Gods
 Does even our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.
 There is a mystery (with which relation
 Durst never meddle) in the soul of state;
 Which hath an operation more divine
 Than breath or pen can give expressure to.
 All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
 As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
 And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
 To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
 But it must grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
 When fame shall in his island sound her trumpet,
 And all the *Greekish* girls shall tripping sing,
Great Hector's sister did Achilles win,
But our great Ajax bravely beat down Hector.

Farewel, my Lord — I, as your lover, speak ;
The fool slides o'er the ice that you should break. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

Pat. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you ;
A woman, impudent and mannish grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act. I stand condemn'd for this ;
They think my little stomach to the war,
And your great love to me, restrain you thus.
Oh, rouse your self ! and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unloose his am'rous fold,
And like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector* ! —

Pat. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake,
My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Pat. O then beware :

Those wounds heal ill that men do give themselves :
Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger ;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints
Even then when we sit idly in the sun.

Achil. Go call *Thersites* hither, sweet *Patroclus* ;
I'll send the fool to *Ajax*, and desire him
T' invite the *Trojan* Lords, after the combat,
To see us here : I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great *Hector* in the weeds of peace,
To talk with him, and to behold his visage,
Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour sav'd !

S C E N E IX. *Enter Thersites,*

Ther. A wonder !

Achil. What ?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so ?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with *Hector*, and
is so prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he
raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be ?

Ther.

Tber. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock, a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostels that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who should say, there were wit in his head, if 'twould out; and so there is, but it lyes as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not shew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himself in vain-glory. He knows not me: I said, *good morrow*, *Ajax*, and he replied, *thanks*, *Agamemnon*. What think you, of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fish, language-less, a monster. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

Acbil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, *Tberites*.

Tber. Who, I?—why, he'll answer no body; he professes not answering; speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you shall see the pageant of *Ajax*.

Acbil. To him, *Patroclus*—tell him, I humbly desire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the most valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure safe conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious, six or seven times honour'd, Captain-general of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, &c. Do this.

Pat. *Jove* blefs great *Ajax*.

Tber. Hum ——

Pat. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Tber. Ha!

Pat. Who most humbly desires you to invite *Hector* to his tent.

Tber. Hum ——

Pat. And to procure safe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Tber. *Agamemnon!* ——

Pat. Ay, my Lord.

Tber. Ha!

Pat. What say you to't?

Tber. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Tber.

Tber. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven a clock it will go one way or other; howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Pat. Your answer, Sir.

Tber. Fare ye well, with all my heart.

Acbil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Tber. No, but he's out o' tune thus; what musick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But I am sure none; unless the fidler *Apollo* get his sinews to make Catlings on.

Acbil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Tber. Let me carry another to his horse; for that's the more capable creature.

Acbil. My mind is troubled like a fountain stirr'd, And I my self see not the bottom of it. [Exit.]

Tber. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it; I had rather be a tick in a sheep, than such a valiant ignorance. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Street in Troy.

Enter at one door Æneas with a torch; at another, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, and Diomedes, with torches.

Par. SEE, ho! who is that there?

Dei. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?

Had I so good occasion to lye long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, bought but heav'nly business
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too: good-morrow, Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greek, *Æneas*, take his hand;
Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told, how *Diomedes* a whole week by days
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir!
During all question of the gentle truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute!

Dio. The one and th' other *Diomedes* embraces,
Our bloods are now in calm, and so long, health;

But

But when contention and occasion meet,
By *Jove* I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, pursuit and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion that will flie
With his face back — in human gentleness
Welcome to *Troy* — now by *Anchises'* life,
Welcome indeed — by *Venus'* hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a fort
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize. *Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my sword his fate be not the glory)
A thousand compleat courses of the sun;
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We do; and long to know each other worse.

Par. This is the most despightful, gentle greeting,
The noblest, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What business, Lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* house, and there to render him
(For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Cressid*.
Let's have your company; or, if your please,
Haste there before. I constantly do think
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to-night.
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach;
With the whole quality whereof, I fear,
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That assure you.

Troilus had rather *Troy* were born to *Greece*,
Than *Cressid* born from *Troy*.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time
Will have it so. On, Lord, we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow all.

[*Exit.*

Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the soul of good sound fellowship,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* most?

My

My self, or *Menelaus*?

Dio. Both alike.

He merits well to have her that doth seek her
 (Not making any scruple of her soilure,)
 With such a hell of pain and world of charge.
 And you as well to keep her, that defend her
 (Not palating the taste of her dishonour,)
 With such a costly loss of wealth and friends.
 He, like a puling cuckold would drink up
 The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
 You, like a letcher, out of whorish loins
 Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
 Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor more,
 But he as you, the heavier for a whore.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: hear me, *Paris*,
 For ev'ry false drop in her bawdy veins
 A *Grecian's* life hath sunk; for every scruple
 Of her contaminated carion weight,
 A *Trojan* hath been slain. Since she could speak,
 She hath not giv'n so many good words breath,
 As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* suffer'd death.

Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
 Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:
 But we in silence hold this virtue well;
 We'll not commend what w' intend not to sell.
 Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Pandarus's House.*

Enter Troilus and Cressida.

Troi. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.

Cre. Then, sweet my Lord, I'll call my uncle down:
 He shall unbolt the gates.

Troi. Trouble him not —
 To bed, to bed, — sleep seal those pretty eyes,
 And give as soft attachment to thy senses,
 As infants empty of all thought!

Cre. Good-morrow then.

Troi. I pr'ythee now to bed.

Cre. Are you a weary of me?

Troi. O *Cressida*! but that the busie day,

Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.

Cre. Night hath been too brief.

Troi. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
Tedious as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cre. Pr'ythee tarry:

You men will never tarry — foolish *Cressida*!
I might have still held off, and then you would
Have tarried longer. Hark, there is one up.

Pan. [*Within.*] What! all the doors open here?

Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking;
I shall have such a life —

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads?
Hear you, maid? where's my cousin *Cressid*?

Cre. Go hang your self, you naughty mocking uncle:
You bring me to do — and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her say what:
What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beshrew your heart; you'll ne'er be
good; nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas poor wretch; a poor *Capetcbia*, hast
not slept to-night? would he not (naughty man) let it
sleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*]

Cre. Did I not tell you? — would he were knock'd
o'th' head — who's that at door? — good uncle, go and
see. — My Lord, come you again into my chamber: —
you smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troi. Ha, ha —

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no such thing.
How earnestly they knock — pray you come in. [*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you seen here. [*Exeunt.*]

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat
down the door? how now? what's the matter?

S C E N E III. *Enter Æneas.*

Æne. Good-morrow, Lord, good-morrow.

Pan.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord *Æneas*? by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my Lord, do not deny him: It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should he do here?

Æne. Pho! — nay, then: — come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As Pandarus is going out.*]

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My Lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you, My matter is so harsh: there is at hand *Paris* your brother, and *Deiphobus*, The *Grecian Diomedes*, and our *Antenor* Deliver'd to us, and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand The Lady *Cressida*.

Troi. Is it so concluded?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general state of *Troy*. They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my achievements mock me! I will go meet them; and (my Lord *Æneas*) We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my Lord; the secretest of natures Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV. *Enter Cressida to Pandarus.*

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got, but lost? the devil take *Antenor*! the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor*! I would they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah! ah! —

Cre. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my Lord? gone! tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee get thee in; would thou had'st ne'er been born! I knew thou would'st be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor*!

Cre. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou must go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou must.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father, I know no touch of consanguinity:

No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me,

As the sweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!

Make *Cressid*'s name the very crown of falshood,

If ever she leave *Troilus*. Time and death,

Do to this body what extreams you can:

But the strong base and building of my love

Is as the very centre of the earth,

Drawing all to it. I'll go in and weep ———

Pan. Do, do.

Cre. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart
With sounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from Troy. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Before Pandarus's House.

Enter Paris, *Troilus*, *Æneas*, *Deiphobus*, *Antenor*, and
Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her delivery to this valiant *Greek*

Comes fast upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,

Tell you the Lady what she is to do,

And haste her to the purpose.

Troi. Walk into her house:

I'll bring her to the *Grecian* presently;

And to his hand when I deliver her.

Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*

A priest, there offering to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to love,

And

And would, as I shall pity, I could help!
Please you walk in, my Lords.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

*An Apartment in Pandarus's House.**Enter Pandarus and Cressida.**Pan.* Be moderate, be moderate.*Cre.* Why tell you me of moderation?

The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taste,
And in its sense is no less strong, than that
Which causeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying drops,

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in such a precious loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes, — a, sweet duck! —*Cre.* O Troilus, Troilus!*Pan.* What a pair of spectacles is here! let me embrace
too: O heart, (as the goodly saying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,

Why sigb'st thou without breaking?

where he answers again;

*Because thou can'st not ease thy smart,**By friendship nor by speaking.*

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away no-
thing; for we may live to have need of such a verse; we
see it, we see it. How now, lambs?

Troi. Cressid, I love thee in so strange a purity,
That the blest Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities) take thee from me.

Cre. Have the Gods envy?*Pan.* Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a case.*Cre.* And is it true, that I must go from Troy?*Troi.* A hateful truth.*Cre.* What, and from Troilus too?*Troi.* From Troy and Troilus.*Cre.* Is it possible?*Troi.* And suddenly: while injury of chance

Puts back leave-taking, juffles roughly by
 All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
 Of all rejoynure, forcibly prevents
 Our lock'd embraces, strangles our dear vows,
 Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
 We two, that with so many thousand sighs
 Each other bought, must poorly sell our selves
 With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
 Injurious Time now with a robber's haste
 Crams his rich thiev'ry up he knows not how.
 As many farewels as be stars in heav'n,
 With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
 He fumbles up all in one loose adieu;
 And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
 Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

Æne. [*Within.*] My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troi. Hark, you are call'd. Some say, the Genius so
 Cries, *come*, to him that instantly must die.

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or
 my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit Pandarus.*]

Cre. I must then to the *Grecians*?

Troi. No remedy.

Cre. A woeful *Cressid* 'mongst the merry *Greeks*!

When shall we see again?

Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—

Cre. I true? how now? what wicked deem is this?

Troi. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,

For it is parting from us:—

I speak not *be thou true*, as fearing thee:

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,

That there's no maculation in thy heart;

But *be thou true* say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation: be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cre. O, you shall be expos'd, my Lord, to dangers
 As infinite, as imminent: but I'll be true.

Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this sleeve.

Cre. And you this glove. When shall I see you then?

Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* centinels

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet be true.

Cre. O heav'ns! *be true* again?

Troi. Hear why I speak it, love: the *Grecian* youths
Are full of subtle qualities, they're loving,
They're well compos'd, with gifts of nature flowing,
And swelling o'er with arts and exercise;
How novelties may move, and parts with person—
Alas, a kind of godly jealousy
(Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin)
Makes me afraid.

Cre. O heav'ns! you love me not.

Troi. Die I a villain then!

In this I do not call your faith in question
So mainly as my merit: I can't sing
Nor heel the high lavolt; nor sweeten talk;
Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are most prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of these
There lurks a still and dumb-discoursive devil,
That tempts most cunningly: but be not tempted.

Cre. Do you think I will?

Troi. No.

But something may be done that we will not:
And sometimes we are devils to our selves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.

Æne. [*Within.*] Nay, good my Lord—

Troi. Come kifs, and let us part.

Par. [*Within.*] Brother *Troilus*!

Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.

Cre. My Lord, will you be true?

Troi. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Æneas, Paris, and Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomedes*; here is the Lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.

At the port (Lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair, and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam's* is in *Ilion*.

Dio. Lady *Cressid*,

So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Plead your fair usage; and to *Diomedes*

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. Grecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee
By praising her. I tell thee, Lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.

I charge thee use her well, even for my charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. Oh be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus*.

Let me be privileg'd by my place and message,
To be a speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll answer to my list: and know, my Lord,
I'll nothing do on charge; to her own worth
She shall be priz'd: but that you say, *be't so*;
I'll speak it in my spirit and honour — *no*.

Troi. Come to the port — I'll tell thee, *Diomedes*,
This brave shall oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand — and as we walk,
To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Sound Trumpet.*]

Par. Hark, *Hector's* trumpet!

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The Prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him in the field.

Par.

Par. 'Tis *Troilus's* fault. Come, come to field with him.

Dio. Let us make ready strait.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's fresh alacrity

Let us address to tend on *Heſtor's* heels:

The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye

On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII. *The Grecian Camp.*

Enter Ajax armed, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fresh and fair,

Anticipating time with ſtarting courage;

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to *Troy*,

Thou dreadful *Ajax*, that th' appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,

And hale him hither.

Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;

Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:

Blow, villain, 'till thy ſoheted bias cheek

Out-ſwell the cholick of puſt *Aquilon*:

Come ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:

'Thou blow'ſt for *Heſtor*.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*]

Ulyſ. Yet no trumpet answers.

Achil. It is but early day.

Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas's* daughter?

Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,

He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his

In aſpiration liſts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede and Cressida.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressida*?

Dio. Ev'n ſhe.

Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet Lady! *

Dio.

* ----- ſweet Lady!

Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.

Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;

'Twere better ſhe were kiſs'd in general.

Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.

So much for *Neſtor*.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair Lady:

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.

Pat. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:

Dio. Lady, a word — I'll bring you to your father.
[*Diomedes leads out Cressida.*]

Ulys. Fie, fie upon her:

There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:

Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look out

At every joint and motive of her body:

Oh these Encounterers! tho' glib of tongue,

They give a coasting welcome ere it comes;

And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader: set them down

For sluttish spoils of opportunity,

And daughters of the game.

[*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans trumpet!

Aga. Yonder comes the troop.

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, and Attendants.

Æne. Hail, all the state of Greece! what shall be done

For this pop'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulys. Oh deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns,
For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.

Pat. The first was Menelaus' kiss ----- this mine -----
Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim.

Pat. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, Sir: Lady, by your leave.

Cre. In kissing do you render or receive?

Pat. Both take and give.

Cre. I'll make my match to give,

The kiss you take is better than you give;

Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.

Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.

Men. An odd man, Lady? every man is odd.

Cre. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true,

That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip me o' th' head.

Cre. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulys. It were no match, your nail against his horn:
May I, sweet Lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cre. You may.

Ulys. I do desire it.

Cre. Why beg then.

Ulys. Why then for Venus' sake give me a kiss:
When Helen is a maid again, and his -----

Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.

Ulys. Never's my day, and then a kiss of you.

Dio. Lady, a word -----, &c.

To that victory commands? or do you purpose,
 A victor shall be known? will you, the knights
 Shall to the edge of all extremity
 Pursue each other, or shall they be divided
 By any voice, or order of the field?

Hector bad ask.

Aga. Which way should *Hector* have it?

Aene. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,
 A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
 The knight oppos'd.

Aene. If not *Achilles*, Sir, what is your name?

Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.

Aene. Therefore *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
 In the extremity of great and little
 Valour and pride excel themselves in *Hector*;
 The one almost as infinite as all,
 The other blank as nothing; weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride is courtesie.

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector's* blood,
 In love whereof, half *Hector* stays at home;
 Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to seek
 This blended knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.

Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede*: go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and Lord *Aeneas*
 Consent upon the order of their fight,
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath. The combatants being kin
 Half stints their strife before their strokes begin.

Ulys. They are oppos'd already.

Aga. What *Trojan* is that same that looks so heavy?

Ulys. The youngest son of *Priam*, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchiefs; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd;
 His heart and hand both open, and both free;
 For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not 'till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath: Manly

Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous ;
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender objects ; but he in heat of action
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.

They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.

Thus says *Aeneas* ; one that knows the youth
 Ev'n to his inches, and with private soul
 Did in great *Ilium* thus translate him to me. [*Alarum.*

S C E N E IX. *Hector and Ajax fight.*

Ag. They are in action.

Nest. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.

Troi. *Hector*, thou sleep'st, awake thee.

Ag. His blows are well dispos'd ; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets cease.*

Dio. You must no more.

Aene. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.

Thou art, great Lord, my father's sister's son ;

A cousin-german to great *Priam's* seed :

The obligation of our blood forbids

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Were thy commixtion *Greek* and *Trojan* so

That thou could'st say, this hand is *Grecian* all,

And this is *Trojan* ; the sinews of this leg

All *Greek*, and this all *Troy* ; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister

Bounds in my sire's ; by *Jove* multipotent,

Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member,

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud : But the just Gods gainsay,

That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drain'd ! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax* :

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms ;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus —

Cousin, all honour to thee !

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector* !

Thou

Thou art too gentle, and too free a man :
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus*'s fire so mirable
(On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st O yes
Cries, *This is he*) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector*.

Aene. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it :

The issue is embracement ; farewell, *Ajax*.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As said I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemnon*'s wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector*.

Hect. *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me :

And signifie this loving interview

To the expectors of our *Trojan* part :

Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my cousin :

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Agamemnon and the rest of the Greeks come forward.

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name ;

But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes

Shall find him by his large and portly size.

Aga. Worthy of arms ! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy ;

But that's no welcome : understand more clear,

What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion :

But in this extant moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,

Bid thee with most divine integrity,

From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon*.

Aga. My well-fam'd Lord of *Troy*, no less to you.

[To *Troilus*.

Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's greeting ;

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Whom must we answer ?

Aene.

Æne. The noble *Menelaus*.

Hect. O — you, my Lord — by *Mars* his gauntlet,
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath; [thanks.
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove.
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.

Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.

Hect. O, pardon — — I offend.

Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Pbrygian* steed,
Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,
When thou hast hung thy advanc'd sword i' th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have said unto my standers by,
Lo! Jupiter is yonder dealing life.

And I have seen thee pause, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wrestler. Thus I've seen thee,
But this thy countenance, still lock'd in steel,
I never saw 'till now. I knew thy grandfire,
And once fought with him; he was a soldier good,
But, by great *Mars* the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Nestor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Most reverend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.

Nest. I would my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courtesie.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have seen the time — —

Ulys. I wonder now how yonder city stands,
When we have here the base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord *Ulysses*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since first I saw yourself and *Diomedes*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekish* embassie.

Ulys. Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue.
My prophesie is but half his journey yet ;
For yonder walls that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do bus the clouds,
Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you :
There they stand yet ; and modestly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* stone will cost
A drop of *Grecian* blood ; the end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator Time
Will one day end it.

Ulys. So to him we leave it.
Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome ;
After the General, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. I shall forestal thee, Lord *Ulysses*: now,
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee,
I have with view exact perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.

Hect. Is this *Achilles* ?

Achil. I am *Achilles*.

Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. O, like a book of sport thou'lt read me o'er :
But there's more in me than thou understand'st.
Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye ?

Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him ? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great spirit flew. Answer me, heav'ns !

Hect. It would discredit the blest Gods, proud man,
To answer such a question : stand again.
'Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly,
As to prenominate in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead ?

Achil. I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou the oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee; henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that stithied *Mars* his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.
You wisest *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never —

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, cousin;
And you, *Achilles*, let these threats alone
'Till accident or purpose bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have stomach. The general state, I fear,
Can scarce intreat you to be at odds with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field,
We have had pelting wars since you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cause.

Achil. Dost thou intreat me, *Hector*?
To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Ag. First, all you Peers of *Greece*, go to my tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector's* leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally intreat him
To taste your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great soldier may his welcome know. [Exeun

S C E N E X.

Manent Troilus and Ulysses.

Troi. My Lord *Ulysses*, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?

Ulys. At *Menelaus'* tent, most princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomed* doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Cressid*.

Troi. Shall I, sweet Lord, be bound to thee so much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulys. You shall command me, Sir:

As gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Cressida* in *Troy*; had she no lover
There, that now wails her absence?

Troi. O Sir, to such as boasting shew their scars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my Lord?
She was belov'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth.
But still, sweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Achilles's Tent in the Grecian Camp.

Enter Achilles and Patroclus.

Acbil. I 'LL heat his blood with *Greekish* wine to-night,
Which with my scimitar I'll cool to-morrow.
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Pat. Here comes *Thersites*.

Enter Thersites.

Acbil. How now, thou core of envy?
Thou crusty botch of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou seem'st, and
idol of idiot worshippers, here's a letter for thee.

Acbil. From whence, fragment?

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from *Troy*.

Pat. Who keeps the tent now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's wound. *

Pat. Well said, adversity; and what need these tricks?

Ther. Pr'ythee be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk;
thou art thought to be *Acbilles's* male-harlot.

Pat. Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o'gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palm, incurable bone-ake, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous debaucheries!

Pat. Why, thou damnable box of envy thou, what mean'st thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

* In this answer *Thersites* only quibbles upon the word *Tent*.

Pat. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorson indistinguishable cur.

Tber. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk; thou green farcenet flap for a sore eye; thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies, diminutives of nature!

Pat. Nut-gall!

Tber. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite From my great purpose in to-morrow's battel:

Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,

A token from her daughter, my fair love, *

Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep

An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it,

Fail *Greek*, fail fame; honour, or go, or stay,

By major vows lyes here; this I'll obey.

Come, come, *Thersites*, help to trim my tent,

This night in banqueting must all be spent.

Away, *Patroclus*.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Tber. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of mad-men. Here's *Agamemnon*, an honest fellow enough, and one that loves † quails, but he hath not so much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* there, his brother, the bull, (the primitive statue, and antique memorial of cuckolds) a thrifty shoeing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is of, should wit larded with malice, and malice farced with wit turn him? to an afs were nothing, he is both afs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and afs: to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care; but to be *Mene-laus*, I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what

* This is a circumstance taken from the story-book of the three destructions of *Troy*.

† Meaning wanton Women: *Quails* being of so hot a constitution that it is a proverb among the *French*, *Chaud comm' une caille*. And *Des cailles coiffées* is an expression used by *Rabelais*.

I would be, if I were not *Thersites*; for I care not to be the lowse of a lazar, so I were not *Menelaus*. —
 Hey-day, spirits and fires!

S C E N E II.

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, and Diomede, with lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis, there where we see the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulysses. Here comes himself to guide you.

Achilles. Welcome, brave *Hector*, welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now, fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good-night,

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good-night to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good-night, my Lord.

Hect. Good-night, sweet Lord *Menelaus*.

Thers. Sweet draff—sweet, quoth a—sweet sink, sweet sewer.

Achilles. Good-night, and welcome, both at once, to those that go or tarry.

Aga. Good-night.

Achilles. Old *Nestor* tarries; you too, *Diomede*,

Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, Lord, I have important business, The tide whereof is now; good-night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulysses. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* tent:

I'll keep you company [To Troilus.]

Troilus. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And so good-night.

Achilles. Come, come, enter my tent.

[Exeunt severally all but Thersites.]

Thers. That same *Diomede's* a false-hearted rogue, a most unjust knave: I will no more trust him when he leers than I will a serpent when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and promise, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, astronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come some change: the sun borrows of the moon,

moon, when *Diomedes* keeps his word, I will rather leave to see *Hector*, than not to dog *him*: they say, he keeps a Trojan drab, and uses the traitor *Calchas* his tent. I'll after—Nothing but lechery; all incontinent varlets. [Exit.

S C E N E III. Calchas's Tent.

Enter *Diomedes*.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [Witbin.] Who calls?

Dio. *Diomedes*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daughter?

Cal. [Witbin.] She comes to you.

Enter *Troilus* and *Ulysses*, after them *Thersites*.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter *Cressida*.

Troi. *Cressida* come forth to him?

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian! hark, a word with you. [Whispers.

Troi. Yea, so familiar?

Ulys. She will sing to any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man may sing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. List.

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho! come, tell a pin, you are a forsworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A juggling trick, to be secretly open.

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath?

Bid me do any thing but that, sweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good-night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulys. How now, *Trojan*?

Cre. *Diomedes*!

Dio.

Dio. No, no, good-night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge it self
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you —

Ulys. Good my Lord, go off:

You fly to great distraction: come, my Lord.

Troi. I pry'thee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and by hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now, Lord?

Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian — why, *Greek* —

Dio. Pho, pho, adieu! you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my Lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. She stroaks his cheek.

Ulys. Come, come.

Troi. Nay, stay; by *Jove*, I will not speak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: stay a little while.

Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles these together! *fiy*, lechery, *fiy*!

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will come; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.

Cre. I'll fetch you one.

[*Exit.*

Ulys. You have sworn patience.

Troi. Fear me not, sweet Lord,
I will not be my self, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience,

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Re-enter Cressida.*

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.

Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this sleeve.

Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?

Ulys. My Lord!

Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.

Cre. You look upon that sleeve? behold it well:

He lov'd me: — O false wench! — Give't me again.

Dio. Whose was't?

Cre. It is no matter now I have't again.

I will not meet with you to-morrow night:

I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, visit me no more.

Ther. Now she sharpens: well said, whetstone.

Dio. I shall have it.

Cre. What, this?

Dio. Ay, that.

Cre. O all you Gods — O pretty, pretty pledge;

Thy master now lyes thinking in his bed

Of thee and me, and sighs, and takes my glove,

And gives memorial dainty kisses to it:

As I kiss thee. Nay, do not snatch it from me.

He that takes that, must take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did swear patience.

Cre. You shall not have it, *Diomede*: 'faith, you shall not, I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will.

But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cre. By all *Diana's* waiting-women yonder,
And by her self, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm,
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the devil, and wor'ft it on thy horn,
It should be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past; and yet it is not —
I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why then farewell!

Thou

Thou never shalt mock *Diomede* again.

Cre. You shall not go; — one cannot speak a word,
But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Troi. Nor I, by *Pluto*: but that that likes not you,
Pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come: — O *Jove*! — do, come: — I shall be
plagu'd.

Dio. Farewel 'till then.

[*Exit.*

Cre. Good-night: I pr'thee come.

Troilus, farewell; one eye yet looks on thee,
But my heart with the other eye doth see. —

Ah poor our sex! this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind.

What error leads, must err: O then conclude,

Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E V.

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
Unless she say, *my mind is now turn'd whore.*

Ulys. All's done, my Lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulys. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordination to my soul,

Of every syllable that here was spoke:

But if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,

An esperance so obstinately strong,

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;

As if those organs had deceptious functions,

Created only to calumniate.

Was *Cressid* here?

Ulys. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*

Troi. She was not sure.

Ulys. Most sure she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulys. Nor mine, my Lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!

Think we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn criticks, apt without a theme
 For depravation, to square all the sex
 By *Cressid's* rule. Rather think this not *Cressid*.

Ulys. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our
 mothers?

Troi. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Tber. Will he swagger himself out of his own eyes?

Troi. This she? No, this is *Diomedes' Cressid*.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she:

If souls guide vows, if vows are sanctimony,

If sanctimony be the Gods delight,

If there be rule in unity it self,

This is not she. O madness of discourse!

That cause set't up with and against thy self!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can

Revolt without perdition, loss assume

Reason without revolt. This is, and is not *Cressid*.

Within my soul there doth commence a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides far wider than the sky and earth,

And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifice for a point as subtle

As slight *Arachne's* broken woof, to enter.

Instance, O instance! strong as *Pluto's* gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:

Instance, O instance! strong as heav'n it self,

The bonds of heav'n are slip'd, dissolv'd and loos'd,

And with another knot five-finger-tied:

The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,

The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasie reliques

Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede*.

Ulys. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd

With that which here his passion doth express?

Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that shall be divulged well;

In characters as red as *Mars* his heart

Inflam'd with *Venus* — ne'er did young man fancy

With so eternal, and so fix'd a soul —

Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Cressid* love,

So much by weight hate I her *Diomede*.

'That sleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:

Were

Were it a cask compos'd by *Vulcan's* skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful spout,
Which ship-men do the hurricano call,
Constring'd in mafs by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune's* ear
In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Tber. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid!* O false *Cressid!* false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyf. O, contain your self:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax your guard stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous Lord, adieu!
Farewel, revolted fair! and, *Diomede*,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head.

Ulyf. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.

Tber. Would I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would
croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patro-*
clus will give me any thing for the intelligence of this
whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than
he for a commodious drab: litchery, litchery, still wars
and litchery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil
take them! *[Exit.*

S C E N E VI. *The Palace in Troy.*

Enter Hector, and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?

Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will sure prove ominous to-day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter

Enter Cassandra.

Caf. Where is my brother *Hector*?

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Caf. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Caf. No notes of fally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother!

Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Caf. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Caf. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector*.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man? mean'st thou to fight to-day?

And. *Cassandra*, call my father to perswade. [*Exit. Caf.*]

Hect. No, 'faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to-day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews 'till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day, for thee, and me, and *Troy*.

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.

Troi. When many times the captive *Grecians* fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect.

Hect. O, 'tis fair play.

Troi. Fools-play, by heav'n, *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troi. For love of all the Gods,

Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth!

Hect. Fie, savage, fie.

Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.

Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to-day.

Troi. Who should with-hold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beck'ning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourse of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

S C E N E VII.

Enter Priam and Cassandra.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him fast:

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.

Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:

Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had visions;
Cassandra doth foresee; and I my self
Am like a prophet, suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.

Hect. *Aeneas* is a-field,

And I do stand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Priam. But thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith:

You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave

To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam*.

Cas. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. *Andromache*, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Troi. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl,
Makes all these bodements.

Cas. O farewell, dear *Hector* :

Look how thou diest ; look how thy eyes turn pale !

Look how thy wounds do bleed at many vents !

Hark how *Troy* roars ; how *Hecuba* cries out ;

How poor *Andromache* shrills her dolour forth !

Behold distraction, frenzy and amazement,

Like witless anticks, one another meet,

And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector's dead* ! O *Hector* !

Troi. Away !

Cas. Farewel: yet, soft: *Hector*, I take my leave ;

Thou do'st thy self and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at her exclaim:

Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight,

Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewel: the Gods with safety stand about thee !

[*Alarum.*]

Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Do you hear, my Lord? do you hear?

Troi. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl,

Troi. Let me read.

Pan. A whorson ptifick, a whorson rascally ptifick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I shall leave you one o'these days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and such an ach in my bones, that unless a man were curst, I cannot tell what to think on't. What says she, there?

Troi.

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart.
Th' effect doth operate another way. [*Tearing the letter.*]
Go wind to wind, there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pan. Why, but hear you —

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

The field between Troy and the Camp.

[*Alarum.*] Enter Therites.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that dissembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that same scurvy, doating, foolish young knave's sleeve of *Troy* there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that, that same young *Trojan* ass that loves the whore there might send that *Greekish* whore-masterly villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O'th' other Side, the policy of those crafty sneering rascals, that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese *Nestor*, and that same dog-fox *Ulysses*, is not prov'd worth a blackberry. They set me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, against that dog of as bad a kind *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to-day. Whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbarism, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter *Diomede* and *Troilus*.

Soft——here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for should'st thou take the river *Styx*,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall Retire:

I do not fly, but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee!

[*They go off fighting.*]

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*: now for thy whore
Trojan: now the sleeve, now the sleeve, now the sleeve!

S C E N E X. Enter *Hector*.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek*? art thou for *Hector's*
match? Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee —— live. [Exit.

Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallow'd one another. I would laugh at that miracle — yet in a sort, litchery eats it self: I'll seek them. [Exit.

Enter Diomede and Servant.

Dio. Go go, my servant, take thou *Troilus'* horse, Present the fair steed to my Lady *Cressid*: Fellow, commend my service to her beauty: Tell her, I have chastis'd the amorous *Trojan*, And am her knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my Lord. [Exit Servant.

S C E N E XI. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas* Hath beat down *Menon*: bastard *Margarelon* * Hath *Doreus* prisoner, And stands *Colossus*-wise, waving his beam Upon the pashed corse of the Kings *Epistropus* and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is slain; *Ambimacus* and *Tboas* deadly hurt; *Patroclus* ta'en or slain, and *Palamedes* Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful *Sagittary* † Appalls our numbers: haste we, *Diomede*, To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter Nestor.

Nest. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*, And bid the snail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for shame. There are a thousand *Hectors* in the field: Now here he fights on *Galatbe* ‡ his horse,

* The introducing a bastard son of King *Priam*, under the name of *Margarelon*, is one of the circumstances taken from the story-book of the three destructions of *Troy*.

† This is a fiction taken from the old Story-book which makes a King to come from far to the assistance of *Troy* with an armed force, and with it a marvellous beast call'd *Sagittary*, half Man half horse, which made great havock among the *Greeks*, and struck terror through their army.

‡ From the same book is taken this name given to *Hector's* horse.

And there lacks work ; anon he's there a-foot,
 And there they fly or dye, like scaled shoals
 Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
 And there the strawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
 Fall down before him, like the mower's swath ;
 Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes ;
 Dexterity so obeying appetite,
 That what he will, he does ; and does so much,
 That proof is call'd impossibility.

Enter Ulysses.

Ulyf. O, courage, courage, Princes! great *Achilles*
 Is arming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance ;
Patroclus' wounds have rouz'd his drowsie blood,
 Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
 That noseless, handleless, hackt and chipt, come to him,
 Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it,
 Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastick execution :
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,
 With such a careles force, and forceles care,
 As if that luck in very spite of cunning
 Bad him win all.

SCENE XII. *Enter Ajax.*

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus!* [Exit.

Dio. Ay, there, there.

Nest. So, so, we draw together. [Exeunt.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector* ?

Come, come, thou boy-killer, shew me thy face :

Know what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.

Hector! where's *Hector* ? I will none but *Hector*. [Exit.

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. *Troilus*, thou coward *Troilus*, shew thy head.

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. *Troilus*, I say, where's *Troilus* ?

Ajax. What wouldst thou ?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the General, thou should'st have my office,

Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I say, what, *Troilus!*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh traitor *Diomedes!* turn thy false face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou owest me for my horse.

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand *Diomedes.*

Dio. No, he is my prize, I will not look on.

Troi. Come both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you both.
[*Exeunt fighting.*]

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus!* O well fought! my youngest brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I see thee; now have at thee, *Hector.*

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*]

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesie, proud *Trojan.*

Be happy that my arms are out of use,
My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon shalt hear of me again:

'Till when, go seek thy fortune.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. Fare thee well;

I would have been much more a fresher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Aeneas*; shall it be?

No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He shall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I say;
I reckon not, though thou end my life to-day.

[*Exit.*]

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll crush it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be master of it; wilt thou not, beast, abide?
Why then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I say, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a stroke, but keep your selves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,

Em.

Empale him with your weapons round about :

In fellest manner execute your arms.

Follow me, Sirs, and my proceeding eye :

It is decreed — *Hector* the great must die.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIII.

Enter Therites, Menelaus and Paris.

Ther. The cuckold, and the cuckold-maker are at it ;
now bull, now dog ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; now my double-
hen'd sparrow ; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo ; the bull has the game ;
'ware horns, ho.

[*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou ?

Bast. A bastard son of *Priam's*.

Ther. I am a bastard too, I love bastards. I am a ba-
stard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in
valour, in every thing illegitimate : one bear will not bite
another, and wherefore should one bastard ? take heed, the
quarrel's most ominous to us : If the son of a whore fight
for a whore, he tempts judgment : farewell, bastard.

Bast. The devil take thee, coward !

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E XIV.

Enter Hector.

Hect. Most putrified core, so fair without !

Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.

Now is my day's work done ; I'll take my breath :

Rest, sword, thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the sun begins to set ;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels :

Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the sun,

To close the day up, *Hector's* life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek. *

[*They fall upon Hector, and kill him.*]

So, *Ilium*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, sink down :

* This particular of *Achilles* overpowering *Hector* by numbers,
is taken from the old Story-book.

Here lyes thy heart, thy sinews and thy bone.

On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,

Achilles bath the mighty Hector slain.

Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.

Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets sound the like, my Lord.

Acbil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
And, stickler-like, the armies separates; *

Come, tye his body to my horses tail:

Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Nestor, Diomedes,
and the rest, marching.

Aga. Hark, hark, what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums.

Sol. *Achilles!* *Achilles!* *Hector's* slain! *Achilles!*

Dio. The bruit is, *Hector's* slain, and by *Achilles.*

Ajax. If it is so, yet bragless let it be:

Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.

Aga. March patiently along; let one be sent

To pray *Achilles* see us at our tent.

If in his death the Gods have us befriended,

Great *Troy* is ours, and our sharp wars are ended.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XV.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor, and Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the field,
Never go home, here starve we out the night.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!* — the Gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horse's tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.

Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed;

Sit, Gods, upon your thrones, and smite all *Troy*

I say at once; let your brief plagues be mercy, —

* ----- the armies separates;

My half-supt sword, that frankly would have fed,

Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.

Come, tye &c.

And linger not our sure destructions on!

Æne. My Lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:

I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!

Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba*?

Let him that will a scritch-owl aye be call'd,
Go in to *Troy*, and say there, *Hector's dead*:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
Make wells and rivers of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,

Hector is dead: there is no more to say.

Stay yet, you vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Pbrygian* plains:

Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd coward!

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates,

I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,

That mouldeth goblins swift as frensy's thoughts.

Strike a free march to *Troy*! with comfort go:

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you.

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy; ignominy, shame

[*Strikes him.*

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name. [*Exeunt.*

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set at work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so lov'd, and the performance so loath'd? what verse for it? what instance for it? — let me see —

Full merrily the humble-bee doth sing,

'Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;

But being once subdu'd in armed tail,

Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths—

As many as be here of *Pandar's* hall,
 Your eyes half out weep out at *Pandar's* fall;
 Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
 Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
 Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
 Some two months hence my will shall here be made:
 It should be now; but that my fear is this,
 * Some galled goose of *Winchester* would hiss;
 'Till then, I'll sweat, and seek about for eases,
 And at that time bequeath you my diseases. [Exit.

* The publick stews were anciently under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of *Winchester*.





DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CYMBELINE, *King of Britain.*

CLOTEN, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS, *a gentleman in love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*

GUIDERIUS, } *Disguis'd under the names of Paladour and*
ARVIRAGUS, } *Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.*

BELLARIUS, *a banished Lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

PHILARIO, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

IACHIMO, *Friend to Philario.*

CAIUS LUCIUS, *Ambassador from Rome.*

PISANIO, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

CORNELIUS, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

QUEEN, *Wife to Cymbeline.*

IMOGEN, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

HELEN, *Woman to Imogen.*

Lords, Ladies, a Soothsayer, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *for some part of the first and second Acts, lyes in Rome; for the rest of the Play in Britain.*

Story partly taken from Boccace's Decameron, day 2. nov. 9. little besides the names being historical.



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. **Y**OU do not meet a man but frowns. Our looks
No more obey the heart ev'n than our
courtiers',
But seem as do the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His daughter, and the heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, a widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy gentleman.
She's wedded, her husband banish'd, she imprison'd,
All's outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 Gent. None but the King?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her too: so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the match. But not a courtier,
(Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the King's looks) but hath a heart that is
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 Gent. And why so?

1 Gent. He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good man!
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such,
As to seek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be something failing

In him that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a man but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I don't extend him, Sir; within himself
Crush him together rather, than unfold
His measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his name and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: his father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success;
So gain'd the sur-addition, *Leonatus*:
And had, besides this gentleman in question,
Two other sons; who in the wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their swords in hand. For which their father,
(Then old and fond of issue) took such sorrow
That he quit being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King, he takes the babe
To his protection, calls him *Posthumus*,
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of, which he took
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministred.
His spring became a harvest: he liv'd in Court
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd,
A sample to the young'st; to the more mature,
A glass that featur'd them; and to the graver,
A child that guided dotards. For his mistress,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue.
By her election may be truly read
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.
But tell me, is she sole child to the King?

1 *Gent.* His only child.

He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them at three years old,

I th' swathing cloaths the other, from their nursery
Were stol'n; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's children should be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded, and the search so slow
That could not trace them! ———

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the gentleman,
The Queen, and Princess. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Iruogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Ill-ey'd unto you: you're my pris'ner, but
Your goaler shall deliver you the keys
'That lock up your restraint. For you, *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your advocate: marry yet
The fire of rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to-day.

Queen. You know the peril:

I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit.*]

Imo. Dissembling courtesie! how fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,

That I may see again,

Post. My Queen! my mistress!

O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man. I will remain
The loyall'st husband, that did e'er plight troth;
My residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he buys off my injuries to be friends,
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow: adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little—
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love,
This diamond was my mother's; take it, heart,
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? another!
You gentle Gods, give me but this I have,
And fear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death. Remain, remain thou here,
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep thee on! and sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss; so in our trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love, I'll place it

Upon this fairest pris'ner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When

When shall we see again?

SCENE III. *Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.*

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,
And bless the good remainders of the Court!
I'm gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth, thou heapest many
A year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your vexation;
I'm senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Cym. Past grace? obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.

Cym. Thou might'st have had the sole son of my Queen.

Imo. O blest that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my
A seat for baseness. [throne

Imo. No, I rather added
A lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my play-fellow; he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; heav'n restore me! would I were
A neat-herd's daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our neighbour-shepherd's son!

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing!

They were again together, you have done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Befeech your patience; peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace. Sweet Sovereign,
Leave us t' our selves, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best advice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish
A drop of blood a-day, and being aged
Die of this folly.

[*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your servant. How now, Sir? what news?

Pis. My Lord your son drew on my master.

Queen. Hah!
No harm, I trust, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I'm very glad on't.

Imo. Your son's my father's friend, he takes his part,
To draw upon an exile: O brave Sir!
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My self by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer-back. Why came you from your master?

Pis. On his command; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the haven: left these notes
Of what commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half hour hence, pray speak with me;
You shall, at least, go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leave me. —

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV. *Enter Cloten, and two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the
violence

violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice. Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad so wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it ———
Have I hurt him?

2 Lord. No, 'faith, not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Hurt him? his body's a passable carcass if he be not hurt. It is a thorough-fare for steel if it be not hurt.

2 Lord. His steel was in debt, it went o' th' back-side the town. [*Aside.*]

Clot. The villain would not stand me.

2 Lord. No, but he fled *forward* still, toward your face. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Stand you? you have land enough of your own; but he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 Lord. As many inches as you have oceans, puppies! [*Aside.*]

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 Lord. So would I, 'till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside.*]

Clot. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 Lord. If it be a sin to make a true election, she's damn'd. [*Aside.*]

1 Lord. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together. She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 Lord. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Come, I'll to my chamber: would there had been some hurt done!

2 Lord. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside.*]

Clot. You'll go with us?

1 Lord. I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 Lord. Well, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V. Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the shores o' th' haven,
And questioned'st every sail: if he should write,

And

And I not have it, 'twere as a paper lost
With offer'd mercy in it. What was the last
That he spake with thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His Queen, bis Queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kifs'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless linnen, happier therein than I:
And that was all?

Pis. No, Madam; for so long
As he could mark me with his eye, or I
Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of's mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his ship.

Imo. Thou should'st have made him ev'n
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt 'em, but
To look upon him; 'till the diminution,
From space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, follow'd him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept — but, good *Pisania*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine interest, and his honour; or could charge him
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
T' encounter me with orisons, (for then
I am in heav'n for him) or ere I could
Give him that parting kifs which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And

And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness' company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd.
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI. ROME.

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*; he was then but crescent, none expected him to prove so worthy as since he hath been allowed the name of: I could then have look'd on him, without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Pbil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many there could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his King's daughter, (wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his own) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his banishment——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of those that weep this lamentable divorce under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which else an easie battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes it he is to sojourn with you? how creeps acquaintance?

Pbil. His father and I were soldiers together, to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Briton*. Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality. I beseech you all be better known to this gentleman, whom I commend to you as a noble friend of mine.

mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have been known together in *Orleans*.

Post. Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young traveller; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences; but upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we with manners ask what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think; 'twas a contention in publick, which may without contradiction suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our country-mistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, and upon warrant of bloody affirmation, his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant, qualified, and less attemptable than any the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess my self her adorer, not her friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good, a kind of hand-in-hand comparison, had been something too fair and too good for any Lady in *Britany*: if she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld, I could believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Post.

Post. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my stone.

Iacb. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iacb. Either your unparagon'd mistress is dead, or she's out-priz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given, if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift. The other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the Gods.

Iacb. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their graces I will keep.

Iacb. You may wear her in title yours; but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stol'n too; so of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning thief, or that-way-accomplish'd courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a courtier to convince the honour of my mistress, if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail: I do nothing doubt you have store of thieves, notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

Pbil. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior, I thank him, makes no stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iacb. With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding: had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iacb. I dare thereupon pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring, which in my opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation. And to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iacb. What's that?

Post. A repulse; though your attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a punishment too.

Pbil.

Phil. Gentlemen, enough of this; it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's, on th' approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you chuse to assail?

Iach. Yours; who in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand ducats to your ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with nō more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your gold, gold to it; my ring I hold dear as my finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are afraid, and therein the wiser; if you buy ladies flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting. But I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you? I shall but lend my diamond 'till your return; let there be covenants drawn between us. My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thoughts. I dare you to this match; here's my ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods, it is one. If I bring you sufficient testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are mine, so is your diamond too: if I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in; she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours; provided I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us; only thus far you shall answer; if you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise; for your ill opinion, and th'
assault

fault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

Iach. Your hand, a covenant; we will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for *Britain*, lest the bargain should catch cold and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed. [Exeunt *Posthumus and Iachimo.*

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em. [Exeunt.

SCENE VII. *Cymbeline's Palace in Britain.*

Enter *Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a vial.*

Queen. While yet the dew's on ground gather those flowers. Make haste. Who has the note of them?

Lady. I. Madam.

Queen. Dispatch. [Exeunt *Ladies.*

Now, master doctor, have you brought those drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, ay; here they are, Madam;

But I beseech your Grace without offence

(My conscience bids me ask) wherefore you have

Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds?

Which are the movers of a languishing death;

But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'd me such a question; have I not been

Thy pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea so,

That our great King himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? having thus far proceeded,

Unless thou think'st me dev'lish, is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgment in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, but none human;

To try the vigour of them, and apply

Allayments to their act, and by them gather

Their sev'ral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your Highness

Shall from this practice but make hard your heart;

Besides, the seeing these effects will be

Both noysome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flatt'ring rascal, upon him
Will I first work; he's for his master's sake
An enemy to my son. How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

[*Aside.*

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam.
But you shall do no harm.

[*Aside.*

Queen. Hark thee a word.

[*To Pisanio.*

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange ling'ring poisons; I do know her spirit,
And will not trust one of her malice with
A drug of such damn'd nature. That she has
Will stupifie and dull the sense a while;
Which first perchance she'll prove on cats and dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what shew of death it makes,
More than the locking up the spirits a time,
To be more fresh, 'reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further service,
Doctor, until I send.

Cor. I take my leave.

[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? dost thou think in
She will not quench, and let instructions enter
Where folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy master; greater; for
His fortunes all lye speechless, and his name
Is at last gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to shift his being,
Is to exchange one misery with another;
And every day that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans,
Who cannot be new built, and has no friends,

[*time*

So much as but to prop him? Thou tak'st up
 [Pisanio looking on the vial
 Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour;
 It is a thing I make, which hath the King
 Five times redeem'd from death; I do not know
 What is more cordial. Nay, I pr'ythee take it,
 It is an earnest of a further good
 That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how
 The case stands with her; do't as from thy self:
 Think what a change thou chancest on, but think
 Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,
 Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
 To any shape of thy preferment, such
 As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
 That set thee on to this desert, am bound
 To load thy merit richly. Call my women— [Exit Pisanio,
 Think on my words, — A sly and constant knave,
 Not to be shak'd; the agent for his master,
 And the remembrancer of her to hold
 The hand fast to her Lord. I've giv'n him that,
 Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
 Of leigers for her sweet; and which she after
 (Except she bend her humour) shall be assur'd
 To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so; well done, well done;
 The violets, cowslips, and the prim-roses,
 Bear to my closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
 Think on my words. [Exit Queen and Ladies,

Pis. I shall do so:

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
 I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you. [Exit.

SCENE VIII. *Imogen's Apartment.*

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A father cruel, and a stepdame false,
 A foolish suitor to a wedded Lady,
 That hath her husband banish'd — O, that husband!
 My supream crown of grief and those repeated
 Vexations of it — had I been thief stol'n,
 As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable

Is the degree that's glorious. Bless'd be those,
How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills,
Which seasons comfort. Who may this be? fie!

Enter Pisanio, and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of *Rome*
Comes from my Lord with letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, most rich! [*Aside.*
If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian* bird; and I
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot:
Or like the *Partbian* I shall flying fight,
Rather directly flye.

Imogen reads.

*He is one of the noblest note, to whose kindnesses I am most
infinitely tyed: Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value
your truest*

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But even the very middle of my heart
Is warmed by the rest, and takes it thankfully —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady.

What, are men mad? hath nature given them eyes
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twin stones
Upon th' unnumber'd beach? and can we not
Partition make with spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'th' eye; for apes, and monkeys,
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter in this way, and
Contemn with moves the other. Nor i'th' judgment;

For

For Idiots in this case of favour would
Be wisely definite. Nor in the appetite ;
Slutt'ry to such neat excellence oppos'd
Should make desire vomit ev'n emptiness,
Not so allure't to feed.

Imo. What's the matter, trow ?

Iacb. The cloyed will,
That satiate, yet unsatisfy'd desire, that tub
Both fill'd and running ; ravening first the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear Sir,
Thus raps you ? are you well ?

Iacb. Thanks, Madam, well.

'Beseech you, Sir, desire my man's abode [To Pisanio.
Where I did leave him ; he is strange and sheepish.

Pis. I was just going, Sir, to give him welcome.

[Exit Pisanio.

Imo. Continues well my Lord ? his health, 'beseech you ?

Iacb. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iacb. Exceeding pleasant ; not a stranger there
So merry, and so gamefome ; he is call'd
The Briton reveller.

Imo. When he was here
He did incline to sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iacb. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian* girl at home : He furnaces
The thick sighs from him ; whiles the jolly *Briton*,
(Your Lord I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries *Ob!*
*Can my sides bold, to think, that man who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free hours languish out
For assur'd bondage ?*

Imo. Will my Lord say so ?

Iacb. Ay, Madam, with his eyes in flood with laughter,
It is a recreation to be by

And hear him mock the *Frenchman* : but heav'n knows
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iacb. Not he. But yet heav'n's bounty tow'rd's him might
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself 'tis much ;
In you, whom I count his beyond all talents, ——
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir ?

Iacb. Two creatures heartily.

Imo. Am I one, Sir ?

You look on me ; what wreck discern you in me
Deserves your pity ?

Iacb. Lamentable ! what !

To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace
I' th' dungeon by a snuff ?

Imo. I pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your answers
To my demands. Why do you pity me ?

Iacb. That others do ——

I was about to say, enjoy your —— but
It is an office of the Gods to venge it,
Not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

Something of me, or what concerns me ; pray you
(Since doubting things go ill often hurts more
Than to be sure they do ; for certainties
Or are past remedies ; or timely known,
The remedy's then born ;) discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iacb. Had I this cheek

To bathe my lips upon ; this hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
To the oath of loyalty ; this object, which
Takes pris'ner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here ; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs
That mount the Capitol ? join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falsehood, as with labour ?
Then glad my self by peeping in an eye

Base and unlustrious as the smoaky light
That's fed with stinking tallow? it were fit
That all the plagues of hell should at one time
Encounter such revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself. Not I
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart
With pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fastned to an empery
Would make the great'st King double, to be partner'd
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures
That play with all infirmities for gold,
Which rottenness lends nature! such boy'd stuff
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd,
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great stock.

Imo. Reveng'd! alas!
How should I be reveng'd, if this be true?
As I have such a heart, that both mine ears
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,
How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* priestesses, 'twixt cold sheets?
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps
In your despight, upon your purse? revenge it!
I dedicate my self to your sweet pleasure,
More noble than that runagate to your bed,
And will continue fast to your affection,
Still close as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*! —

Iach. Let me my service tender on your lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable,

Thou

Thou wouldst have told this tale for virtue, not
 For such an end thou seek'st, as base as strange:
 Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and
 Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
 Thee, and the devil alike. What ho, *Pisanio!* —
 The King my father shall be made acquainted
 Of thy assault; if he shall think it fit,
 A sawcy stranger in his Court to mart
 As in a *Romish* stew, and to expound
 His beastly mind to us, he hath a Court
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom
 He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio!* —

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
 The credit that thy Lady hath, of thee
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
 Her assur'd credit: blessed live you long,
 A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
 Country call'd his; and you his mistress, only
 For the most worthy fit! Give me your pardon.
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your Lord,
 That which he is, new o'er: and he is one
 The truest-manner'd; such a holy witch,
 That he enchants societies unto him:
 Half all mens hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men like a descended God;
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
 Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
 To try you with a false report, which hath
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment,
 In the election of a Sir, so rare,
 Which you know cannot err. The love I bear him,
 Made me to fan you thus; but the Gods made you,
 Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir; take my pow'r i'th' Court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks; I had almost forgot
 T' intreat your grace but in a small request,

And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my self, and other noble friends
Are partners in the business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
(Best feather of our wing,) have mingled sums
To buy a present for the Emperor:
Which I, the factor of the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis plate of rare device, and jewels
Of rich and exquisite form, their values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: may it please you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;

And pawn mine honour for their safety. Since
My Lord hath int'rest in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this night;
I must aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: or I shall short my word
By length'ning my return. From *Gallia*
I cross the seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. I must, Madam.

Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please
To greet your Lord with writing, do't to-night.
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th' tender of our present.

Imo. I will write:

Send your trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you: you're very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

CYMBELINE'S Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. WAS there ever man had such luck! when I kiss'd the *Jack* upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had an hundred pound on't; and then a whorson jack-an-apes must take me up for swearing, as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that? you have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 Lord. If his wit had been like his that broke it, it would have run all out. [*Aside.*]

Clot. When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not for any standers-by to curtail his oaths. Ha?

2 Lord. No, my Lord: nor crop the ears of them.

Clot. Whorson dog! I give him satisfaction? would he had been one of my rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [*Aside.*]

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the earth, — a pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, because of the *Queen* my mother; every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and a capon too, and you crow, cock, with your comb on. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Say'st thou?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake every companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No, I know that: but it is fit I should commit offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger that's come to Court to-night?

Clot. A stranger, and I not know on't?

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it not.

[*Aside.*]

1 Lord.

1 *Lord*. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus's* friends.

Clot. *Leonatus!* a banish'd rascal; and he's another, whosoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your Lordship's pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a fool granted, therefore your issues being foolish do not derogate. [Aside.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: what I have lost to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come; go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit Cloten.

That such a crafty devil as his mother,
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain, and this her son
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st?
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd,
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulsion is
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce hell made. The heav'ns hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour, keep unshak'd
That temple thy fair mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord, and this great land! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one part of it a large trunk.

Imogen is discover'd reading in her bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? my woman *Helen*?

Lady. Please you, Madam ——

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, Madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then, mine eyes are weak,
Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed ——

Take not away the taper, leave it burning:

And if thou canst awake by four o'th' clock,

I pr'ythee call me——sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [Exit Lady.

To your protection I commend me, Gods ;
From fairies and the tempters of the night
Guard me, beseech ye!

[Sleeps.

[Iachimo rises from the trunk.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
Repairs it self by rest: our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded. *Cyberea*,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lilly,
And whiter than the sheets! that I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss——rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't! ——'tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'the taper
Bows tow'rd her, and would under-peep her lids,
To see th' inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under those curtains white with azure lac'd,
The blue of heav'n's own tinct, —— But my design's
To note the chamber —— I will write all down,
Such and such pictures —— there the window —— such
Th' adornment of her bed —— the arras, figures ——
Why, such and such —— and the contents o'th' story ——
Ah, but some nat'ral notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine inventory.
O sleep, thou ape of death, lye dull upon her,
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chappel lying! Come off, come off. ——

[Taking off her bracelet.

As slipp'ry as the *Gordian* knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience do's within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
I'th' bottom of a cow-slip. Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I've pick'd the lock, and ta'n
The treasure of her honour. No more —— to what end?
Why should I write this down that's riveted,
Screw'd to my mem'ry? Sh' hath been reading late,
The tale of *Tereus*, here the leaf's turn'd down

Where *Philomele* gave up — I have enough —
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
 May bare it's raven-eye *: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here. — [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three: time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk, the Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

Without the Palace under Imogen's Apartment.

Enter Cloten and Lords.

I *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient man in loss,
 the coldest that ever turn'd up ace.

Clot. It would make any man cold to lose.

I *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper
 of your Lordship; you are most hot and furious when
 you win.

Clot. Winning will put any man into courage: If I could
 get this foolish *Imogen*, I shall have gold enough: It's almost
 morning, is't not?

I *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this musick would come: I am advised to
 give her musick a-mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, tune; if you can penetrate here with your
 fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too; if none will
 do, let her remain: but I'll never give o'er. First, a very
 excellent good conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air
 with admirable rich words to it; and then let her confidet.

SONG.

Hark, bark, the lark at beav'n's gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His steeds to water at those springs

Each chalic'd flower supplies:

And twinkling Mary-buds begin

To ope their golden eyes,

With all the things that pretty bin:

My Lady sweet, arise:

Arise, arise.

* The Raven's eye is remarkably large and grey.

So, get you gone——if this penetrate, I will consider you musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears which horse-hairs, and cat-guts, with the voice of unpav'd eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt Musicians*]

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 Lord. Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the reason I was up so early: he cannot chuse but take this service I have done, fatherly. Good-morrow to your Majesty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

Clot. I have assail'd her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him: some more time Must wear the print of his remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no vantages, that may Prefer you to his daughter. Frame your self To orderly solicits; and befriended With aptness of the season, make denials Encrease your services; so seem, as if You are inspir'd to do those duties which You tender to her: that you in all obey her, Save when command to your dismissal tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, ambassadors from Rome; One's Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now; But that's no fault of his: we must receive him According to the honour of his sender; And towards himself, for's goodness fore-spent on us, We must extend our notice: our dear son, When you have giv'n good-morning to your mistress, Attend the Queen and us; we shall have need

T' employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our *Queen*,
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,
 Let her lye still, and dream. By your leave, ho!
 I know her women are about her — what
 If I do line one of their hands? — 'tis gold
 Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes
Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield
 Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both thief and true man: what
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her women lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the case my self.
 By your leave.

[Knocks.]

*Enter a Lady.**Lady.* Who's there that knocks?*Clot.* A gentleman.*Lady.* No more?*Clot.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.*Lady.* That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: what's your Lordship's pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's person, is she ready?*Lady.* Ay,

To keep her chamber.

Clot. There is gold for you,

Sell me your good report.

Lady. How, my good name?

Or to report of you what I think good?

The Princess —

*Enter Imogen.**Clot.* Good-morrow, fairest; sister, your sweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, Sir; you lay out too much pains
 For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give
 Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
 And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:

If you swear still, your recompence is still
That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me; 'faith,
I shall unfold equal discourtesie
To your best kindness: one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin;
I will not do't.

Imo. Fools cure not mad folks, Sir.

Clot. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
'That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
You put me to forget a Lady's manners
By being so verbal: and learn now for all,
'That I who know my heart, do here pronounce
By th' very truth of it, I care not for you:
And am so near the lack of charity
T' accuse my self, I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make my boast.

Clot. You sin against
Obedience, which you owe your father; for
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,
(One bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,
With scraps o'th' Court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who than he more mean?) to knit their souls,
On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary, in self-figur'd knot;
Yet who are curb'd from that enlargement by
The consequence o'th' crown, and must not soil
The precious note of it with a base slave,
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,
A pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane fellow!

Wert thou the son of *Jupiter*, and no more
But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
To be his groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,

Ev'n to the point of envy, if 'twere made
Comparative for your virtues to be stil'd
The under-hangman of his realm; and hated
For being prefer'd so well;

Clot. The south-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment
That ever hath but clipt his body, 's dearer
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made such men.

Clot. How now?

Imo. *Pisanio!*

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His garment? now, the devil ——

Imo. To *Dorothy*, my woman, hie thee presently.

Clot. His garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a fool,
Frighted, and angred worse —— go bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm —— it was thy master's. 'Shrew me
If I would lose it for a revenue
Of any King in *Europe*. I do think
I saw't this morning; confident I am,
Last night 'twas on my arm; I kissed it.
I hope it be not gone to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pis. 'Twill not be lost.

Imo. I hope so; go and search.

[*Exit Pisanio.*]

Clot. You have abus'd me ——

His meanest garment? ——

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir;

Call witness to't, if you will make't an action.

Clot. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of discontent.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest garment? —— well.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. ROME.

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold her honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of time,
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish
That warmer days would come; in these fear'd hopes
I barely gratifie your love; they failing,
I must die much your debtor.

Phil. Your very goodness, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do's commission throughly. And I think
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,
Ere look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their grief.

Post. I do believe,
(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you shall hear
The legions now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd than when *Julius Cæsar*
Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at Their discipline
Now mingled with their courages, will make known
To their approvers, they are people such
As mend upon the world.

SCENE VI. *Enter Iachimo.*

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. Sure the swift harts have posted you by land;
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sails,
To make your vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the briefness of your answer made
The speediness of your return.

Iach. Your Lady
Is of the fairest I e'er look'd upon.

Post.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her beauty
Look through a casement to allure false hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are letters for you.

Post. Their tenour good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But was not yet approach'd.

Post. All is well yet.
Sparkles this stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I've lost it,
I should have lost the worth of it in gold;
I'll make a journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second night of such sweet shortness, which
Was mine in *Britain*; for the ring is won.

Post. The stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your Lady being so easie.

Post. Make not, Sir,
Your loss your sport; I hope you know that we
Must not continue friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we must,
If you keep covenant; had I not brought
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant
We were to question farther; but I now
Profess my self the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have tasted her in bed; my hand,
And ring is yours. If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains or loses
Your sword or mine, or masterless leaves both
To who shall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumstances
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,

Must

Must first induce you to believe; whose strength
I will confirm with oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iacb. First, her bed-chamber,

(Where I confess I slept not, but profess
Had that was well worth watching) it was hang'd
With tapestry of silver'd silk; the story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when she met her *Roman*,
And *Cydnus* swell'd above the banks or for
The press of boats, or pride: a piece of work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In workmanship, and value; which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,
Since the true life on't was.

Post. Why, this is true;

And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iacb. More particulars

Must justify my knowledge.

Post. So they must,

Or do your honour injury.

Iacb. The chimney

Is south the chamber, and the chimney-piece
Chast *Dian*, bathing; never saw I figures
So lively to report themselves; the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb out-went-her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing

Which you might from relation likewise reap;
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iacb. The roof o'th' chamber

With golden cherubims is fretted. Th' andirons,
(I had forgot them) were two winking *Cupids*
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely
Depending on their brands.

Post. What's this t'her honour?

Let it be granted you have seen all this,
Praise be to your remembrance, the description

Of what is in her chamber nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this jewel: see! —
And now 'tis up again; it must be married
To that your diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Fove!* ———
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She stripp'd it from her arm, I see her yet,
Her pretty action did out-sell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Post. She pluck'd it off
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't: let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man. The vows of women
Of no more bondage be to where they're made,
Than they are to their virtues, which is nothing;
O, above measure false! ———

Phil. Have patience, Sir,
And take your ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows one of her women, being corrupted,
Might not have stol'n it from her?

Post. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my ring,
Render to me some corporal sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he swears; by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true ——— nay, keep the ring ——— 'tis true; I'm sure
She could not lose it; her attendants are
All honourable! they induc'd to steal it!
And by a stranger! — no, he hath enjoy'd her.

The cognizance of her incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.
There, take thy hire, and all the fiends of hell
Divide themselves between you!

Pbil. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one perswaded well of ——

Post. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iacb. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her breast,
Worthy the pressing, lyes a mole, right proud
Of that most delicate lodging. By my life,
I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iacb. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick. Count not the turns:
Once, and a million.

Iacb. I'll be sworn ——

Post. No swearing:
If you will swear you have not done't, you lie.
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me cuckold.

Iacb. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there and do't i'th' Court, before
Her father —— I'll do something ——

[*Exit.*]

Pbil. Quite besides
The government of patience! you have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath
He hath against himself.

Iacb. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII. *Enter Posthumus.*

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? we are bastards all,
And that most venerable man which I

Did

Did call my father, was I know not where,
 When I was stamp't. Some coyner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit; yet my mother seem'd
 The *Dian* of that time; so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this — Oh vengeance, vengeance!
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me oft forbearance; did it with
 A pudency so rosie, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old *Saturn* — that I thought her
 As chaste, as unsunn'd snow. Oh, all the devils!
 'This yellow *Iachimo* in an hour — was't not? —
 Or less; at first? perchance he spoke not, but
 Like a full-acorn'd boar, a *German* one,
 Cry'd oh! and mounted; found no opposition
 From what he look'd for should oppose, and she
 Should from encounter guard. Could I find out
 The woman's part in me — for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part; be't lying, not it,
 The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers; revenges, hers;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice longings, slanders, mutability:
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all; but rather all — for even to vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them — yet 'tis greater skill
 In a true hate, to pray they have their will;
 The very devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at
 one door; and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. NOW say, what would *Augustus Cæsar* with us?

Luc. When *Julius Cæsar*, (whose remem-
 brance yet

Lives in mens eyes, and will to ears and tongues

Be theme, and hearing ever) was in *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine uncle
 (Famous in *Cæsar's* praises, no whit less
 Than in his feats deserving it) for him
 And his succession, granted *Rome* a tribute,
 Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius*: *Britain* is
 A world it self, and we will nothing pay
 For wearing our own noses.

Queen. That opportunity
 Which then they had to take from's, to resume
 We have again. Remember, Sir my Liege,
 The Kings your ancestors; together with
 The nat'ral brav'ry of your isle, which stands
 As *Neptune's* park ribbed and paled in
 With rocks unscalable, and roaring waters,
 With sand that will not bear your enemies boats,
 But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
 Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: With shame,
 (The first that ever touch'd him) he was carried
 From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,
 (Poor ignorant baubles,) on our terrible seas,
 Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd
 As easily 'gainst our rocks. For joy whereof,
 The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point
 (Oh giglet fortune!) to master *Cæsar's* sword,
 Made *Lud's* town with rejoicing fires bright,
 And *Britons* strut with courage.

Clot. Come, there's no more tribute to be paid. Our
 kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
 said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; others of them may
 have crook'd noses, but to owe such strait arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clot. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as
Cassibelan; I do not say I am one; but I have a hand.
 Why

Why tribute? Why should we pay tribute? if *Cæsar* can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; else, Sir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know,
 'Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
 This tribute, we were free. *Cæsar's* ambition,
 Which swell'd so much that it did almost stretch
 The sides o'th' world, against all colour here
 Did put the yoke upon's; which to shake off
 Becomes a warlike people, such as we
 Reckon our selves to be. Say then to *Cæsar*,
 Our ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, who
 Ordain'd our laws whose use the sword of *Cæsar*
 Hath too much mangled; whose repair and franchise
 Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry: That *Mulmutius*,
 Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
 His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I'm sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Cæsar*
 (*Cæsar* that hath more Kings his servants, than
 Thy self domestick officers) thine enemy.
 Receive it from me then. War and confusion
 In *Cæsar's* name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look
 For fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou'rt welcome, *Caius*;
 Thy *Cæsar* knighted me; my youth I spent
 Much under him: of him I gather'd honour,
 Which as he seek's of me again perforce,
 Behooves me keep't at utt'rance. I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the *Britons* cold:
 So *Cæsar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime
 with us a day or two, or longer: if you seek us after-

wards on other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours: if you fall in the adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your master's pleasure, and he mine: All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Enter Pisanio reading a letter.*

Pis. How? of adultery? wherefore write you not What monsters have accus'd her? *Leonatus!*
Oh master, what a strange infection
Is fall'n into thy heart? what false *Italian*,
As pois'nous tongu'd as handed, hath prevail'd
On thy too ready ear? Disloyal? no,
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More Goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults
As would take in some virtue. Oh my master!
Thy mind to hers is now as low, as were
Thy fortunes. How? that I should rather murder her?
Upon the love and truth and vows, which I
Have made to thy command! — I her! — her blood!
If it be so to do good service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't—the letter* [*Reading.*]
That I have sent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity. Damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee: senseless bauble!
Art thou a *foedarie* for this act, that look'st
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I'm ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that astronomer
That knew the stars, as I his characters:
He'd lay the future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,
Of my Lord's health, of his content; yet not

That we two are asunder; let that grieve him!
 Some griefs are medicinable, that is one of them,
 For it doth physick love: of his content
 In all but that! Good wax, thy leave — blest be
 You bees that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,
 And men in dang'rous bonds pray not alike.
 Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet
 You clasp young *Cupid's* tables: good news, Gods! [*Reading.*
Justice, and your father's wrath, should be take me in his
dominion, could not be so cruel to me, but you, ob the dearest
of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes. Take
notice that I am in Cambria at Milford-Haven: what your
own love will out of this advise you, follow. So be wisest
you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your's
increasing in love,

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh for a horse with wings! hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*: read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me to see thy Lord; who long'st
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st,
 But in a fainter kind — oh, not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick;
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing
 To th' smoth'ring of the sense — how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*: and by th' way
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence? and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going
 'Till our return, t' excuse — but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born or-e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt sun and sun,
 Madam,'s enough for you: and too much too.

A a z

Imo.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I've heard of wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'th' clock's behalf. But this is fool'ry.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home t' her father: and provide me present
 A riding suit; no costlier than would fit
 A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I pr'ythee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but *Milford-way*.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Forest with a Cave, in Wales.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly day! not to keep house, with such
 Whose roof's as low as ours: stoop, boys! this gate
 Instructs you how t' adore the heav'n's; and bows you
 To morning's holy office. Gates of Monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through
 And keep their impious turbands on, without
 Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
 We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain-sport, up to yond hill,
 Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is *place* which lessens and sets off;
 And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
 Of Courts, of Princes, of the tricks in war,
 That service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often, to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
 Is nobler than attending for a check;

Richer,

Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe ;
 Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak ; we poor unfladg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest ; nor know
 What air's from home. Haply this life is best,
 If quiet life is best, sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is
 A cell of ign'rance ; travelling a-bed ;
 A prison, for a debtor that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arw. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark *December*, how
 In this our pinching cave shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing,
 We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the wolf, for that we eat :
 Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage
 We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o'th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger
 I'th' name of fame and honour ; which dies i'th' search,
 And hath as oft a stand'rous epitaph,
 As record of fair act ; nay, many times
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse,
 Must curt'sie at the censure : — Oh boys, this story
 The world may read in me : my body's mark'd
 With *Roman* swords ; and my report was once
 First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name
 Was not far off : then was I as a tree

Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I told you oft,
But that two villains (whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*,
I was confed'rate with the *Romans*: so
Follow'd my banishment; and this twenty years,
This rock and these demesnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time — but, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunters language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the Lord o'th' feast;
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison which attends
In place of state: I'll meet you in the vallies.

[*Exeunt Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' King,
Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.
They think they're mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I'th' cave here on this brow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This *Paladour*,
(The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom
The King his father call'd *Guiderius*,) *Forse!*
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly
Out at my story: say, *thus mine enemy fell*,
And thus I set my foot on's neck — even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words — The younger brother *Cadwal*,
(Once *Arviragus*,) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving. Hark, the game is rouz'd —

Oh *Cymbeline!* heav'n and my conscience know
 Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon
 At three, and two years old, I stole these babes,
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as
 Thou 'rest'st me of my lands. *Euriphile,*
 Thou wast their nurse, they take thee for their mother,
 And every day do honour to thy grave;
 My self *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [Exit.

SCENE IV. Enter *Pisanio* and *Imogen*.

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from horse, the place
 Was near at hand. Ne'er long'd his mother so
 To see him first, as I have now. *Pisanio,*
 Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy mind
 That makes thee staie thus? wherefore breaks that sigh
 From th' inward of thee? one but painted thus
 Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
 Beyond self-explication. Put thy self
 Into a 'haviour of less fear, ere wildness
 Vanquish thy steadier senses — what's the matter?
 Why offer'st thou that paper to me, with
 A look untender? if't be summer news,
 Smile to't before; if winterly, thou need'st
 But keep that count'nance still. My husband's hand?
 That drug-damn'd *Italy* hath out-craftied him,
 And he's at some hard point. Speak, man; thy tongue
 May take off some extremity, which to read
 Would be ev'n mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
 And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
 The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imogen reads.

*Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed:
 the testimonies whereof lye bleeding in me. I speak not out
 of weak surmises, but from proof as strong as my grief, and
 as certain as I expect my revenge. That part thou, Pisanio,
 must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach
 of hers; let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give
 thee opportunity at Milford-Haven. She hath my letter for
 the purpose; where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me
 certain*

certain it is done, *thou art the Pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper Hath cut her throat already. No, 'tis slander, Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue Out-venoms all the worms of *Nile*, whose breath Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie All corners of the world. Kings, Queens, and states, Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave, This viperous slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his bed! what is it to be false? To lye in watch there, and to think on him? To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature, To break it with a fearful dream of him, And cry my self awake? that false to's bed!

Pis. Alas, good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy conscience witness, *Iachimo*, Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, Thou then look'dst like a villain: now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*, Whose feathers are her painting, hath betray'd him: Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion, And for I'm richer than to hang by th' walls, I must be ript: to pieces with me: oh, Mens vows are womens traitors. All good seeming By thy revolt, oh husband, shall be thought Put on for villainy: not born where't grows, But worn, a bait for Ladies.

Pis. Madam, hear me — —

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false *Aeneas*, Were in his time thought false: and *Sinon's* weeping Did scandal many a holy tear, took pity From most true wretchedness. So thou, *Posthumus*, Wilt lay the level to all proper men; Goodly and gallant shall be false and perjur'd, From thy great fail. Come, fellow, be thou honest, Do thou thy master's bidding: when thou seest him, A little witness my obedience. Look! I draw the sword my self, take it, and hit The innocent mansion of my love, my heart;

Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but grief;
 Thy master is not there; who was indeed
 The riches of it. Do his bidding, strike;
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause,
 But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!
 Thou shalt not damn my hand,

Imo. Why, I must die;
 And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
 No servant of thy master's. 'Gainst self-slaughter
 There is a prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak hand: come, here's my heart —
 Something's afore't — soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[Opening her breast.

Obedient as the scabbard! — What is here?

The scriptures of the loyal *Leonatus*,
 All turn'd to heresie? away, away,

[Pulling his letters out of her bosom,

Corrupters of my faith, you shall no more
 Be stomachers to my heart: thus may poor fools
 Believe false teachers: those that are betray'd
 Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
 Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, *Posthumus*,
 That didst set up my disobedience
 Against the King my father, and didst make
 Me put into contempt even the suits
 Of princely fellows; shalt hereafter find
 It is no act of common passage, but
 A strain of rareness: and I grieve my self,
 To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
 Whom now thou tir'st on, how thy memory
 Will then be pang'd by me — Pr'ythee dispatch,
 The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's the knife?
 Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
 When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!
 Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
 I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

Imo.

Imo. Wherefore then
 Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
 So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
 Mine action? and thine own? our horses labour?
 The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
 For my being absent? whereunto I never
 Purpose return. Why hast thou gone so far,
 To be unbent when thou hast ta'n thy stand,
 Th' elected deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time
 To lose so bad employment, in the which
 I have consider'd of a course; good Lady,
 Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary, speak.
 I've heard I am a strumpet, and mine ear
 (Therein false struck) can take no greater wound,
 Nor tent to bottom that. But speak,

Pis. Then, Madam,
 I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,
 Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;
 But if I were as wise as honest, then
 My purpose would prove well: it cannot be
 But that my master is abus'd; some villain,
 And singular in his art, hath done you both
 This cursed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan——

Pis. No, on my life.
 I'll give him notice you are dead, and send him
 Some bloody sign of it: for 'tis commanded
 I should do so. You shall be mis'd at Court,
 And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
 What shall I do the while? where bide? how live?
 Or in my life what comfort, when I am
 Dead to my husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court——

Imo. No Court, no farther; nor no more ado
 With that harsh, noble, simple nothing, *Cloten:*

That

That *Cloten* whose love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a siege.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide. Where then?

Imo. Hath *Britain* all the sun that shines? Day, night,
Are they not but in *Britain*? i'th' world's volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool a swan's nest. Pr'ythee think
There's living out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other place: th' Ambassador,
Lucius the Roman comes to *Milford-Haven*
To-morrow. Now, if you could wear a mien
Dark as your fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appear it self, must not yet be,
But by self-danger; you should tread a course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, haply near
The residence of *Posthumus*, so nigh,
That though his action were not visible,
Report should render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh! for such means,
(Though peril to my modesty, not death on't)
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You must forget to be a woman, change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
(The handmaids of all women, or more truly
Woman its pretty self,) to waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
As quarrellous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but oh the harder hap!
Alack, no remedy) to th' greedy touch
Of common-kissing *Titan*; and forget
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great *Juno* angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I see into thy end, and am almost
A man already.

Pis.

Pis. First, make your self but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit
 ('Tis in my cloak-bag) doublet, hat, hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From youth of such a season, before *Lucius*
 Present your self, desire his service; tell him
 Wherein you're happy, which you'll make him know,
 If that his head have ear in musick; doubtless
 With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad
 You have me rich; and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supply.

Imo. Thou'rt all the comfort
 The Gods will diet me with. Pr'ythee away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us. This attempt
 I'm soldier'd to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's courage. Haste away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell,
 Left, being mis'd, I be suspected of
 Your carriage from the Court. My noble mistress,
 Here is a box, I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: if you're sick at sea,
 Or stomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
 Will drive away distemper. — To some shade,
 And fit you to your manhood; may the Gods
 Direct you to the best!

Imo. Amen! I thank thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C È N E V. *The Palace of Cymbeline.*

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, Lords, and Attendants.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal Sir.

My Emperor hath wrote; I must from hence,
 And am right sorry, that I must report ye
 My master's enemy.

Cym. Our subjects, Sir,
 Will not endure his yolk; and for our self

To shew less sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-kinglike.

Luc. So, Sir, I desire
A conduct over land, to *Milford-Haven*.

Madam, all joy befall your Grace, and you!

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:

So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly; but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Th' event

Is yet to name the winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
'Till he have cross'd the *Severn*. Happiness!

[*Exit Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning; but it honours us
That we have giv'n him cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britons* have their wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness;
The powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy business,
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,
Where is our daughter? she hath not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day. She looks as like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;
We've noted it. Call her before us, for
We've been too light in sufferance. [*Exit a Messenger.*]

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since th' exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my Lord,
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your Majesty,

Forbear sharp speeches to her. She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,
And strokes death to her.

Re-enter the Messenger.

Cym. Where is she? and how
Can her contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you, Sir,
Her chambers are all lock'd, and there's no answer
That will be giv'n to th' loudest noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,
She should that duty leave unpaid to you
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in mem'ry.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? grant heav'ns, that which I fear
Prove false! [*Ex*

Queen. Son, I say; follow you the King.

Clot. That man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old servant,
I have not seen these two days. [*Ex*

Queen. Go look after [*To the Messenger*
Pisanio, — he that standeth so for *Posthumus*,
He hath a drug of mine; I pray, his absence
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? haply despair hath seiz'd her;
Or wing'd with fervor of her love, she's flown
To her desir'd *Posthumus*; gone she is
To death, or to dishonour, and my end
Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and cheer the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may
This night fore-stall him of the coming day! [*Exit Queen*
Cl

Clot. I love and hate her. For she's fair and royal;
 And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
 Than any lady, winning from each one
 The best she hath, and she of all compounded
 Out-sells them all; I love her therefore: but
 Disdaining me, and throwing favours on
 The low *Posthumus*, slanders to her judgment,
 That what's else rare is choak'd, and in that point
 will conclude to hate her, nay indeed
 To be reveng'd upon her. For when fools
 shall —

SCENE VI. *Enter Pisanio,*

Who is here? what! are you packing, sirrah?
 Come hither; ah you precious pandar, villain,
 Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
 Thou'rt straightway with the fiends. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Pis. Oh, good my Lord!

Clot. Where is thy Lady? or, by *Jupiter*,
 I will not ask again. Close villain,
 I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip
 Thy heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
 From whose so many weights of baseness cannot
 A dram of worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,
 How can she be with him; when was she miss'd?
 He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? come nearer;
 No farther halting; satisfy me home,
 What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all-worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy villain!
 Discover where thy mistress is, at once,
 At the next word; no more of worthy Lord.
 Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
 Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, Sir,
 This paper is the history of my knowledge
 Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't; I will pursue her
 Even to *Augustus*' throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

} *Aside.*

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she's dead. Oh, *Imogen!*
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

} *Aside.*

Clot. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service; undergo those employments wherein I should have cause to use thee with a serious industry, that is, what villainy so'er I bid thee do, perform it directly and truly; I would think thee an honest man, thou should'st neither want any Means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me? for since patiently and constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that beggar *Posthumus*, thou can'st not in the course of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any of thy late master's garments in thy possession?

Pis. I have, my Lord, at the lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

Clot. The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither; let it be thy first service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord.

[*Exit.*]

Clot. Meet thee at Milford-Haven — I forgot to ask him one thing, I'll remember't anon; — even there, thou villain *Posthumus*, will I kill thee. I would these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of *Posthumus* in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her eyes—there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body, and when my lust hath dined, (which as I say, to vex her, I will

exe-

execute in the cloaths that she so prais'd) to the Court I'll kick her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a suit of cloaths.

Be those the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this apparel to my chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is, that thou wilt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee. My revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had wings to follow it! come and be true. [*Exit.*]

Pis. Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for true to thee; Were to prove false, which I will never be, To her that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow; You heav'nly blessings, on her! this fool's speed Be cross with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

S C E N E VII. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in boy's cloaths.

Imo. I see a man's life is a tedious one: I've tired my self; and for two nights together Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick, But that my resolution helps me. *Milford*, When from the mountain-top *Pisanio* shew'd thee, Thou wast within a ken. Oh *Jove*, I think Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie That have affliction on them, knowing 'tis A punishment, or tryal? yet no wonder, When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fullness Is forer, than to lie for need; and falsehood Is worse in Kings, than beggars. My dear Lord! Thou'rt one o'th' false ones; now I think on thee, My hunger's gone; but ev'n before, I was At point to *seek* for food. But what is this?

[*Seeing the Cave.*

Here is a path to't — 'tis some savage hold ;
 'Twere best not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine,
 Ere it clean o'er-throw nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
 Of hardness is mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
 Take, or yield food! no answer? then I'll enter.
 Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
 But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Grant such a foe, good heav'ns! [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You, *Paladour*, have prov'd best woodman, and
 Are master of the feast ; *Cadwal* and I
 Will play the cook, and servant, 'tis our match :
 The sweat of industry would dry, and die
 But for the end it works to. Come, our stomachs
 Will make what's homely savory ; weariness
 Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the down pillow hard. Now peace be here,
 Poor house, that keep'st thy self!

Guid. I'm throughly weary.

Arv. I'm weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

Guid. There is cold meat i'th' cave, we'll brouze on that
 Whilst what we've kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay, come not in — — [*Looking in.*
 But that it eats our victuals, I should think
 It were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter*, an Angel! or if not,
 An earthly paragon. Behold divineness
 No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good masters, harm me not ;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd, and thought
 T' have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : good troth,
 I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I'd found
 Gold strew'd o'th' floor. Here's mony for my meat,
 I would have left it on the board so soon
 As I had made my meal : and parted thence
 With prayers for the provider.

Guid.

Guid. Mony, youth?

Arw. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. Say, what is your name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir; I have a kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy*: he embarques at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,
I'm fall'n in this offence.

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well-encounter'd!
'Tis almost night, you shall have better cheer
Ere you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a woman, youth,
I should woo hard, but be your groom in honesty;
I'd bid for you, as I would buy.

Arw. I'll make't my comfort
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long absence, such is yours. Most welcome!
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.

Imo. 'Mongst friends,
If brothers— Would it had been so that they
Had been my father's sons; then had my price
Been less, and so more equal balancing
To thee, *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some distress.

Guid. Would I could free't!

Arw. Or I, whate'er it be,
What pain it cost, what danger; Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.

Imo. Great men,

That had a Court no bigger than this cave,

} *Aside.*

[*Whispering.*

That

That did attend themselves, and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them, laying by
That nothing-gift of deferring multitudes,
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, Gods,
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so:

Boys, we'll go dress our hunt. Fair youth, come in:
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we've sup'd,
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,
So far as thou wilt speak.

Guid. I pray draw near.

Arr. The night to th' owl, and morn to th' lark, less
welcome! [*Exeunt.* *]

S C E N E VIII. *Cymbeline's Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
A fever with the absence of her son;
Madness, of which her life's in danger; heav'ns!
How deeply you at once do touch me! *Imogen*,
The great part of my comfort, gone! my Queen
Upon a desperate bed, and in a time
When fearful wars point at me! her son gone,

* ----- less welcome!

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VIII. *Rome.*

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenor of the Emperor's writ;
That since the common men are now in action
'Gainst the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*,
And that the legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our war against
The fall'n off *Britons*; that we do incite
The gentry to this business. He creates
Lucius Pro-consul: and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate levy, he commands
His absolute commission. Long live *Cæsar*!

Tri. Is *Lucius* Gen'ral of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

1 *Tri.* Remaining now in *Gallia*?

1 *Sen.* With those legions
Which I have spoken of, whereunto your levy
Must be suppliant: the words of your commission
Will tie you to the numbers and the time
Of their dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our duty.

[*Exeunt.*

So needful for this present! it strikes me, past
The hope of comfort. But for thee, fellow,
Who needs must know of her departure, and
Dost seem so ignorant, we'll force it from thee
By a sharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I set it at your will: but for my mistress,
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,
Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech you,
Hold me your loyal servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,
The day that she was missing, he was here;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All parts of his subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
He will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome;
We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your coast, with large supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by th' Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the counsel of my son and Queen:
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of. Come more, for more you're ready;
The want is, but to put these powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at chances here. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt Cymbeline and Lords.*]

Pis. I've had no letter from my master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange;
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise
To yield me often tidings. Neither know I
What is betid to *Cloten*, but remain

Perplex in all. The heavens still must work ;
 Wherein I'm false, I'm honest ; not true, true.
 These present wars shall find I love my country,
 Ev'n to the note o'th' King, or I'll fall in them ;
 All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd ;
 Fortune brings in some boats that are not steer'd. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Forest. Enter Cloten alone.

I Am near to th' place where they should meet, if *Pisanio* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his garments serve me ! why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too ? the rather (saving reverence of the word,) because 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman ; I dare speak it to my self, for it is no vain-glory for a man and his glass to confer in his own chamber ; I mean, the lines of my body are as well drawn as his ; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions ; yet this ill-perseverant thing loves him in my despight. What mortality is ! *Posthumus*, thy head which is now growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off, thy mistress enforc'd, thy garments cut to pieces before her face ; and all this done, I'll spurn her home to her father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage ; but my mother having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is ty'd up safe : out, sword, and to a sore purpose ! fortune put them into my hand ! this is the very description of their meeting-place, and the fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.

SCENE II. *The Front of the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well : remain here in the cave,
 We'll come t'you after hunting.

Arv. Brother, stay here :
 Are we not brothers ?

Imo. So man and man should be,

But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike. I'm very sick.

Guid. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, ere sick: so please you, leave me,
Stick to your journal course; the breach of custom,
Is breach of all. I'm ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no comfort
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,
Since I can reason of't. Pray you trust me here,
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it;
How much the quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arw. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoak me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth, and I have heard you say,
Love reasons without reason, The bier at door,
And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble strain!
O worthiness of nature, breed of greatness! *
I'm not their father, yet who this should be
Doth miracle it self; lov'd before me! ——
'Tis the ninth hour o'th' morn.

Arw. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wish ye sport.

Arw. You health —— so please you, Sir.

Imo. These are kind creatures, Gods, what lies I've heard!
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court: †

* ----- breed of greatness!

Cowards father cowards, and base things sire the base;
Nature hath meal and bran; contempt and grace.
I'm not, &c.

† ----- but at Court:

Experience, oh how thou disprov'st report.
Th' imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,
Poor tributary rivers, as sweet fish:
I am sick still, &c.

I am sick still, heart-sick — — *Pisanio*,
I'll now taste of thy drug. [Drinks out of the vial.]

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said that he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

Arw. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' field, to th' field!
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and rest.

Arw. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you. [Exit Imogen.]

Bel. And so shalt be ever.
This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears to have had
Good ancestors.

Arw. How angel-like he sings!

Guid. But his neat cookery!

Arw. He cut our roots in characters,
And sauc'd our broth, as *Juno* had been sick,
And he her dieter.

Arw. Nobly he yokes
A smiling with a sigh.*

Guid. Yes, I do note,
That grief and patience rooted in him both,
Mingle their spurs together.

Arw. Grow, patience!
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine
His perishing root from thy increasing vine!

Bel. It is great morning. Come away: who's there?

SCENE III. *Enter Cloten.*

Clot. I cannot find those runagates: that villain
Hath mock'd me. I am faint.

* ----- a sigh:

As if the sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a smile:
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a temple, to commix
With winds that sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note, &c.

Bel. Those runagates!

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the son o'th' Queen; I fear some ambush —
 I saw him not these many years, and yet
 I know 'tis he: we are held as out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one; you and my brother search
 What companies are near: pray you, away;
 Let me alone with him. [*Exeunt Bellarius and Arviragus.*]

Clot. Soft! what are you
 That fly me thus? some villain-mountaineers —
 I've heard of such. What slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
 More slavish did I ne'er, than answering
 A slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a robber,
 A law-breaker, a villain; yield thee, thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? have not I
 An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
 Thy words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
 My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art
 Why I should yield to thee.

Clot. Thou villain base,
 Know'st me not by my cloaths?

Guid. No, nor thy tailor,
 Who is thy grandfather; he made those cloaths,
 Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious varlet!
 My taylor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
 The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool,
 I'm loth to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious thief,
 Hear but my name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy name?

Clot. *Cloten*, thou villain.

Guid. *Cloten* then, double villain, be thy name,
 I cannot tremble at it; were it toad,
 Adder, or spider, it would move me sooner.

Clot. Then to thy further fear,
 Nay, to thy meer confusion, thou shalt know

I'm son to th' Queen.

Guid. I'm sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I rev'rence, those I fear, the wise:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the death!

When I have slain thee with my proper hand,
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of *Lud's* town set your heads;
Yield, mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV. *Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.*

Bel. No company's abroad.

Arv. None in the world; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell: long is it since I saw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour,
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,
And burst of speaking, were as his: I'm absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this place we left them;
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of daring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the cure of fear. But see thy brother.

Enter Guiderius, with Cloten's head.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a fool, an empty purse,
There was no mony in't; nor *Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:
Yet I not doing this, the fool had born
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done?

Guid. I'm perfect what; cut off one *Cloten's* head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer, and swore
With his own single hand he'd take us in,
Displace our heads, where, thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud's* town.

Bel. We're all undone!

Guid.

Guid. Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,
 But what he swore to take, our lives? the law
 Protects not us; then why should we be tender,
 To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us?
 Play judge, and executioner, all himself?
 For we do fear no law. What company
 Discover you abroad?

Bel. No single soul
 Can we set eye on; but in all safe reason
 He must have some attendants. Though his humour
 Was nothing but mutation, ay and that
 From one bad thing to worse; yet not his frenzy,
 Not absolute madness, could so far have rav'd,
 To bring him here alone; although perhaps
 It may be heard at Court, that such as we
 Cave here, haunt here, are out-laws, and in time
 May make some stronger head: the which he hearing,
 (As it is like him,) might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, nor he so undertaking,
 Nor they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this body hath a tail
 More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
 Come, as the Gods forefay it: howsoe'er
 My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this day: the boy *Fidèle's* sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own sword,
 Which he did wave against my throat, I've ta'en
 His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
 Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,
 And tell the fishes, he's the Queen's son *Cloten*.
 That's all I reck.

[*Exit.*]

Bel. I fear 'twill be reveng'd:
 Would, *Paladour*, thou hadst not done't! though valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
 So the revenge alone pursu'd me! *Paladour*,

I love thee brotherly, but envy much
Thou'st robb'd me of this deed; I would revenges
That possible strength might meet, would seek us thro'
And put us to our answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:

We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger
Where there's no profit. Pr'ythee to our rock,
You and *Fidèle* play the cooks: I'll stay
'Till hasty *Paladour* return, and bring him
To dinner presently.

Arw. Poor sick *Fidèle*!

I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour
I'd let a marish of such *Clotens* blood,
And praise my self for charity.

[*Exit.*

Bel. O thou Goddess,
Thou divine Nature! how thy self thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
(Their royal blood enchas'd,) as the rude wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd. Yet still it's strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends,
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* clot-pole down the stream,
In embassie to his mother; his body's hostage
For his return.

[*Solemn music.*

Bel. My ingenious instrument!

Hark, *Paladour*, it sounds: but what occasion
Hath *Cadwal* now to give it motion? hark.

Guid. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean? Since death of my dear mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter? *

S C E N E V.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes!

And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead

That we have made so much on! I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty;
And turn'd my leaping-time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thy self.

Bel. Oh melancholy!

Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish carack
Might eas'liest harbour in? — thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made: but ah!
Thou dy'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy.
Tell me, how found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' floor:

His arms thus leagu'd; I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed,
With female Fairies will his tomb be-haunted
And worms will not come near him.

Arv. With fairest flow'rs,

* ----- The matter?

Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys.
Is *Cadwall* mad?

S C E N E V. &c.

(Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidèle*,)
 I'll sweeten thy sad grave, 'Thou shalt not lack
 The flow'r that's like thy face, pale *Primrose*, nor
 The azur'd *Hare-bell*, like thy veins; no, nor
 The leaf of *Eglantine*, which, not to slander't
 Out-sweeten'd not thy breath. The ruddock would
 With charitable bill (oh bill fore-shaming
 Those rich-left-heirs, that let their fathers lye
 Without a monument) bring thee all this,
 Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
 To winter-gown thy coarse. —

Guid. Pr'ythee have done.

And do not play in wench-like words with that
 Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
 And not protract with admiration what
 Is now due debt. To th' grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euripbile*, our mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Paladour*, though now our voices
 Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground
 As once our mother: use like note, and words,
 Save that *Euripbile* must be *Fidèle*.

Guid. *Cadwal*,

I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee;
 For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse
 Than priests and fanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For *Cloten*
 Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's son, boys,
 And though he came our enemy, remember
 He has paid for that: the mean and mighty rotting
 Together have one dust; yet reverence,
 (The angel of the world,) doth make distinction
 Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was Princely,
 And though you took his life, — as being our foe,
 Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray fetch him hither.

Tberfites' body is as good *Ajax'*,
 When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our song the whilst: brother, begin.

[*Exit Bellarius.*

Guid. Nay, *Cadwal*, we must lay his head to th' east;
My father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.

Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Arv. Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to cloath and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:

The scepter, learning, physick, must
All follow thee, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arv. Nor th' all dreaded thunder-stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arv. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Both. All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

Guid. No exorciser harm thee!

Arv. And no witchcraft charm thee!

Guid. Ghost unlaid forbear thee!

Arv. Nothing ill come near thee!

Both. Quiet consummation have,
Unremoved be thy grave.

Enter Bellarius with the body of Cloten.

Guid. We've done our obsequies: come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flow'rs, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' th' night
Are strewings fitt'it for graves. — Upon the face —
You were as flow'rs, now wither'd; even so

These

These herbelets shall, which we upon you strow,
 Come on, away, apart upon our knees —
 The ground that gave them first, has them again:
 Their pleasure here is past, so is their pain. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford-Haven*, which is the way? —
 I thank you — by yond bush — pray how far thither? —
 'Ods pittikins — can it be six mile yet? —
 I've gone all night — 'faith, I'll lye down and sleep.
 But soft! no bedfellow: — oh Gods, and Goddesse!
 [Seeing the body.]

The flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world;
 This bloody man the cares on't. — I hope I dream;
 For sure I thought I was a cave-keeper,
 And cook to honest creatures. 'Tis not so:
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n as small a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye, oh Gods! a part of it!
 The dream's here still; ev'n when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
 A headless man! — the garments of *Posthumus*?
 I know the shape of 's leg, this is his hand,
 His foot *Mercurial*, his *Martial* thigh,
 The arms of *Hercules*: but his *Jovial* face —
 Murther in heav'n! — how! — 'tis gone — *Pisanio*! —
 All curses madded *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
 'Twas thou conspiring with that devil *Cloten*,
 Hast here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treach'rous! Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged letters — damn'd *Pisanio* —
 From this the bravest vessel of the world
 Struck the main top! oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy head? where's that? ah me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
 And left thy head on. How should this be? *Pisanio*! —
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and lucre in them

Have

Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to th' senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten's*. Oh!
 Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
 That we the horrider may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

SCENE VII.

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your will, have cross'd the sea, attending
 You here at *Milford-Haven*, with your ships:
 They are in readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,
 And gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing spirits,
 That promise noble service: and they come
 Under the conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Syenna's brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next benefit o'th' wind.

Luc. This forwardness

Makes our hopes fair. Command our present numbers
 Be muster'd, bid the captains look to't. Now, Sir,

[*To the Soothsayer.*]

What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

Sooth. Last very night the Gods shew'd me a vision,
 (I fasting pray'd for their intelligence)

I saw *Jove's* bird, the *Roman* eagle, wing
 From th' spungy south, to this part of the west,
 There vanish in the sun beams; which portends
 (Unless my sins abuse my divination)

Success to th' *Roman* host.

Luc. Dream often so,

And never false. — Soft, ho, what trunk is here
 Without his top? the ruin speaks, that sometime
 It was a worthy building. How! a page! —
 Or dead, or sleeping on him: but dead rather:

For nature doth abhor to make his couch
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the boy's face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of this body. Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded: who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? who was he
That, otherwise than noble nature did it,
Hath alter'd that good picture? what's thy interest
In this sad wreck? how came it, and who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing; or if not,
Nothing to be, were better. This was my master,
A very valiant *Briton*, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lyes slain: alas!
There are no more such masters: I may wander
From east to occident, cry out for service,
Try many, all good, serve them truly, never
Find such another master.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!

Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy master bleeding: say his name, good friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp.* If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*]
They'll pardon't. Say you, Sir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. *Fidele.*

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same;
Thy name well fits thy faith, thy faith thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say
Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
No less belov'd. The *Roman Emperor's* letters
Sent by a Consul to me should no sooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
I'll hide my master from the flies as deep
As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I ha' strew'd his grave,
And

And on it said a century of pray'rs,
 (Such as I can,) twice o'er, I'll weep and sigh,
 And leaving so his service follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good youth,
 And rather father thee, than master thee.
 My friends,

The boy hath taught us manly duties: let us
 Find out the prettiest dazied-plot we can,
 And make him with our pikes and partizans
 A grave; come, * arm him: boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee to us, and he shall be interr'd
 As soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine eyes.
 Some falls are means the happier to arise.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv. What pleasure, Sir, find we in life, to lock it
 From action and adventure?

Guid. Nay, what hope
 Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
 Must or for *Britons* slay us, or receive us
 For barb'rous and unnatural revolters
 During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
 We'll higher to the mountains, there secure us.
 To the King's party there's no going; newness
 Of *Cloten's* death, we being not known nor muster'd
 Among the bands may drive us to a render
 Where we have liv'd: and so extort from us
 That which we've done, whose answer would be death
 Drawn on with torture,

Guid. This is, Sir, a doubt
 (In such a time) nothing becoming you,
 Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
 That when they hear the *Roman* horses neigh,

* *That is,* Take him up in your arms.

Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their time upon our note
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the army ; many years,
Though *Cloten* then but young, (you see,) not wore him
From my remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves ;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life, aye hopeless
To have the courtesie your cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and
The shrinking slaves of winter.

Guid. Than be so,
Better to cease to be. Pray, Sir, to th' army ;
I and my brother are not known ; your self
So out of thought, and thereto so o'er-grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this sun that shines,
I'll thither ; what thing is it, that I never
Did see man die, scarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison ?
Never bestrid a horse save one, that had
A rider like my self who ne'er wore rowel,
Nor iron on his heel ? I am asham'd
To look upon the holy sun, to have
The benefit of his blest beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Guid. By heav'ns, I'll go ;
If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care ; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me by
The hands of *Romans* !

Arv. So say I, *Amen* !

Bel. No reason I, since of your lives you set
So slight a valuation, should reserve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys.
If in your country wars you chance to die,

That

That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lye.

Lead, lead; the time seems long, their blood thinks scorn,

[*Aside.*

'Till it flie out, and shew them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the British and Roman Camps.

Enter Posthumus with a bloody handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wisht
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
ones,

If each of you would take this course, how many

Must murther wives much better than themselves

For wrying but a little? oh *Pisanio!*

Every good servant does not all commands;

No bond, but to do just ones. ——— Gods! if you

Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never

Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved

The noble *Imogen* to repent, and struck

Me, wretch, more worth your vengeance. But alack,

You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love

To have them fall no more; you some permit

To second ill with ill, each worse than other,

And make them dreaded, to the doers thrift.

But *Imogen's* your own: do your best wills,

And make me blest t' obey! I am brought hither

Among th' *Italian* gentry, and to fight

Against my Lady's Kingdom; 'tis enough

That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy mistress: Peace,

I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heav'ns,

Hear patiently my purpose. I'll disrobe me

Of these *Italian* weeds, and suit my self

As do's a *Briton* peasant; so I'll fight

Against the part I come with; so I'll die

For thee, O *Imogen*, for whom my life

Is every breath a death; and thus not known,

Pitied, or hated, to the face of péril

My self I'll dedicate. Let me make men know

More valour in me, than my habit shews;

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D d

Gods,

Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me!
To shame the guise o' th' world, I will begin
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman army at one door;
and the British army at another: Leonatus Posthumus
following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
out. Then enter again in skirmish Iachimo, and Posthu-
mus; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and then
leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my bosom
Takes off my manhood; I've bely'd a Lady,
The Princess of this country; and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me: or could this carle,
A very drudge of nature, have subdu'd me
In my profession? knight-hoods, honours born,
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn;
If that thy gentry, *Britain*, go before
This lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

*The battel continues; the Britons fly, Cymbeline is taken; then
enter to his rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand; we have th' advantage of the ground;
That lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Guid. Arr. Stand, stand and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britons. They rescue
Cymbeline, and exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and save thy self;
For friends kill friends. and the disorder's such
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh supplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd strangely. Or betimes
Let's reinforce, or fly. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Another part of the Field of Battel.

Enter Posthumus, and a British Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though

Though you it seems came from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, Sir, for all was lost;
But that the heavens fought: the King himself
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
And but the backs of *Britons* seen; all flying
Through a straight lane, the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with slaught'ring, having work
More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through fear, that the strait pass was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

Post. Close by the battel, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf,
Which gave advantage to an antient soldier,
An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding as his white beard came to,
In doing this for's country: thwart the lane,
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run
The country Base, than to commit such slaughter
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer
Than those for preservation cas'd) *For shame*
Make good the passage, cry'd to those that fled,
Our Britain's hart die flying, not our men;
To darkness fleet souls that fly backwards: stand,
Or we are Romans, and will give you that
Like beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
But to look back in frown: stand, stand — These three,
Three thousand confident, in et as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The rest do nothing;) with this word *Stand, stand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming
With their own nobleness, which could have turn'd
A distaff to a lance, gilded pale looks
Part, shame, part, spirit-renew'd; that some turn'd coward
But by example (oh a sin in war,
Damn'd in the first beginners) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions

Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began
 A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon
 A rout confusion-thick. Forthwith they flie
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,
 The strides they victors made; and now our cowards,
 Like fragments in hard voyages, became
 The life o' th' need; having found the back door open
 Of the unguarded hearts, heav'ns, how they wound!
 Some slain before, some dying, some their friends
 O'er-born i' th' former wave; ten chac'd by one
 Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal bugs o' th' field.

Lord. This was strange chance;

A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; tho' you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any.*

Lord. Farewel, you are angry.

[Exit.

Post. This is a Lord; oh noble misery
 To be i' th' field, and ask what news, of me!
 To-day, how many would have given their honours
 To've sav'd their carcasses! took heel to do't,
 And yet died too! I, in mine own woe charm'd, †
 Could not find death where I did hear him groan,
 Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
 'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
 Sweet words; and hath more ministers than we

* -----Than to work any.
 Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for a mockery? here is one:
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
 Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans ban.*

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend;
 For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
 I know he'll quickly fly my friendship too.
 You have put me into rhymes.

Lord. Farewel, &c.

† Meaning that his woe seem'd as a charm which protected him.

That

That draw his knives in war. Well, I will find him
 For being now a favourer to the *Roman*,
 No more a *Briton*; I've resum'd again
 The part I came in; fight I will no more,
 But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall
 Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is
 Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britons must take! For me, my ransom's death; ⁴
 On either side I come to spend my breath;
 Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
 But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 *Cap.* Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
 'Tis thought the old man, and his sons, were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
 That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported;
 But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who is there?

Post. A *Roman*,
 Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds
 Had answer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him, a dog!
 A leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
 What crows have peck'd them here; he brags his service
 As if he were of note; bring him to th' King. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III. *A Prison.*

Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stol'n, you've locks upon
 So graze, as you find pasture. [you;

2 *Goal.* Ay, or stomach. [*Exeunt Goalers.*]

Post. Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
 I think, to liberty; yet am I better
 Than one that's sick o'th' gout, since he had rather
 Groan so in perpetuity than be cur'd
 By th' sure physician, death; who is the key
 T'unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd
 More than my shanks and wrists; you good Gods, give me
 The penitent instrument to pick that bolt;
 Then free for ever. Is't enough I'm sorry?

So children temp'ral fathers do appease ;
 Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent ?
 I cannot do it better than in gyves
 Desir'd, more than constrain'd ; to satisfie,
 I doff my freedom ; 'tis the main part ; take
 No stricter render of me, than my all.
 I know you are more clement than vile men,
 Who of their broken debtors take a third,
 A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
 On their abatement ; that's not my desire.
 For *Imogen's* dear life, take mine, and though
 'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life ; you coin'd it ;
 'Tween man and man they weigh not every stamp,
 Though light. take pieces for the figure's sake ;
 You rather mine, being yours : and so, great powers,
 If you will take this audit, take this life,
 And cancel those old bonds. Oh *Imogen!*
 I'll speak to thee in silence. ——— [*He sleeps.*

* * * *

**** Here follows a Vision, a Masque, and a Prophecy, which interrupt the Fable without the least necessity, and unmeasurably lengthen this Act. I think it plainly foisted in afterwards for mere show, and apparently not of Shakespear.

† † †

Solemn musick: Enter as in an apparition, Sicilius Leonatus, father to Posthumus, an old man, attired like a warrior, leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to Posthumus, with musick before them. Then after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to Posthumus, with wounds as they died in the wars. They circle Posthumus round as he lyes sleeping.

Sici. No more thou thunder-master
 Shew thy spite, on mortal flies:
 With *Mars* fall out with *Juno* chide, that thy adulteries
 Rates and revenges
 Hath my poor boy done ought but well,
 Whose face I never saw ?
 I dy'd, whilst in the womb he stay'd,
 Attending nature's law.
 Whose father, *Jove!* (as men report,
 Thou orphans father art)
 Thou shouldst have been, and shielded him
 From his earth-vexing smart.
Moth. *Lucina* lent not me her aid,
 But took me in my throes,

SCENE IV. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus,
Pisano, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my throne. Wo is my heart,

That from me my *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' world,
As great *Sicilius*' heir.

1 Bro. When once he was mature for man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his parallel,
Or rival object be,
In eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his dignity?

Mob. With marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonatus*' seat, and cast
From her his dearest one:

Sweet *Imogen*!
Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble heart and brain
With needless jealousy,
And to become the geck and scorn
O'th' other's villainy?

2 Bro. For this, from stiffer seats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That striking in our country's cause,
Fell bravely and were slain,
Our fealty and *Tenantius*' right
With honour to maintain.

1 Bro. Like hardiment *Posthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;
Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due,
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy chrystal window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,
Upon a vallant race, thy harsh
And potent injuries.

Mob. Since, *Jupiter*, our son is good,
Take off his miseries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble mansion, help,
Or we poor ghosts will cry
To th' shining synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.

2 Bro. Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy justice sue.

That the poor soldier that so richly fought,
(Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast
Stept before shields of proof,) cannot be found:

*Jupiter descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle; he
throws a thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

Jup. No more you petty spirits of region low
Offend our hearing; hush! how dare you ghosts
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coats?
Poor shadows of *Elysium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers.
Be not with mortal accidents oppress'd,

No care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.
Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,
Your low-laid son our Godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his tryals well are spent;
Our *Jovial* star reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married: rise, and fade!
He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*.

And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breast, wherein [Jupiter drops a tablet.

Our pleasure, his full fortune, doth confine,
And so away, no farther with your din
Express impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount eagle to my palace chrySTALLINE.

[Ascends.]

Sici. He came in thunder, his celestial breath
Was sulphurous to smell; the holy eagle
Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is
More sweet than our blest fields; his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing, and cloy's his beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter*.

Sici. The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant roof: away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great behest.

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a grandfire, and begot
A father to me: and thou hast created
A mother, and two brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone---- they went hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake---- Poor wretches that depend
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But, alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are sleep'd in favours; so am I
That have this golden chance, and know not why:
What fairies haunt this ground? a book! oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good as promise.

[Reads.]

He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our grace can make him so.

[Reads.]

When as the lion's cubels shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow, then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as mad-men
Tongue and brain not: do either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for sympathy.

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the word, Sir; if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the spectators, the dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir, but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain, both empty; the brain the heavier, for being too light; the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: oh the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true debtor and creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your neck, Sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the tooth ache: but a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, fellow.

Goal. Your death hath eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so picur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know; or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your journey's-end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to seek the way of blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his manacles, bring your prisoner to the King.

Post. Thou bring'st good news, I am called to be made free.

Goal. I'll be hang'd then.

Post.

Bel. I never saw

Such noble fury in so poor a thing :
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But begg'ry and poor luck.

Cym. No tidings of him ?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am

The heir of his reward, which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of *Britain*,
[*To Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,

In *Cambria* are we born, and gentlemen :
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,
Unless I add, we're honest.

Cym. Bow your knees,

Arise my Knights o'th' battel ; I create you
Companions to our person, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's business in these faces : why so sadly
Greet you our victory ? you look like *Romans*,
And not o'th' Court of *Britain*,

Cor. Hail, great King !

To four your happiness, I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a physician

Would this report become ? but I consider
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she ?

Post. Thou shalt be then freer than a goaler : no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Goal. Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live for all he be a *Roman* : and there be some of them too that die against their wills ; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good ; O there were desolation of goalers, and gallowes ; I speak against my present profit, but my wish hath a preferment in't.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV, &c.

Cor.

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her self,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to her self. What she confess,
I will report, so please you. These her women
Can trip me, if I err; who with wet cheeks
Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee say.

Cor. First, she confess'd she never lov'd you, only
Affected greatness got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, wife to your place
Abhor'd your person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And but she spoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
With such integrity, she did confess
Was as a scorpion to her sight, whose life,
But that her flight prevented it, she had
Ta'en off by poison.

Cym. O most delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confess she had
For you a mortal mineral, which being took
Should by the minute feed on life, and lingering
By inches waste you. In which time she propos'd
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to
O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time
When she had fitted you with her craft, to work
Her son into th' adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his strange absence,
Grew shameless, desperate; open'd in despite
Of heav'n and men, her purposes: repented
The ills she hatch'd were not effected: so
Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did, so please your Highness.

Cym. Yet mine eyes
Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
Mine ears, that heard her flattery, nor my heart,
That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious

To have mistrusted her. Yet oh my daughter!
That it was folly in me thou may'st say,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all!

SCENE V.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners,
Posthumus behind, and Imogen.*

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for tribute; that
The *Britons* have ras'd out, though with the loss
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter
Of you their captives, which our self have granted.
So think of your estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of war; the day
Was yours by accident: had it gone with us,
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our pris'ners with the sword. But since the Gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ransom, let it come. Sufficeth,
A *Roman* with a *Roman's* heart can suffer. —
Augustus lives to think on't. — And so much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will intreat; my boy, a *Briton* born,
Let him be ransom'd; never master had
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occasions, true,
So feat, so nurse-like; let his virtue join
With my request, which I'll make bold your Highness
Cannot deny: he hath done no *Briton* harm,
Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no blood beside.

Cym. I've surely seen him;
His favour is familiar to me.
Boy, thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore
To say, *Live, boy*: ne'er thank thy master, live;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,
The noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in hand; I see a thing
Bitter to me as death; your life, good master,
Must shuffle for itself.

Luc. The boy disdains me,
He leaves me, scorns me: briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.
Why stands he so perplex'd?

Cym. What wouldst thou, boy?
I love thee more and more: think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,
Wilt have him live? is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st him so?

Imo. I'll tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good youth, my page,
I'll be thy master; walk with me, speak freely.

[*Cymbeline and Imogen go aside.*]

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

Arv. One said

Another doth not more resemble, than
He the sweet rosie lad who died, and was

Fidele.

Guid. Ev'n the same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see more; he eyes us not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I'm sure
He would have spoke t'us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent; let's see further.

Pis. 'Tis my mistress——

[*Aside.*]

Since she is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
 Make thy demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iachimo*,
 Give answer to this boy, and do it freely,
 Or by our greatness and the grace of it
 Which is our honour, bitter torture shall
 Winnow the truth from falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
 Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, say
 How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
 Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How? me?

Iach. I'm glad to be constrain'd to utter what
 Torments me to conceal. By villainy
 I got this ring; 'twas *Leonatus'* jewel,
 Whom thou didst banish: and, (which more may grieve thee,
 As it doth me) a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
 'Twixt sky and ground. Will you hear more?

Cym. All that
 Belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,
 For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits
 Quail to remember — give me leave, I faint — [*Swoons*.

Cym. My daughter, what of her? renew thy strength;
 I'd rather thou shouldst live while nature will,
 Than die ere I hear more: strive, man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock —
 That struck the hour) it was in *Rome*, (accurs'd
 The mansion where) 'twas at a feast, (oh would
 Our viands had been poison'd! or at least
 Those which I heav'd to head:) the good *Posthumus* —
 What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill men were, and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones — sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our loves of *Italy*
 For beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak; for stature, laming
 The shrine of *Venus*, or straight-pight *Minerva*;

Postures beyond brief nature ; for condition,
 A shop of all the qualities, that man
 Loves woman for ; besides, that hook of wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the eye——

Cym. I stand on fire.

Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou wouldst grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 (Most like a noble Lord in love, and one
 That had a royal lover) took his hint ;
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein
 He was as calm as virtue) he began
 His mistress' picture ; which by his tongue made,
 And then a mind put in't, either our brags
 Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls, or his description
 Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your daughter's chastity ; there it begins :
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot dreams,
 And she alone were cold ; whereat, I wretch
 Made scruple of his praise, and wag'd with him
 Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
 In suit the place of 's bed, and win this ring,
 By her and mine adultery. He, true Knight,
 No lesser of her honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring,
 (And would so, had it been a carbuncle
 Of *Phæbus*' wheel ; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of 's car.) Away to *Britain*
 Post I in this design : well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught
 By your chaste daughter the wide difference
 'Twixt amorous, and villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing, mine *Italian* brain
 'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
 Most vilely ; for my vantage excellent :
 And to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,
 That I return'd with simular proof enough
 To make the noble *Leonatus* mad,

By wounding his belief in her renown,
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
 (Oh cunning how I got it!) nay, some marks
 Of secret on her person, that he could not
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,
 I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
 Methinks I see him now ——

Post. Ay, so thou dost, [Coming forward.]
Italian fiend! ah me, most credulous fool,
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,
 To come — oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,
 Some upright justicer! Thou King, send out
 For torturers ingenious; it is I
 That all th' abhorred things o'th' earth amend,
 By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
 That kill'd thy daughter; villain-like, I lie;
 That caus'd a lesser villain than my self,
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple
 Of virtue was she, yea, and she her self. ——
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set
 The dogs o'th' street to bait me: every villain
 Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
 Be villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen!*
 My Queen, my life, my wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear ——

Post. Shall's have a play of this? thou scornful page,
 There lye thy part. [Striking her, she falls.]

Pis. Oh gentlemen, oh, help,
 Mine and your mistress — Oh, my Lord *Posthumus!*
 You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now — help, help,
 Mine honour'd Lady ——

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come these staggers on me?

Pis. Wake, my mistress!

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
 To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my mistress?

Imo. Oh, get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me poison: dang'rous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where Princes are.

Cym. The tune of *Imogen!*

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw stones of sulphur on me,
If what I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing! I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still?

Imo. It poison'd me.

Cor. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisania*
Have, said she, giv'n his mistress that confection
Which I gave him for cordial, she is served
As I would serve a rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius?*

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no esteem; I dreading that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en would seize
The present power of life, but in short time
All offices of nature should again
Do their due functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,

There was our error.

Guid. This is sure *Fidele.*

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
[To Post.

Think that you are upon a rock, and now

[Throwing her arms about his neck,

Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my soul,
'Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my flesh? my child?
What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo. Your blessing, Sir.

[*Kneeling.*]

Bel. Tho' you did love this youth, I blame you not,
You had a motive for't. [To *Guiderius and Arviragus.*]

Cym. My tears that fall
Prove holy-water on thee! *Imogen,*
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I'm sorry for't, my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten,*
Upon my Lady's missing, came to me
With his sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she went
It was my instant death. By accident
I had a feigned letter of my master's
Then in my pocket, which directed her
To seek him on the mountains near to *Milford:*
Where in a frenzy, in my master's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purchase, and with oath to violate
My Lady's honour: What became of him
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the story;
I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend!
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Guid. I've spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me spurn the sea,
Could it so roar to me. I cut off's head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell the tale of me.

Cym. I'm sorry for thee;
By thine own tongue thou art condemned, and must

Endure

Endure our law : thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless man

I thought had been my Lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,

And take him from our presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,

This man is better than the man he slew,

As well descended as thy self, and hath

More of thee merited, than a band of *Clotens*

Had ever scar for. Let his arms alone, [*To the Guard.*]

They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old soldier,

Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,

By tempting of our wrath? how of descent

As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,

But I will prove that two on's are as good

As I've giv'n out of him. My sons, I must

For mine own part unfold a dangerous speech,

Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your danger's ours.

Guid. And our good yours.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave :

Thou had'st, great King, a subject, who was call'd

Bellarius.

Cym. What of him? a banish'd traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath

Assum'd this age; indeed a banish'd man,

I know not how a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,

The whole world shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot :

First pay me for the nursing of thy sons,

And let it be confiscate all, so soon

As I've receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and sawcy; here's my knee:

Ere

Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons,
 Then spare not the old father. Mighty Sir,
 These two young gentlemen that call me father
 And think they are my sons, are none of mine,
 They are the issue of your loins, my Liege,
 And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my issue?

Bcl. So sure as you, your father's: I, old *Morgan*,
 Am that *Bellarius* whom you sometime banish'd;
 Your pleasure was my near offence, my punishment
 It self and all my treason: That I suffer'd,
 Was all the harm I did. These gentle Princes,
 (For such and so they are,) these twenty years
 Have I train'd up; such arts they have, as I
 Could put into them. Sir, my breeding was,
 As your Grace knows. Their nurse *Euriphile*,
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children
 Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't,
 Having receiv'd the punishment before
 For that which I did then. Beatings for loyalty
 Excited me to treason. Their dear loss,
 The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
 Unto my end of stealing them. But, Sir,
 Here are your sons again; and I must lose
 Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
 The benediction of these covering heav'ns
 Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
 To in-lay heav'n with stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:

The service that you three have done, is more
 Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my children —
 If these be they, I know not how to wish
 A pair of worthier sons.

Bcl. Be pleas'd a while —

This gentleman, whom I call *Paladour*,
 Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
 This gentleman, my *Cadwal*, *Arviragus*,
 Your younger Princely son; he, Sir, was lapt
 In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand

Of his Queen-mother, which for more probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star,
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he ;
Who hath upon him still that nat'ral stamp ;
It was wise nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I ?
A mother to the birth of three ? ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more ; blest may you be,
That after this strange starting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now ! oh *Imogen*,
Thou'ast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord :
I've got two worlds by't. Oh my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met ? oh, never say hereafter
But I am truest speaker. You call'd me brother
When I was but your sister : I, you brothers,
When ye were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet ?

Arw. Ay, my good Lord.

Guid. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought she died.

Cor. By the Queen's dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare instinct !

When shall I hear all through ? this fierce abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where ? how liv'd you ?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* captive ?
How parted with your brothers ? how first met them ?
Why fled you from the Court ? and whither ? these,
And your three motives to the battel, with
I know not how much more, should be demanded,
And all the other by-dependances
From chance to chance : but not the time nor place
Will serve long interrogatories. See,
Posthumus anchors upon *Imogen* ;

And

And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye
 On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting
 Each object with a joy. The counter-change
 Is sev'rally in all. Let's quit this ground,
 And smoak the temple with our sacrifices.
 Thou art my brother, so we'll hold thee ever. [*To Bellarius,*

Imo. You are my father too, and did relieve me,
 To see this gracious season.

Cym. All o'er-joy'd,
 Save these in bonds: let them be joyful too,
 For they shall taste our comfort.

Imo. My good master,
 I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn soldier that so nobly fought,
 He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
 The thankings of a King.

Post. 'Tis I am, Sir,
 The soldier that did company these three
 In poor beseeming: 'twas a fitment for
 The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
 Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
 Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again: [*Kneels.*
 But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,
 As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,
 Which I so often owe: but your ring first,
 And here your bracelet of the truest Princess
 That ever swore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
 The power that I have on you, is to spare you:
 The malice tow'rds you, to forgive you. Live;
 And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
 We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;
 Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You help'd us, Sir,
 As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
 Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post.

Post. Your servant, Princes. *

Cym. By peace we will begin: and, *Caius Lucius*,
Although the victor, we submit to *Cæsar*,
And to the *Roman Empire*; promising
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
On whom heav'n's justice (both on her, and hers)
Hath laid most heavy hand.

Sooths. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace: the vision

* ----- *Post.* Your servant, Princes.

Good my Lord of *Rome*,
Call forth your *Soothsayer*: as I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the construction.

Luc. Philarmonus!

Sooth. Here, my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

[*Reads.*]

*When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking
find, and be embrac'd by a piece of tender air; and when from a
stately cedar shall be lopt branches, which being dead many years,
shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow,
then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and
flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt construction of thy name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter, [*To Cymbeline.*
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier*: which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant wife, who even now
Answering the letter of the oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee; and thy lopt branches point
Thy two sons forth: who by *Bellarus* stol'n
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue
Promises *Britain* peace and plenty.

Cym. By peace we will begin: &c.

Which

Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the stroke
 Of this yet scarce-cold battel, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* eagle
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft
 Lessen'd her self, and in the beams o'th' sun
 So vanish'd ; which fore-shew'd our princely eagle,
 Th' imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
 His favour with the radiant *Cymbeline*,
 Which shines here in the west.

Cym. Laud we the Gods!

And let the crooked smoaks climb to their nostrils
 From our blest altars! Publish we this peace
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: let
 A *Roman* and a *British* ensign wave
 Friendly together; so through *Lud*'s town march,
 And in the temple of great *Jupiter*
 Our peace we'll ratifie. Seal it with feasts.
 Set on there: Never was a war did cease,
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

The End of the EIGHTH VOLUME.









